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THE PORTFOLIO





PORTFOLIO

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EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

With Numerous Illustrations.

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ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XII.—SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

Portrait of Captain Burton.

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

THESE are the lineaments of that most wonderful man who, though an Irishman (he was born at Tuam in 1821), can pass in the East for an Oriental doctor, bazaar-keeper, or priest, and, coolly staking his life on the accuracy of his linguistic acquirements and the perfection of his acting, can expose himself with quiet courage to the risks of detection in the midst of Oriental fanaticism. This is the man who can speak (so we are told) no less than thirty-five languages and dialects, several of them well enough to pass for a native, and who has kept up his own tongue by writing many an able and interesting volume. As strong and well trained in body as in mind, Captain Burton has all the physical accomplishments of a thorough soldier and traveller, and is an expert swordsman, horseman, and hunter. The story of his marvellous career belongs, however, to the history of geography, and geography is not our province, so we must refer the reader to the great traveller's own records of his adventures in various parts of the world. Captain Burton's present enthusiasm is for the exploration of the ancient mining districts in the land of Midian, at the end of the eastern horn of the Red Sea.

This portrait was exhibited along with the English pictures in the Paris Exhibition of last year, where it was much remarked by foreign critics and artists, and was generally recognised as one of the strongest pieces of portraiture in the whole Exhibition. It is a very quiet piece of work, as the reader may judge in a great measure from the etching, and the colour is sober also; the strength of the performance lies in the thorough knowledge of form and in the expression of character. This is not a head without bone or muscle, as too many are; that coat is not merely a coat—every crease of it is made to tell the strength of the manly form which it both covers and reveals. The arm is not obtrusive, but how completely it conveys the idea of power in repose! The athletic frame, however, though important, does not take away our attention from the face, which is full of vigorous workmanship and accurate knowledge. See how full of character it is, what determination there is in that countenance! Set in it like a coal of fire, burns the heroic eye that never quailed in danger! There is resolution in the mouth, too, though it is partly hidden by the moustache.

The recent election of Sir Frederick Leighton to the Presidency of the Royal Academy will give additional interest to the following brief biography.

The President was born at Scarborough, on the 3rd of December, 1830, and was the son of Frederick S. Leighton, Esq., M.D. His grandfather, Sir James Leighton, M.D., was for some time at the Russian Court, at the time, we believe, when the present Emperor was born.

Young Leighton began drawing at the age of six, and paid his first visit to Paris soon after, in the year 1837. Visits to the Louvre at that early age may not have taught him much, but they kindled a passion for art which has burned steadily ever since. In such cases there is usually parental discouragement to record, and so it is in the present instance,

but with an important peculiarity. Whilst discouraging the boy's desire to be an artist, Leighton's parents gave him every possible opportunity for learning. Their changes of residence were even in themselves, as it so happened, favourable to the boy's ambition. Instead of being kept at Scarborough, where there was no public gallery, he was taken to Paris and to the Louvre. After that, in 1841-42, he lived at Rome, and learned drawing there. The next move was to another capital, Berlin, where there was an Academy, and there Leighton worked as an Academy student in the years 1842-43. There he bought his first paint-box and learned German. In the latter part of 1843, and during a portion of the following year, art had to be temporarily laid aside in favour of general education, which was pursued at Frankfort in school. Then came another change of residence, this time to Florence, and there it was finally decided by Leighton's parents that their son should be an artist. This decision was the result of consulting Hiram Powers, the famous American sculptor, whose answer had no uncertain sound, being in these words,—‘Sir, your son can be as eminent as he pleases.’ In consequence of this, the young gentleman was at once sent to the Florentine Academy *delle Belle Arti*. He resumed his school studies at Frankfort in the years 1845-46, and worked under Jacob Becker. In the year 1847 he began to paint in the life school, and executed his first pictures in 1848. About this time Leighton became a pupil of Steinle, which he always considers the most important event in his education. In 1848-49 he lived at Brussels, but had no master there. He knew Wiertz and other artists, and lived under the influence of Gallait, studying old masters and trying technical methods, such as green under-paintings with red glazings, and violet under-paintings with yellow glazings.

In 1849-50 Leighton was at Paris, and worked in Dupuis' night Life School in the Rue Richer. During this residence in Paris he became acquainted with a painter well known to the readers of the PORTFOLIO, William Wyld, and also with both Ary and Henri Scheffer. In 1850-51 young Leighton was at Frankfort again, working under Steinle, with whom he stayed until 1852. He still considers himself ‘deeply indebted to this admirable artist and teacher.’ ‘When he took me up,’ says Sir Frederick, ‘I was more mannered and *baroque* than the worst student of the Florentine Academy in which I contracted the vice, and it took me six or seven years to unlearn what I imbibed in that school.’ In 1852 he made designs for the well-known picture representing the procession through the streets of Florence when Cimabue's Madonna was borne in triumph. This was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855, and the sensation it created will be well remembered at the present day by all London readers past middle age. It was the revelation of a new artist, an Englishman by birth, but hitherto unknown in England, and who, as the public soon ascertained, had been educated in different countries on the Continent. The picture was, indeed, the first result of a cosmopolitan education. Mr. Leighton's education had, indeed, been greatly cared for, not only in art, but in everything which constitutes the ideal education of a gentleman. It had been his father's plan to send him to an English University, but, considering the demands of an artistic training, he had wisely renounced this intention. This did not prevent his son from becoming highly educated in modern languages. Leighton had, indeed, so strong a natural disposition for linguistic studies that, as he has since declared, if he had not been a painter he would willingly have dedicated himself to philology. At the age of thirteen or fourteen he spoke French, German, and Italian, as easily and fluently as his native tongue, and to this day has kept up his knowledge of these languages.* His acquirements as a linguist came to him, as it were, naturally as they did to Rubens, by living in different countries, in familiar intercourse with the inhabitants; but at the same time he had the natural instinct of the linguist, which enables him to assimilate what others acquire imperfectly by great labour. For the consolation of mediocrities, and as a sop to the Cerberus of envy, we may confidentially whisper to the classical scholar that Leighton never got on much in Latin and Greek, and only succeeded

* Sir Frederick Leighton has often been mistaken for a foreigner by the natives of these different countries.

in those easy modern languages which learned men never condescend to master. At the same time he was devoted to music, lived constantly with musical people, knowing intimately many of the chief vocalists and instrumentalists in Europe; and also, though less intimately, some of the great composers. It has been said that Sir Frederick had received a thorough musical education, but this is an exaggeration of the Admirable-Crichton kind. The simple truth is that he loved music, and understood it practically, for he sang much in times past, but that he never received an education in thorough bass. His travels about Europe have, as we have seen, been considerable from a very early age. He has always delighted in travelling, especially in Italy; and besides these European travels which we have mentioned, he has been several times in the East. He has never married, and his life has been entirely devoted to art.

Sir Frederick confesses, that from early boyhood he has always been very ambitious. We hope that by this time his ambition is fully satisfied: *si non, il est bien difficile*. 'In my early boyhood,' he says, 'when experience and knowledge had not opened my eyes to my many shortcomings and faults in art, I hoped for very high things.' He began with a classic phase, then became interested in mediæval art through his stay in Florence; at one time he painted and drew nothing but Florentine subjects. His first picture (about 1847) was *Cinabue finding Giotto amongst his Sheep*. 'The nobility and the refinement of Florentine art were the great attraction to me,' he says, 'and the humanity. The passage from Florentine to Greek seems to me a natural expanding on those lines—the finest Greek is the noblest and most human of all art.' He has always felt 'profound reverence for Michael Angelo, who satisfies those modern sides of our nature that the Greeks leave untouched.' Nevertheless, Leighton is essentially an eclectic, and is capable of enjoying the most opposite kinds of art, provided that each is good in its own kind. In the years 1856–57–58 he was much pre-occupied with colour, and tried 'every conceivable method and material' before settling down to his own natural practice—if that can be called 'natural' which is the result of many educations.

Sir Frederick Leighton has always from the beginning aimed at style, in the highest sense, but his views about what constituted style have altered with his experience. The true explanation of these changes is that style in art is really nothing but idealism, and that the highest style is the idealisation of the most elevated and most cultivated artistic intelligence; consequently, the style of an artist is sure to change as his culture progresses.

The success of Leighton's *Athlete wrestling with a Python*, a statue in bronze, which has won for its author a reputation as a sculptor, may give an interest to his earlier essays in the same art. He modelled a small bas-relief for the monumental slab of his brother-in-law, which he entirely designed. He also designed the monument to Mrs. Barrett Browning (author of 'Aurora Leigh'), and made the medallion for it; and, besides these, two other monumental tablets to friends. Besides these he made *maquettes* for his picture of the *Daphnephoria*.

It is quite unnecessary to give a catalogue of Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures, most of which have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, and are already familiar to every reader who visits the exhibitions. A complete list of them will no doubt appear next month in the new edition of 'Men of the Time.' We may, however, mention the selection from them which appeared in the Paris Universal Exhibition last year. These were, the *Portrait of Captain Burton*, *A Music Lesson*, and *Elijah*. They represented three distinct styles of the master. The *Captain Burton* was the nearest approach to realism which he ever makes, the *Elijah* was a representative of his strictly Academic style, and the *Music Lesson* belonged to that category of Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures whose purpose is simply artistic charm. Nothing can be more perfect than the finish of the *Music Lesson*. It does not obtrude itself as finish, and yet is most complete, not only in the figures but in the lovely background. As for the figures, themselves, it is difficult to describe them justly; they carry us back, by their sweetness and charm, to the best times of Italian art, and yet have a modern sentiment which

appeals to us more directly than the work of the old masters. There was no more *perfect* work in the Universal Exhibition of 1878. The painter of it was one of the very few Englishmen, one of the very few modern Europeans, who can draw and paint a *hand*, a beautiful hand finishing a beautiful arm in all its perfect grace.

Sir Frederick Leighton was elected to the Presidency of the Academy by a vote as nearly as possible unanimous, and shortly afterwards received the honour of Knighthood from Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. Immediately after his election a general expression of satisfaction came from all parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent. By the gifts of nature and education Sir Frederick was marked beforehand as the rightful heir to the position which he now occupies, and the world of art is pleased to see 'the right man in the right place.'

EDITOR.

OXFORD.

I. The Town before the University.

MOST old towns are like palimpsests, parchments which have been scrawled over again and again, by their successive owners. Oxford, though not one of the most ancient of English cities, shows, more legibly than the rest, the handwriting, as it were, of many generations. The convenient site among the interlacing waters of the Isis and the Cherwell, has commended itself to men in one age after another. Each generation has used it for its own purpose: for war, for trade, for learning, for religion; and war, trade, religion, and learning, have left on Oxford their peculiar marks. No set of its occupants, before the last two centuries began, was very eager to deface and destroy the buildings of its predecessors. Old things were turned to new uses, or altered to suit new tastes; they were not overthrown and carted away. Thus, in walking through Oxford, you see everywhere, in colleges, chapels, and churches, doors and windows which have been builded up; or again, openings which have been cut where none originally existed. The upper part of the round Norman arches in the Cathedral has been preserved, and converted into the circular bull's-eye lights which the last century liked. It is the same everywhere, except where modern restorers have had their way. Thus the life of England, for some eight centuries, may be traced in the buildings of Oxford. Nay, if we are convinced by some antiquaries, the eastern end of the High Street contains even earlier scratches on this palimpsest of Oxford; the rude marks of savages who scooped out their damp nests, and raised their low walls in the gravel, on the spot where the new schools are to stand. Here, half-naked men may have trapped the beaver in the Cherwell, and hither they may have brought home the boars which they slew in the trackless woods of Headington and Bagley. It is with the life of historical Oxford, however, and not with these fancies, that we are concerned, though these papers have no pretension to be a history of Oxford. A series of pictures of men's life here is all they try to sketch.

It is hard, though not impossible, to form a picture in the mind of Oxford as she was when she is first spoken of by history. What she may have been when legend only knows her; when St. Frideswyde built a home for religious maidens; when she fled from King Algar, and hid among the swine, and after a whole fairy tale of adventures, died in great sanctity, we cannot even guess. This legend of St. Frideswyde, and of her foundation, the germ of the Cathedral and of Christ Church, is not, indeed, without its value and significance for those who care for Oxford. This home of religion and of learning was a home of religion from the beginning, and her later life is but a return, after centuries of war and trade, to her earliest purpose. What manner of village of wooden houses may have surrounded the earliest rude chapels and places of prayer, we cannot readily guess, but imagination may look back on Oxford as she was when the 'English Chronicle' first mentions her. Even then it is



not unnatural to think, Oxford might well have been a city of peace. She lies in the very centre of England, and the Northmen, as they marched inland, burning church and cloister, must have wandered long before they came to Oxford. On the other hand, the military importance of the site must have made it a town that would be eagerly contended for. Any places of strength in Oxford would command the roads leading to the north and west, and the secure, raised paths that ran through the flooded fens to the ford or bridge, if bridge there then was, between Godstowe and the later Norman *grand pont*, where Folly Bridge now spans the Isis. Somewhere near Oxford, the roads that ran towards Banbury and the north, or towards Bristol and the west, would be obliged to cross the river. The water-way, too, and the paths by the Thames' side, were commanded by Oxford. The Danes, as they followed up the course of the Thames from London, would be drawn thither, sooner or later, and would covet a place which is surrounded by half-a-dozen deep natural moats. Lastly, Oxford lay in the centre of England indeed, but on the very marches of Mercia and Wessex. A border town of natural strength and of commanding situation, she can have been no mean or poor collection of villages, in the days when she is first spoken of, when Eadward the Elder 'incorporated with his own kingdom the whole Mercian lands on both sides of Watling Street' (Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' Vol. i. p. 57), and took possession of London and of Oxford as the two most important parts of a scientific frontier. If any man had stood in the days of Eadward, on the hill that was not yet 'Shotover,' and had looked along the plain to the place where the grey spires of Oxford are clustered now, as it were in a purple cup of the low hills, he would have seen little but 'the smoke floating up through the oak-wood and the coppice,'

Καπνὸν δ' ἐνὶ μέσῳ
ἔδρακεν ὀφθαλμοῖσι διὰ θρυμὰ πικνὰ καὶ ὕλην.

The low hills were not yet cleared, nor the fens and the wolds trimmed and enclosed. Centuries later, when the early students came, they had to ride 'through the thick forest and across the moor, to the East Gate of the city' ('*Munimenta Academica*,' Oxon. Vol. i. p. 60). In the midst of a country still wild, Oxford was already no mean city; but the place where the hostile races of the land met to settle their differences, to feast together and forget their wrongs over the mead and ale, or to devise treacherous murder, and close the banquet with fire and sword.

Again and again, after Eadward the Elder took Mercia the Danes went about burning and wasting England. The wooden towns were flaming through the night, and sending up a thick smoke through the day, from Thames-mouth to Cambridge. 'And next was there no headman that force would gather, and each fled as swift as he might, and soon was there no shire that would help another.' When the first fury of the plundering invaders was over, when the Northmen had begun to wish to settle and till the land, and have some measure of peace, the early meetings between them and the English rulers were held in the border-town, in Oxford. Thus Sigeferth and Morkere, sons of Earngrim, came to see Eadric in Oxford, and there were slain at a banquet, while their followers perished in the attempt to avenge them. 'Into the tower of St. Frideswyde they were driven, and as men could not drive them thence, the tower was fired, and they perished in the burning.' So says William of Malmesbury, who, so many years later, read the story, as he says, in the records of the church of St. Frideswyde. There is another version of the story in the '*Codex Diplomaticus*' (DCCIX.). Aethelred is made to say, in a deed of grant of lands to St. Frideswyde's Church ('mine own minster'), that the Danes were slain in the massacre of St. Brice. On that day Aethelred, 'by the advice of his satraps, determined to destroy the tares among the wheat, the Danes in England.' Certain of these fled into the minster, as into a fortress, and therefore it was burned and the books and monuments destroyed. For this cause Aethelred gives lands to the minster, 'fro Charwell brigge andlong the streame, fro Merewell to Rugslawe, fro the lawe to the foule putte,' and so forth. It is pleasant to see how old are the familiar names Cherwell,

'Hedington,' 'Coulee' or Cowley, where the college cricket-grounds are. Three years passed, and the headmen of the English and of the Danes met at Oxford again, and more peacefully, and agreed to live together, obedient to the laws of Eadgar; to the law, that is, as it was administered in older days, that seem happier and better ruled to men looking back on them from an age of confusion and bloodshed. At Oxford, too, met the peaceful gathering of 1035, when Danish and English claims were in some sort reconciled, and at Oxford Harold Harefoot, the son of Cnut, died in March 1040. The place indeed was fatal to kings, for St. Frideswyde, in her anger at King Algar, left her curse on it. Just as the old Irish kings were forbidden by their customs to do this or that, to cross a certain moor on May morning, or to listen to the winnowing of the night-fowl's wings in the dusk above the lake of Tara; so the kings of England shunned to enter Oxford, and to come within the walls of Frideswyde the maiden. Harold died there, as we have seen, but there he was not buried. His body was laid at Westminster, where it could not rest, for his enemies dug it up, and cast it forth upon the fens, or threw it into the river. Many years later, when Henry III. entered Oxford, not without fear, the curse of Frideswyde lighted also upon him. He came in 1263, with Edward the prince, and misfortune fell upon him, so that his barons defeated and took him prisoner at the battle of Lewes. The chronicler of Oseney Abbey mentions his contempt of superstitions, and how he alone of English kings entered the city: '*Quod nullus rex attemptavit a tempore Regis Algari*,' an error, for Harold *attemptavit*, and died. When Edward I. was king, he was less audacious than his father, and in 1275 he rode up to the East Gate and turned his horse's head about, and sought a lodging outside the town, *reflexis habenis equitans extra mœnia aulam regiam in suburbio positam introivit*. In 1280, however, he seems to have plucked up courage and attended a Chapter of Dominicans in Oxford.

The last of the meetings between North and South was held at Oxford in October, 1065. '*In urbe quæ famoso nomine Oxnaford nuncupatur*,' to quote a document of Cnut's. (Cod. Dipl. DCCXLVI. in 1042.) There the Northumbrian rebels met Harold in the last days of Edward the Confessor. With this meeting we leave that Oxford before the Conquest, of which probably not one stone, or one rafter, remains. We look back through eight hundred years on a city, rich enough, it seems, and powerful, and we see the narrow streets full of armed bands of men—men that wear the cognisance of the horse or of the raven, that carry short swords, and are quick to draw them; men that dress in short kirtles of a bright colour, scarlet or blue; that wear axes slung on their backs, and adorn their bare necks and arms with collars and bracelets of gold. We see them meeting to discuss laws and frontiers, and feasting late when business is done, and chaffering for knives with ivory handles, for arrows, and saddles, and wadmal, in the booths of the citizens. Through the mist of time this picture of ancient Oxford may be distinguished. You are tempted to think of a low, grey twilight above that wet land suddenly lit up with fire; of the tall towers of St. Frideswyde's Minster flaring like a torch athwart the night; of poplars waving in the same wind that drives the vapour and smoke of the holy place down on the Danes who have taken refuge there, and there stand at bay against the English and the people of the town. The material Oxford of our times is not more unlike the Oxford of low wooden booths and houses, and of wooden spires and towers, than the life led in its streets was unlike the academic life of to-day. The Conquest brought no more quiet times, but the whole city was wrecked, stormed, and devastated, before the second period of its history began, before it was the seat of a Norman stronghold, and one of the links of the chain by which England was bound. 'Four hundred and seventy-eight houses were so ruined as to be unable to pay taxes,' while, 'within the town or without the wall, there were but two hundred and forty-three houses which did yield tribute.'

With the buildings of Robert D'Oily, a follower of the Conqueror's, and the husband of an English wife, the heiress of Wigod of Wallingford, the new Oxford begins. Robert's work may be divided roughly into two classes. First, there are the strong places he erected

to secure his possessions, and, second, the sacred places he erected to secure the pardon of heaven for his annexations. Of the castle, and its 'shining coronal of towers,' only one tower remains. From the vast strength of this picturesque edifice, with the natural moat flowing at its feet, we may guess what the castle must have been in the early days of the Conquest, and during the wars of Stephen and Matilda. We may guess, too, that the burghers of Oxford, and the rustics of the neighbourhood, had no easy life in those days, when, as we have seen, the town was ruined, and when, as the extraordinary thickness of the walls of its remaining tower demonstrates, the castle was built by new lords who did not spare the forced labour of the vanquished. The strength of the position of the castle is best estimated after viewing the surrounding country from the top of the tower. Through the later embrasures, or over the low wall round the summit, you look up and down the valley of the Thames, and gaze deep into the folds of the hills. The prospect is pleasant enough, on an autumn morning, with the domes and spires of modern Oxford breaking, like islands, through the sea of mist that sweeps above the roofs of the good town. In the old times, no movement of the people who had their fastnesses in the fens, no approach of an army from any direction would have evaded the watchman. The towers guarded the fords and the bridge and were themselves almost impregnable, except when a hard winter made the Thames, the Cherwell, and the many deep and treacherous streams passable, as happened when Matilda was beleaguered in Oxford. This natural strength of the site is demonstrated by the vast mound within the castle walls, which tradition calls the Jews' mound, but which is probably earlier than the Norman buildings. Some other race had chosen the castle site for its fortress in times of which we know nothing. Meanwhile, some of the practical citizens of Oxford wish to level the Jews' Mound, and to 'utilise' the gravel of which it is largely composed. There is nothing to be said against this economic project, which could interest or affect the persons who entertain it. M. Brunet Debaines' etching shows the mill on a site which must be as old as the tower. Did the citizens bring their corn to be tolled and ground at the Lord's Mill?

Though Robert was bent on works of war, he had a nature inclined to piety, and, his piety beginning at home, he founded the church of St. George within the castle. The crypt of the church still remains, and is not without interest for persons who like to trace the changing fortunes of old buildings. The site of Robert's Castle is at present occupied by the County Gaol. When you have inspected the tower (which does not do service as a dungeon) you are taken, by the courtesy of the Governor, to the crypt, and satisfy your archaeological curiosity. The place is much lower, and worse lighted, than the contemporary crypt of St. Peter's-in-the-East, but not, perhaps, less interesting. The square-headed capitals have not been touched, like some of those in St. Peter's, by a later chisel. The place is dank and earthy, but otherwise much as Robert d'Oily left it. There is an odd-looking arrangement of planks on the floor. It is *the new drop*, which is found to work very well, and gives satisfaction to the persons who have to employ it. Sinister the Norman castle was in its beginning, 'it was from the castle that men did wrong to the poor around them; it was from the castle that they bade defiance to the king, who, stranger and tyrant as he might be, was still a protector against smaller tyrants.' Sinister the castle remains; you enter it through ironed and bolted doors, you note the prisoners at their dreary exercises, and, when you have seen the engines of the law lying in the old crypt, you pass out into the place of execution. Here, in a corner made by Robert's tower and by the wall of the prison, is a dank little quadrangle. The ground is of the yellow clay and gravel which floors most Oxford quadrangles. A few letters are scratched on the soft stone of the wall—the letters 'H. R.' are the freshest. These are the initials of the last man who suffered death in this corner—a young rustic who had murdered his sweetheart. 'H. R.' on the prison wall is all his record, and his body lies under your feet, and the feet of the men who are to die here in after days pass over his tomb. It is thus that malefactors are buried, 'within the walls of the gaol.'

One is glad enough to leave the remains of Robert's place of arms—as glad as Matilda

may have been when 'they let her down at night from the tower with ropes, and she stole out, and went on foot to Wallingford.' Robert seems at first to have made the natural use of his strength. 'Rich he was, and spared not rich or poor, to take their livelihood away, and to lay up treasures for himself.' He stole the lands of the monks of Abingdon, but of what service were moats, and walls, and dungeons, and instruments of torture, against the powers that side with monks?

The 'Chronicle of Abingdon' has a very diverting account of Robert's illness and conversion. 'He filched a certain field without the walls of Oxford that of right belonged to the monastery, and gave it over to the soldiers in the castle. For which loss the Brethren were greatly grieved—the Brethren of Abingdon. Therefore, they gathered in a body before the altar of St. Michael—the very altar that St. Dunstan the archbishop dedicated—and cast themselves weeping on the ground, accusing Robert d'Oily, and praying that his robbery of the monastery might be avenged, or that he might be led to make atonement.' So, in a dream, Robert saw himself taken before our Lady by two brethren of Abingdon, and thence carried into the very meadow he had coveted, where 'most nasty little boys,' *turpissimi pueri*, worked



BOCARDO, DESTROYED IN 1771.

their will on him. Therefore, Robert was terrified and cried out, and wakened his wife, who took advantage of his fears, and compelled him to make restitution to the Brethren.

After this vision, Robert gave himself up to pampering the monastery and performing other good works. He it was who built a bridge over the Isis, and he restored the many ruined parish churches in Oxford—churches which, perhaps, he and his men had helped to ruin. The tower of St. Michael's, in 'the corn,' is said to be of his building; perhaps he only 'restored' it, for it is in the true primitive style,—gaunt, unadorned, with round-headed windows, good for shooting from with the bow. St. Michael's was not only a church, but a watch-tower of the city wall; and here the old north-gate, called Bocardo, spanned the street. The rooms above the gate were used as a prison till within quite recent times, and the poor inmates used to let down a greasy old hat from the window in front of the passers-by, and cry, 'Pity the Bocardo birds.'

'Pigons qui sont en l'essoine,
Enserrez soubz trappe volière,'

as a famous Paris student would have called them. Of Bocardo no trace remains, but St. Michael's is likely to last as long as any edifice in Oxford. The wood-cuts here represent it

as it was in the last century. The houses huddle up to the church, and hide the lines of the tower. Now it stands out clear, less picturesque than it was in the time of Bocardo prison. Within the last two years the windows have been cleared, and the curious and most archaic pillars, shaped like balustrades, may be examined. It is worth while to climb the tower and remember the times when arrows were sent like hail from the narrow windows on the foes who approached Oxford from the north, while prayers for their confusion were read in the church below.

That old Oxford of war was also a trading town. Nothing more than the fact that it was a favourite seat of the Jews is needed to prove its commercial prosperity. The Jews, however, demand a longer notice in connexion with the still unborn University. Meanwhile, it may be remarked that Oxford trade made good use of the river. 'The Abingdon Chronicle' (ii. 129) tells us that 'from each barque of Oxford city, which makes the passage by the river Thames



BOCARD, NORTH SIDE.

past Abingdon, a hundred herrings must yearly be paid to the cellarer. The citizens had much litigation about land and houses with the abbey, and one Roger Maledoctus (perhaps a very early sample of the pass-man) gave Abingdon tenements within the city.' Thus we leave the pre-Academic Oxford a flourishing town, with merchants and money-lenders. As for the religious, the Brethren at St. Frideswyde had lived but loosely (*pro libito viverunt*), says William of Malmesbury, and were to be superseded by regular canons, under the headship of one Guimond, and the patronage of the Bishop of Salisbury. Whoever goes into Christ Church new buildings from the river-side will see, in the old edifice facing him, a certain bulging in the wall. That is the mark of the pulpit, whence a brother used to read aloud to the brethren in the refectory of St. Frideswyde. The new heaven of learning was soon to ferment in an easy Oxford, where men lived *pro libito*, under good lords, the D'Oilys, who loved the English, and built, not churches and bridges only, but the great and famous Osney Abbey, beyond the church of St. Thomas, and not very far from the modern station of the Great Western Railway. Yet even after public teaching in Oxford certainly began, after Master Robert Puleyn lectured in divinity there (1133; cf. 'Osney Chronicle'), the tower was burned down by Stephen's soldiery in 1141 ('Osney Chronicle', p. 24).

A. LANG.

(To be continued.)

RETROSPECT OF 1878.

I.

THIS was not a very productive year for Art in England. Public attention was too diffused by foreign attractions, money left the country, and the sale of new pictures in studios and exhibitions was low to despondency. The year opened notably. For some years past Burlington House has thrown open its rooms in the winter to loans from private galleries, which have yearly given harvests of surpassing interest from the labours of the old masters. The Grosvenor Gallery, which we may now call a national institution, followed in the track of the Academy, and opened with a marvellous display a few weeks before Burlington House. Seven hundred and seventeen sketches of the old masters gave students the opportunity of seeing their preliminary studies, of appreciating the loving conscientiousness with which details were gathered, and the rapid jottings of thoughts caught in their passage through the brain of the artist, or tentative efforts to embody his conception. Thus we had two studies by Andrea Mantegna of *Judith with the Head of Holofernes* (765), the evident germ of the intensely tragic sketch numbered 755. The sketches by Leonardo da Vinci were a revelation to visitors not familiar with the collection at Windsor. His studies of female heads, principally lent by the Queen, had the quality of finished works; and there were interesting sketches of landscape background, with strong drawing of trees and sensitive tracery of sprays and blossoms. There were also specimens of Leonardo's singular caricatures. The Queen sent her priceless Holbeins, which, with studies by Albert Dürer and others, represented Germany. An intense study of a dead Christ by Michael Angelo, from the Earl of Warwick's collection, and three studies for the Entombment by Raphael, of an unrivalled grace and pathos, were placed almost side by side. The West Gallery was devoted to a collection of 520 works in water-colour by deceased artists of the British schools, showing the rise and progress of this art for nearly a century, and including some interesting works by Girtin.

The Exhibition of Old and Deceased Masters at Burlington House, opened the first week in January, was not so impressive as those that have preceded it, but it possessed two distinguishable features of interest—the appropriation of the first room to the Norwich school of painters, headed by Crome and Cotman, and an admirable show of mezzotints by Smith, Doughty, Dean, Valentine Green, and the Watsons, after Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, taken especially from the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch. The group of early Pre-Raphaelite painters, of all schools, was a small one, but it included one or two examples of supreme interest, especially *The Death of the Virgin* by Giotto, from the Bromley-Davenport Collection. This is the picture which Vasari says was greatly prized by the artists of his time, especially by Michael Angelo. The undoubted genuineness of the work, and the comparative excellence of its preservation, make it one of the most valuable specimens of early Italian tempera-painting in England. From an archaeological point of view, the sixteen panels by Ugolino da Sienna, all portions of the altar-piece of Santa Croce at Venice, dispersed at the Otley Sale, and now gathered together from various owners, were full of interest. In the great room, the sombre realism of *A Spanish Alcalde* by Velasquez, the force and character of a Jesuit by William Vander Vliet, the singular sensitive expression in the portrait of a young man, ascribed to Titian, will be remembered by the visitors to this exhibition. The Queen lent five important works—two delightful Thames views by Canaletto, *The Bedroom* by Jan Steen, a magnificent Gainsborough, and the *Cymon and Iphigenia* of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In this brief retrospect of the ninth exhibition of Old Masters we must not forget the turbulent display of colour and animation in Rubens' great picture of the *Daughter of Herodias presenting the Head of John the Baptist*

to *Herod*. Much discussion was raised between critics as to the authorship of the *Portrait of W. Grant, Esq. skating in St. James's Park*. In the Catalogue it was set down to Gainsborough with a query. The spirited swing and elegance of the figure coming forward, in a black costume of the early part of this century, the effective dashing in of the bleak background, attracted universal admiration. The authenticity of the picture as a Gainsborough was, however, warmly questioned, it being variously attributed to Raeburn, or to one or two American artists of the period.

The minor winter exhibitions presented little of especial interest. There was something depressing in the dull level of their tone, and the idea of 'pot-boiling' too frequently suggested itself to the visitor. In the French Gallery, Pall Mall, we saw Wilkie's picture of the *Chelsea Pensioners*, painted for the Great Duke in 1822. The Pensioners, as will be generally remembered, are reading the 'Gazette' which contained the news of the Battle of Waterloo. The perfect preservation of the picture, and the verve and joyous dash of its execution, had still the power to communicate some of the old delight inspired by it in its day. At the Dudley Gallery a terra-cotta statuette by Dalou, *La Liseuse*, half life size, was the most genuine piece of art exhibited; but John Pettie's *Disbanded*, Luke Fildes' *Marianina*, and *A Grey Day at Venice*, by Miss Clara Montalba, deserve record.

In February an interesting exhibition of the late Mr. Raven's works was organized at the Burlington Fine-Art Club, the result being a considerable increase in the reputation of that sincere student of nature, and a deepening of the public regret for his most unfortunate death. This exhibition was followed, in the same place, by one of original drawings by Dutch masters, including water-colours by Adrian Van Ostade.

The Art sales of the year showed an increased competition for drawings by old masters, which may have been due in part to the effect of the Loan Collection at the Grosvenor Gallery. The most memorable sale of the year was the Novar sale, at which Turner's works fetched prices never before realised. The oil-pictures belonged to the maturity of the master, and his drawings of foreign scenery formed a magnificent display. His works alone at this sale realised 57,000 guineas. *Ancient Italy*, oil-painting, fetched 5200 gs.; *Modern Italy* only 200 gs. less. The drawing, *Zurich*, was bought by Mr. Agnew for 1200 gs., and *The Chain Bridge over the Tees* for 1420 gs. by Mr. Cross. It is probable that the unrivalled collection of Turner's drawings, lent by Mr. Ruskin and exhibited in Bond Street at this period, had some influence on the appreciation of his works at the Novar sale. Two pictures by Bonnington were bought by Mr. Agnew for 3000 gs. each, the total result of the sale being 73,000 gs. The Novar sale of old masters came off in June. The Raphael *Madonna di Candelabra* was bought in for more than 19,500l.; the minor Raphael, *La Vierge à la Légende*, went for 3000l. Mr. Burton bought the *St. Helena* of Paul Veronese for the National Gallery for 3300 gs.

After this sale the most interesting event of the year was the sale of the Cambridge Rembrandts in April. An impression of *The Copse and Paling*, believed till then to exist only in the British Museum, was found in the Cambridge treasures, and was bought for a private individual for 305l. Part of Mr. Cruikshank's works were sold in May, and brought 1000l.

We have already referred to Mr. Ruskin's loan of water-colour drawings by Turner. This exhibition was held in the rooms of the Fine-Art Society in Bond Street, and opened in March, daily attracting crowds of visitors. The interest in the drawings was deepened by the universal sympathy felt at the time for their owner, who was then dangerously ill, and the bulletin on the walls was as eagerly scanned as the works themselves. The interest of these was much enhanced by Mr. Ruskin's notes. Later in the season were added a considerable number of Mr. Ruskin's own drawings. If the author of 'Modern Painters' did not show himself so great an artist in colour as in words, he still gave proof of great keenness of eye and manual delicacy.

The Royal Academy opened as usual on the first Monday in May. It was a dull exhibition, comparatively, with a fair quantity of skilful work, a few good pictures, and not a few which it would be difficult to praise. As a whole, there was a deplorable lack of virile

thoughts and elevated aims. Millais' *Princes in the Tower* will be remembered for its simplicity and pathos. The power of the picture lay in the expression of vague terror and appeal in the faces of the two doomed children looking out from a gloomy background. Leighton's ideal, but almost too pretty pictures, *Nausicaa* and *Winding the Skein*, were delightfully classic in outline. *Britomart and her Nurse*, by Mr. Watts, was a strong and noble composition, with a subtle charm in all the allegorical details introduced. The popular success of the year, however, that which necessitated the presence of a policeman to keep the crowd 'moving on,' was Mr. Frith's *Road to Ruin*. Mr. Frith might be suspected of challenging comparison with Hogarth in the five tableaux he presented to the public, but his easily-read lessons fall far short of the grim strong cynicism of the dead master.*

Mr. Herkomer's *Eventide*—workhouse women drinking tea and chatting in the gloaming, an apparently unlovely theme—was invested with pathos and interest by the artist's sympathy. Every old face had a story in that picture. Mr. Long's *The Gods and their Makers*—Egyptian women in easy and graceful attitudes modelling and painting idols—was another of the successes of the year. For dramatic treatment and energy of conception, Mr. F. Holl's *Newgate, committed for Trial*, also deserved notice. *Première Communion*, by P. R. Morris, was one of the pictures of the year. The finest portrait in the Academy was that of Lord Shaftesbury by Millais; next to it in interest was Mr. Watts' admirable likeness of Mr. Lecky. Mr. Archer's refined and delicate portraits, and the vigorously modelled male heads of Mr. Oules, deserved equal notice, though for opposite qualities. The landscapes were numerous. *St. Martin's Summer*, by Mr. Millais, a stream tumbling over rocks, with a foreground of tangled bushes and fallen autumn leaves, was a forcible work, but less striking than some of the artist's former landscapes. Mr. Graham's *Wandering Shadows* will be remembered as one of the pictures of the year. Mr. Briton Rivière held his place as the most imaginative and poetical of our animal painters. Mr. R. Browning made his *début* as an artist in this year's Academy, sustaining by the excellence of his work the honour of the great name he bears. The title of his picture, *A Worker in Brass, Antwerp*, sufficiently indicates the subject. The figure is life-size, and stands in a small work-room near a table surrounded by his tools, brass vases, and reliefs. He is hammering out chips of metal from a round plate. The refined and thoughtful expression of the man's face, the delicate and measured action of the arm, were admirably rendered, and the details were all thoroughly well drawn. The sculpture in the Academy was redeemed from commonplace by Mr. G. A. Lawson's *In the Arena*, a struggle for life between a gladiator and an infuriated panther. The group was energetically conceived and executed. Mr. Woolner's portrait bust of Professor Huxley was an admirable and intellectual likeness.

The Grosvenor exhibition, whatever be its failings in Academic merit, has up to the present offered itself as a refuge to a refined and intellectual class of art which has often been *caviare* to the general. It has presented universal attractions in some of the most important productions of Mr. Burne Jones. These glowing, mediæval, somewhat morbid works, reminding us sometimes of Bellini and sometimes of the more archaic qualities of Francesca, are yet full of an ideal poetry and bear a stamp of unquestionable genius. The *Chant d'Amour*, the *Laus Veneris*, the single figures representing the *Seasons* and *Day and Night*, exhibited this year, are all imbued with a strange, dreamy, slightly effeminate charm. A picture of large and simple feature, impressive colour, and perfectly sweet tone, was *The Minister's Garden*, by Mr. Cecil Lawson, a young artist who had already won his spurs, but who yet may be said to have dated his celebrity as a landscape-painter from this exhibition. His *In the Valley*, with its Titian blue, and *The Strayed Lamb*, with its silvery sweetness, attracted universal

* We hope the moral lesson conveyed by Mr. Frith in this popular work may be of some use to the class of young men whom it concerns, but we cannot help expressing our amazement that a Royal Academician, who ought to be acquainted with his art, should be guilty of errors so rudimentary as those displayed in the works in question. The perspective would be incredible in the engravings if we had not seen the original, and we hope that when the plates come out the faults in them will not be attributed to the engraver.—ED.

attention. Mr. Whistler's six *Nocturnes* and *Arrangements* as usual divided the votes, but however eccentric in form, they had a certain witchery of light and colour, like all that his pencil touches. The great allegorical picture, *Time and Death*, by Mr. Watts, of Florentine colour and heroic size, would have established his reputation, had this been needed, as that of an artist capable of dealing with an important imaginative work. Mr. Alma-Tadema's *Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture*, showed the artist at his best in their learned archæological details. Mr. Tissot was fashionable and brilliant; Mr. Legros powerful and ugly, with a strange pathos of chiaroscuro and expression in all his pictures. The two heads painted before the Slade students, deserved special notice for the precision and energy of their execution, and because they were illustrations of a system inaugurated by M. Legros, and followed by M. Dalou at South Kensington, the system of instruction by example, by actually working before the pupils. We may mention the *Bell Ringers*, by Mr. W. G. Wills, which to its poetic treatment added the interest of being painted by a dramatist.*

In the minor Spring exhibitions the 'Black and White,' which opened in June at the Dudley Gallery, was the most interesting of the three shows held in that place. Mr. Poynter contributed his study for the *Race of Atalanta*. M. Léon Lhermitte had some excellent drawings. The etchings attracted attention. This art, which a few years ago could scarcely be said to exist in England, seems now to have recovered its old rank as one of the subtlest modes of expression, and to be likely to retain it. *Orpheus*, by Mr. Herkomer, and *Avant l'Orage*, by M. Chauvel, were impressive original illustrations of the art, while M. Rajon and Mr. Léon Richeton contributed excellent etchings from pictures.

At the Spring Exhibition of Painters in Water-Colour (Old Society) was exhibited *A Silent Counsellor*, by Mr. Alma-Tadema, already well known to the readers of the PORTFOLIO; and Mr. Carl Haag, also well known to our readers, had a clever drawing entitled *An Ancestor*. M. Goupil's Gallery and the French Gallery in Pall Mall illustrated, as usual, the present condition of Continental art; Daubigny, Troyon, Gérôme, Madrazo, Meissonier, and others, being fairly represented.

Splendid additions have been made to the National Gallery during the year. We have already alluded to the *Vision of St. Helena* from the Novar Collection. This is an exceptionally good example of Paul Veronese, both by the noble simplicity of the pose and drapery, and the tender beauty of the sleeping face. Nine pictures have been bought from the collection of Mr. Fuller Maitland—*Christ's Agony in the Garden*, attributed by Passavant to Raphael's earlier years (the work is beautiful, though the painter's name is doubtful); the *Nativity*, by Sandro Botticelli, one of the most poetical of his smaller works; and the *Adoration of the Magi*, an early Italian picture which has been attributed to Fra Filippo Lippi. There are also a small life-size portrait by Francia Bigio of a *Knight of Malta*, dark, but interesting as an example of a master hitherto unrepresented; and a small, exquisitely-finished portrait of a man holding a skull, long ascribed to Holbein. Crowe's *Slate Quarries* and Barker's *Clover Field* are two delightful examples of our earlier English landscape-painters. A spirited sketch by W. Müller completed the purchases from the Maitland Collection. A vigorous and vast landscape, *Gordale Scar in Yorkshire*, by J. Ward, free from the usual mannerism of the artist, was added last August. A refined portrait, by Gainsborough, of the *Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley*, was presented by his nephew, who also presented seven landscape designs in black and white by the same artist. Last, but not least, a panel by Gheerardt David, painted in 1501 or 1502, was bequeathed by Mr. Benoni White. It represents a Canon of the Church surrounded by his patron saints. The countenances are grave and earnest; the details of drapery and accessories are beautiful. The nation may well be congratulated on the treasures acquired for it during the year by the care and energy of Mr. Burton.

* Mr. Wills was, however, a successful portrait-painter long before he became known as a dramatic author, and the transition from portrait-painting to *genre* does not present any insuperable technical difficulty.—ED.

A dainty exhibition of fans lasted for ten days of July in the magnificent Hall of the Drapers' Company, Throgmorton Street. Decorative Chinese and Japanese, tasteful French, architectural Italian, magnificently-coloured Spanish, and didactic English fans, each bore the stamp of their own nationality. On one English fan was a minutely-written and brief History of England; on another the Ten Commandments.

In Manchester it was decided that the Town Hall should be decorated with mural paintings of national themes, designed by Mr. Madox Brown and Mr. F. Shields.

We must not pass in silence the safe arrival, after many adventures, of a very ancient work of art—Cleopatra's Needle—and its erection, in August, on the Thames Embankment.

H. C.

II.

ONE of the least disputed conclusions drawn from the Paris Universal Exhibition was that among the art productions of the whole world there reigns a certain family likeness, an *air d'école* got at Paris. The main reason for the very great success of England with the French public and press was precisely that in this general levelling she alone preserves her originality and the genius of her race.* London and Paris appear to be, at the present hour, the two opposite poles of Art; but will the difference be lasting? Not to speak of the Channel Tunnel, may we not already foresee a closer approximation on many points? Some thoughtful people are even alarmed at this, and dread the loss of nationality in Art.

The case of Sir Frederick Leighton, who uses, with equal success, the tools of sculptor and painter, is by no means isolated in the world; for some time past this tendency has been endemic in France. M. Falguière's pictures had already begun to make painters feel uneasy; the laurels reaped by M. Paul Dubois at recent Salons troubled them still more. To repulse that aggression by boldly acting on the offensive, to beat the Romans at Rome, the sculptors themselves in sculpture, such was the audacious ambition of many a Parisian painter. Gustave Doré tried his hand, of course (what has he not tried?); but his overflowing imagination is badly suited to the austerer forms of Art. If he checks himself his sculpture freezes; if he gives himself full liberty his fancies swarm like bees, as in his famous vase at the Exhibition. Madlle. Sarah Bernhardt adds to her dramatic profession the making of pictures and statues. She is celebrated in Paris for her thinness, for the seductive softness of her voice, and her ascent in a balloon; but in sculpture, this charming actress dealt with M. de Girardin's face so ferociously that it seemed as if she had skinned him.

In a word, if painting has gained a few portraits by this revival of Florentine universality, sculpture is rather losing. Young sculptors study detail and neglect the *ensemble*. This defect was already perceptible in the remarkable group by M. Hector Lemaire (who obtained the *Prix du Salon*), representing Delilah cutting Samson's hair; but it was still more visible in a work by M. Albert Lefevre, whose aim seems to have been the translation into sculpture of a picture by M. Bastien Lepage, as if a picture could be prudently translated into marble! A harvest labourer sits drinking; his female companion is standing and looking at him. Nothing connects the two figures in this composition, which does not hold together; they do not form a group; they are placed in juxtaposition.

These young masters might profitably consult the veterans; but Dubois, Chapu, and Mercié were only represented at the Salon by busts, their principal works being at the Great Exhibition; but Delaplanche sent two statues to the Salon, *La Musique* and *La Vierge au Lys*. Nothing could be more delicate, supple, tender, nothing more artlessly clever, than this art. M. Guillaume's *Orpheus*, more modern, perhaps, in its conception, is quite as refined. The medal of honour was awarded to a group by M. Barrias, representing 'The Death of Abel.' *Les*

* How strongly the experience of 1878 bears out the elder Leslie's doctrine that nationality is, in itself, a precious element in art! We have never felt this so powerfully before; for now there is danger of losing it.—Ed.

Premières Funerailles was excellent as a piece of sculpture—at once simple and clever, with a certain roughness, much in honour nowadays in the studios since the triumphant success of Dubois's *Charité*. Minds so refined as these seem to take a peculiar pleasure in ennobling some rude rustic type. They prefer this exercise of the idealising imagination to the simple imitation of a refinement ready-made to hand, as it presents itself in patrician beauty.

M. Thiers holds still a large place in the gratitude and admiration of the French. He reigned already in the Salon of 1877, thanks to Bonnat's admirable picture. He reigned again in 1878; but this time the painters owed their success to him. M. Vibert, a genre-painter, who generally makes up for his dry painting and crude colour by putting much wit into little works, exhibited the statesman's apotheosis in a picture of large dimensions. M. Thiers dead, the fatherland in mourning, a genius showing heaven, clouds rolling in their folds victorious armies and vanquished battalions—such a subject can only be conceived in a sort of hallucination; to be admissible it would require Rembrandt's shadows, phosphorescences, and fantastic lights. M. Vibert is not Rembrandt: and M. Garnier was only a clever photographer when he represented the famous sitting of the Chamber when M. de Fourtou spoke of Marshal MacMahon as the liberator of the country, and all the Left, in an explosion of enthusiasm, turned to M. Thiers, shouting, 'There is the liberator!' It is dry painting, without atmosphere; it is not history, but a *procès verbal*.

M. Bonnat's portrait of Count de Montalivet was as successful as his famous portrait of Thiers. The Count is seated, and his inert hands, wrung and tortured by gout, rest upon his knees. Words cannot tell with how much care those poor hands have been studied, or how eloquent they are; they give the work its decisive character and its poignant meaning. With *La Soif*, by M. Benjamin Constant, ends the series of sensational pictures. This artist, being a bright colourist, could in case of need do without an idea, yet he has ideas. A convoy of prisoners, led by a horseman, are crossing the desert. They have discovered a puddle of water, and all of them have thrown themselves upon the ground to drink. In the background the sandy plain stretches as far as the eye can reach. Nothing could convey the impression of a thirsty land better than that sterile immensity.

French landscape-painters are studious and observant, yet their art is not lively; the strength and energy of the natural world are too much at rest in their art. M. Pelouse is the most ambitious of the aspirants to Daubigny's inheritance; his colour is strong, his painting powerful, but with all these qualities he only produces stumped effects, in which there is no precision. The love for the open air which grieved Fromentin has gained all painters by degrees, and its influence is visible even in the works of the best historical landscape-painters, such as Français, for example, who no longer seems to look at nature through a smoked glass. In *Le Lac Nômi* and *Le Mont Cervin* he employs an incredible talent to perpetuate a lifeless form of art, but in spite of his efforts historical landscape will soon be a thing of the past. It will go to the grave where the tragic Muse lies buried. The study of colour, distances, and surfaces, has even attracted winners of the *Prix de Rome*. M. Ferrier represented the Martyrdom of Agnes with an endurable colour, a happy mixture of the grand style and the picturesque. We knew that some of these painters had stealthily left Rome to study expression from the Bolognese masters, but if air and the picturesque are admitted into the necropolis, where a dead art is only preserved by state subventions, it will presently crumble into dust.

C. G.

III.

THE Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878 has left, in many respects, a more definite and decided impression on the public mind of the cultivated world than that of 1867. It is not too much to say, that for the first time in the history of the world we are able

to observe the formation of a cosmopolitan public opinion in matters of art. Previous universal exhibitions had not produced this result. They had led rather to a sense of the incompatibility of national opinions. In 1855 English painting had been regarded, not only by Parisians, but by other Continental visitors, as a singular curiosity, intensely interesting as a manifestation of insular peculiarity; and Englishmen wandered amongst Continental pictures with a strong sense of their entirely foreign character. In the London Exhibition of 1862, and at Paris in 1867, this feeling of exceeding strangeness had in part passed away, but it had not yet given place to any cordial international interchange of opinion out of which a cosmopolitan public opinion might take its rise. In 1867 the feeling in Paris about English art was mainly one of disappointment. The first freshness of sensation occasioned by mere novelty had passed away, English painters were no longer looked upon as highly interesting barbarians; but on the other hand, Continental criticism had not yet begun to feel any real sympathy for English art. Our own countrymen did not feel themselves in such a strange world amongst Continental pictures as in 1855, they had become familiar with Continental art in the interval, but still the sentiment of nationality was too powerful to be overcome by any broader and more tolerant sentiment. In 1878 two changes in public opinion have been distinctly visible. The first is, that people of different nations often had the same opinions about the schools of Europe; or in other words, that a public international opinion formed itself; and the second is, that the differences of nationality have not produced any sentiment of narrow-minded disdain, but rather a desire to preserve them as sources of freshness and variety, which are very likely to be lost in a near future. The difference between French opinion of English art twenty years ago and now is, that the French used to laugh at our painting for its eccentricity, whereas now they think it desirable that its originality should be preserved; and the best Continental criticism generally has become so much more tolerant and enlightened, that the old prejudice against English art, once universal, not only in France, but all over the Continent of Europe, has given way to a respectful interest, and, in many cases, to a hearty approbation. English painters, on their part, have undoubtedly, as a body, made an advance in the direction of what is good in the Continental schools, and that without sacrificing their special superiorities. Their painting is much less crude and glaring than it used to be, but it is still as interesting as ever it was in subject and invention. The cosmopolitan opinion, which has been formed during the Exhibition of 1878, has been so decidedly favourable to English painting, that we hope to see English pictures admitted into Continental galleries much more generally than the old prejudice against them ever permitted in past times. It is not too much to say, that a few years ago a traveller might visit nearly all the public and private galleries of the Continent without seeing a single English picture. Our present impression is that English painters have done well to learn what they have learned from their Continental contemporaries, but that the movement has gone far enough in that direction; and that the important matter now is to keep what is best in their own nationality. There still remain in France some survivors of the old school of criticism, to whom English art can never be much better than a barbarian invader, a Vandal within the walls of the Eternal City, and M. Charles Blanc is one of them. 'Every island,' he says, 'is an individual on the globe, and its isolation prevents it from being familiarised with general ideas, and from being accessible to the sentiment of generic forms, two things which are essentially Continental.' Now we venture to observe, that although Great Britain is an island geographically it is really less an island intellectually than France is. An Englishman is not very accessible to foreign ideas, and he seldom knows a foreign language well; but he is somewhat less shut up in his own nationality than a Frenchman. M. Charles Blanc affirms that 'style' can never be insular. It is curious at this time of day to hear an old gentleman gravely discoursing about such an exploded superstition as *le style*, the old set recipe for painting Raphaelesque works, and Michaelangellesque works, without the genius of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Style, in its true and living sense, is very various, and exists abundantly

amongst the better painters of the English school. It is really nothing but idealisation, without which art falls to the ground at once, and becomes mere coloured photography ; but as artists are differently constituted, their ideals are different. For example, M. Charles Blanc was himself greatly struck by Mr. Burne Jones' picture of *Merlin and Vivien*. 'Il y a là,' he says, 'une quintessence d'idéal, une poésie sublimée qui m'apprehende au cœur. La Viviane du peintre semble évoquée par une sorte d'incantation : on dirait d'une figure de Mantegna qui serait retouchée et amoureuxment enveloppée par le pinceau d'un Prud'hon. Le spectateur est séduit par la charmeuse, et c'est elle qui enchante l'enchanteur.' In other words, the French critic is delighted with the English painter's style, though, as it is not the regular classicism of the drawing-school, he does not call it style, but *poésie sublimée* and *quintessence d'idéal*. Again, he admits that there are *beaux portraits* in the English school, as if it were possible to produce a *beau portrait* without style. So narrow is M. Charles Blanc's view of the subject that he denies style to Rembrandt and Rubens, who, however, 'replaced it by genius.'

True style is individual, and it was interesting in the Paris Exhibition to see how many forms it assumed. It seems to us very desirable that this variety should be preserved ; so desirable, indeed, that although the style of Mr. Burne Jones did not enchant us so much as it enchanted M. Charles Blanc, we should be sorry to see him sacrifice his individuality. His art is, as all art should be, a real emanation from his mind, and yet at the same time its strong personality includes what seem to us to be two errors or affectations, the wilful choice of morbid complexions and countenances, and the preference of bad form to good because it looks more original. There can be no necessity to give everybody a pale face and a goitred neck. Even Vivien, though her face is pretty, is not really a good figure, as we should see more plainly if she were undraped. The colouring of the picture is sickly throughout ; but this, we presume, is part of the intention, as Merlin himself is like one dying under the spell of the enchantress. It was a curious result of the greater sobriety of recent painters that the works of John Lewis seemed strangely crude in this exhibition, whereas ten years and twenty years ago this had been much less visible. The fine qualities of the *Courtyard of a Coptic Patriarch* still held their own, but the *Commentator on the Koran* and the *Midday Meal* suggested a wish that the painter had not introduced so many colours, the raw blue-greens being especially objectionable. Mr. Millais had a very important exhibition, occupying nearly the whole of one wall. It is scarcely possible for the same person to like all Mr. Millais' pictures equally, simply because he is an artist of wide range, but they are always interesting. The artist was, in fact, his own rival, as the author of 'Waverley' is the dangerous rival of the 'Last Minstrel.' Judges equally competent preferred one or another of Millais' pictures, but all agreed in considering his exhibition interesting and important, and the broad result of it is a great extension of his Continental reputation. The *Becfeater* was wonderfully popular, and so were the little girls, the *Sisters*. Of the two landscapes, *Over the Hills and Far Away* was, we believe, generally preferred to *Chill October*, partly on account of the monotony of the reedy foreground in the latter, though Continental critics were of course astonished by the (perfectly true) intensity of the Highland colour in *Over the Hills*.

Anything like detailed criticism is, of course, impossible in a retrospect of this kind, which only permits us to speak of general tendencies ; so we cannot dwell upon particular pictures. Of historical painting, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, there was little or nothing amongst the English pictures at Paris, though there was plenty of what may be called historical *genre*. Really the highest class of contemporary painting is not historical, but poetic *genre*, of which we may mention *Love and Death*, by Mr. Watts, as a powerful, though not very pleasing, example ; and very nearly related to this are the serious poetic pastorals of Mason and Morris, in which there is always some suggestion of ideas not openly expressed, as, for example, in the *Mowers*, by Morris, which is really a typical picture of rustic labour, and in the *Reaper and the Flowers*, by the same artist, which represents the two opposite kinds of gladness, those of youth and age, with an undercurrent of reference to the advance of time. Poetic *genre* of the most

serious kind found a powerful exponent in Mr. Herkomer, whose *Last Muster* moved all hearts. The grave and simple faces of these old soldiers in chapel, the comrade dying quietly, arrested attention, and the strong artistic qualities of the painting retained it. There can never be at any time a great number of poets in a school of painting, but we observed with pleasure that the English artists often grace their works with a true poetical element. This is not absent even from the lighter kind of contemporary art, such as the pictures of Mr. Leslie, which are never without a poetic sentiment. Modern portrait-painting, thanks to the influence of Mr. Watts and a few other eminent artists, seems to be finally emerging from the regular portrait manufacture, and entering upon a fresh career. Many of the portraits in the Paris Exhibition were sound and strong studies of human character, and did not seem to flatter vanity at all.

English landscape was not quite so powerfully represented as we had expected, though there were often good landscape backgrounds to the pictures of figures or animals. Almost the only representative of the matter-of-fact, scientific school, which at one time threatened to become dominant, was Mr. Brett, and between him and the landscape-painters whose work is suggested and governed by feeling, was Mr. Vicat Cole, who had a decided success in France with the *Day's Decline*, a picture uniting close observation of nature to considerable artistic sentiment. Landscapes, in which the artist entirely abandoned himself to the impression produced on his mind by the natural scene, were, perhaps, more frequently met with amongst the Scottish than amongst the English artists. Mr. James Macbeth's *Garcloch on the Clyde*, and *Moor at Whistledale*, were excellent examples of this class, intensely truthful, in the sense of fidelity, to an impression received, and aiming at little else. Mr. Colin Hunter's *Running Ashore* was also a most powerful rendering of an impression.

The contrast between English and Italian painting was strongly felt by every one. The English seem to have happily got out of the crude stage; the Italians are in it, and in the very middle of it. It is almost incredible that the modern Italian painters inhabit the country which owes half its fame to illustrious masters of past times, but the truth is that they have begun, to borrow Emerson's phrase, 'with no past at their back.' Finding nothing in the old art corresponding with their modern needs, they have begun the whole art again from nature; and crudity is an inevitable consequence of this. After the first shock of astonishment at a kind of painting which sets the teeth on edge, we discover considerable keenness of observation and lightness of touch; in short, the qualities which help a young artist to make minutely faithful studies. In some of the Italian painters, in Michetti, for example, there is what seems at first sight an intolerable and unpardonable affectation; but it may be that the painter has been aiming at certain visual results, which are not to be attained in the ordinary, straightforward manner of painting. The early manner of De Nittis was a good example of what modern Italian methods can do to render the truth of nature; but his more recently developed style of painting is much less minutely curious, and betrays rather the desire to get the work finished and have done with it, than the delicate caressing of a favourite subject. His colour, too, which in dealing with Southern sunshine was fresh and clear, is now purposely dirtied in dealing with London. Of all the Italian painters, the least offensive, either through glare or by dullness, was certainly Pasini; but he was familiar to us already, and the prevailing tendencies of the present Italian school were not so familiar. It is passing through an unpleasant youthful phase at present, and especially lacks the mellowness of ripened art, but if we take it for what it really is,—a new school born on old ground, and not a degenerate old school, for it is not that—we shall see reasons to be hopeful. There is every probability that modern Italian painting will come to good, in due course of time.

The influence of French painters on other Continental schools is remarkable, but no artists have felt it more, for good or for evil, than the Americans. As represented at the Paris Exhibition they were, with few exceptions, little more than an additional regiment belonging obviously to the great French army of artists.* This is the more to be regretted

* They deserve, of course, much more detailed mention than this brief allusion, many of them being really excellent painters, and the present writer hopes to do them better justice in the 'International Review.'

that the Americans are now, as a body, quite sufficiently well educated in art to go on without the help of foreign instruction. There ought, of course, to be good public galleries in America, but with those, and a sound system of instruction in the United States themselves, it is probable that a really original American school would very soon form itself and gain a fresh strength of its own quite independently of Europe.

French art is much too vast to be treated briefly with any chance of doing it justice. Want of space compels us to speak of it only in the most general terms. The result of the Exhibition of 1878 is briefly this. The French school still maintains its place as the leading school of Europe, but more by the mere number of its painters who have reached a high level of attainment than by surpassing splendour of genius. We observed that hardly any Englishman seemed to think it necessary to draw a hand, and it is evident that in France a man may reach the most distinguished honours as a figure-painter without troubling himself about the colour of living flesh. Colour is a subject about which it is proverbially useless to argue, but take Laurens, one of the most famous of living painters, as an example. He has a fine, serious intellect, and great knowledge, but his flesh is mere clay. Gérôme puts Raw Umber into his flesh and spoils it. We could mention a hundred French artists who would be almost perfect painters if they could colour. Some, like Vibert, are crude and raw in their colouring; others, like Laurens (and these are the majority), are muddy. The strangest thing is to see artists, who in everything else seem to possess the true sense of colour, fail when they come to flesh. There is Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, who has quite essentially the painter's faculty, the painter's eye, who interprets nature as only a born painter does or can, who often colours finely in his backgrounds, dresses, and all other accessories, and still paints muddy flesh. In the Austrian school there was, however, on the whole a better prevailing colour than in the French. Makart's great picture, the *Entry of Charles V. at Antwerp*, is well coloured, and Matejko, though erring on the side of excess in positive hue, is evidently quite alive to colour in flesh as in everything else.

The modern Spanish school is by no means indifferent to colour; but it seeks effects of jewellery rather than the harmonies of painting. Fortuny set the fashion of glitter—of that play of scattered hue and light which the French call *papillotage*—and which, notwithstanding the remarkable qualities of the artist, breaks up all but his very best pictures into meaningless jewellery. Madrazo is much larger in manner, and very fresh; but, like all painters who make freshness an aim, he often falls into crudity; still, he is a real painter, simple in purpose and direct in execution. His portraits were amongst the decided successes of the Exhibition.

The Belgian school was represented by artists already so well known to the English public that it is unnecessary to name them, and their works showed hardly any new direction. Men like Clays, Bossuet, De Vrienolt, Stevens, Verboeckhoven, Wanters, Willems, developed their respective gifts to the full several years ago, and practice adds nothing to them. Verlat astonished the Parisians with his vulgar, but powerful, realism. He exhibited no less than fifteen pictures, most of which were at the same time offences against good taste, and undeniable proofs of extraordinary energy and vigour. His *Nous voulons Barabbas* will remain in the memory of every visitor for its intense realisation of a low and brutal populace.

The German Exhibition was limited in quantity, and probably, for that very reason, of very superior quality. There was not a more agreeable room in the whole building than the German room. Knaus, Kaulbach, and other well-known men, were sufficiently represented; but what has been said of Belgium was true also of Germany—there was no new direction, and the clever men, such as Achenbach, Munthe, and others, are already familiar to Londoners, through the foreign exhibitions held in London. The principal advantage of great universal exhibitions is that we see pictures there on a more important scale, we see bigger pictures, and more big pictures by foreign artists, than are often accessible to us in our own country. Makart's enormous picture gives a conception of his power which cannot be derived from any minor work; and so in the Swedish collection, Cederström's great and

striking picture, *The Body of Charles XII. carried by his Officers across the Norwegian Frontier*, effected much for his reputation. The collection of large landscapes by Wahlberg set his fame on a more substantial basis. In the French school many large canvases, which were previously known only to foreigners who had attentively followed the annual Salons, were seen by visitors from all parts of the world. The general result of the Paris Exhibition has been to confirm many established reputations, as, for example, that of Millais; to diminish a few, simply because they could not be carried higher (Meissonier and Gérôme have both slightly lost by this exhibition, at least relatively); and to increase some younger reputations, as, for example, those of Herkomer in the English school and Mesdag in the Dutch.

We have not had space to speak of sculpture; and the English school holds so poor a rank in Europe that it is not an encouraging subject. France, by Governmental encouragement and natural talent, holds easily the first place. As for Italy, we can only regret that the patronage of buyers has turned naturally able men into a false direction, making them nothing but amusing and dexterous carvers, and not sculptors in the higher sense. One general observation strikes us, and that is the extreme difficulty of carrying art into really new directions. There were scarcely more than two or three real novelties in the whole exhibition, such as the vulgar pictures of Verlat and some Italian crudities, for Fortuny and his school have no longer novelty to recommend them. The moral is, that if we are to enjoy art at all, in these days, it must be simply by finding our pleasure in what is good without seeking for new sensations.

P. G. H.

LADY HAMILTON.

ETCHED BY PAUL RAJON, AFTER ROMNEY.

AN intelligent lady saw Rajon's etchings of *Theophila Palmer* and *Lady Hamilton*, and as she had been delighted with the first, and did not seem to be nearly so much delighted with the second, we asked if she had a reason outside of art; for the two works seemed to us to be very nearly of equal value as works of art. She answered that *Theophila Palmer* seemed to be a lady, but that *Lady Hamilton*—and then she hesitated.

Yes, pretty as the face is, unquestionably, and though her Ladyship was not only a lady of title, but even an ambassadress, she is evidently not quite the realisation of the most respectable English ideal. In the first place, she is displaying her fine shoulder and laughing, as much to show her wonderful eyes and teeth as for any other reason,—the winning eyes, the pearly, glittering teeth. And then the careless arrangement of the hair—is it not a device to let us see its abundant natural luxuriance? The very absence of dress in the picture is intended to make us still more directly sensible of the perfection of the beautiful human animal which it represents. It would merely have been a fine shoulder-of-woman, if that dangerously pretty face had not eclipsed the shoulder. Dangerously pretty, indeed, but to others, to men, not to herself, not to her own worldly advancement! She began by being a servant-girl, she became an ambassador's wife, a lady at least by title, and herself as much a diplomatist as any ambassador in Europe. She made a fool of Romney, the painter; she made her name immortal by twining it with the fair fame of the greatest Admiral who ever trod on a quarter-deck; whilst she proved her coolness by declining to save Caraccioli, which she could have done quite easily, and by being present at his execution.

It is always an error to attempt to write over again what has been perfectly written already; and therefore we refer our readers for a further account of Lady Hamilton to an article by Professor Colvin published in the *PORTFOLIO* for 1873, p. 35.



F. R. on d'après Romney

LADY HAMILTON

Eng. J. J. Chappin & Co.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE FRENCH GALLERY in Pall Mall sustains the reputation established by its predecessors. A de Neuville's *Le Bourget* (Oct. 30th, 1870) is thoroughly well composed, and the sombre, lurid colour is in unison with the tragedy represented. The faces and figures of his *dramatis personæ* are intensely life-like and characteristic. The door of a village church is open, and shows the stained glass window to which the Prussians had climbed to fire down on the handful of men who had made the little church their citadel. The houses in the village are blazing, and gunners are seen hurrying away with their field-pieces; opposite the church-door is a gun with its muzzle fouled with smoke. There is no superfluity or exaggeration of details, each tells its part of the story plainly, and no more. Mr. W. B. Leader's *An English River* is charming in summer peace, the broad calm river winding through quiet meadows and between stately trees to a far distance. Conspicuous in this collection are two large pictures by Miss Clara Montalba, *Clearing the Customs, Venice*, and *On the Lagoons*, splendid in colour, bold in treatment, and giving the impression of vast space. The sky is not the orthodox deep blue of Venice, the weather is cloudy, and in the first of these pictures there is a shimmer on the green rippled water which reminds us, in some degree, of Turner. Miss Hilda Montalba's *Returning from the Rialto* has all her sister's breadth of treatment and richness of colour. Besides these Venices, we have three masterly views of the same city by Mr. Wyld. Sadee's *Gossip on the Sea-shore* is a contrast between the sombre and desolate natural world of sea, sky, and shore, and the kindly, cheery human pair who sit on their inverted baskets forgetful of everything but their own genial natures. In the clever picture by Mr. J. B. Burgess, *Church Catechism*, we have a smirking priest and a handsome Spanish girl with a grave face and cast-down eyes. Is he amused at her blunders and she painfully sensible of them? Apart from the subject, the picture is admirable in all artistic and technical qualities. The Spanish painter Jimenez exhibits *An Expert at Penmaking*, full of humour and very well executed. We may confine ourselves to a simple mention of Meissonier's *Halbentier*, Gérôme's *Eastern Woman*, *The Woodcutters*, by Linnell, senior, *Crossing the Ford*, by Creswick, and Elmore's *Algerian Water Carrier*.

IN the collection of pictures chiefly by young artists now on view at the DUDLEY GALLERY, attention may be called to the following. No. 79 is a design for a picture by G. F. Watts, R.A., entitled *Love flies out of the Window as Poverty comes in at the Door*. A young girl rises from a couch looking down on the roses that strew it, as on one side the door is pushed open by a man, thin and ragged, accompanied by a gaunt wolf, whilst a bright-winged figure on the other side turns to cast upon her a glance of reproachful surprise and springs out of the window. Every detail of this design is interesting. The whirl of the withered leaves driven in by the blast from the open door tells us how

desolate is the scene outside, whilst the glimpse of landscape seen through the window from which Love is springing is blue and summery. In the foreground, doves with ruffled feathers suggest a last farewell, and roses fall and wither. No 88, *Home through the Woods*, by F. Morgan, is good in tone, and there is a pensive effect in the gathering shadows and dying sunset seen through the pines. In Mr. R. Macbeth's *Fisherman's Children*, the rapid touch of the artist imparts a crisp freshness which has a definite artistic value. This, we believe, is Mr. Macbeth's first picture of a sea effect, which makes it the more interesting. Miss Clara Montalba's *Canal of San Giorgio, Venice*, is one of the gems of the exhibition; we were charmed by the sweetness of the light in the sky, and by the broad subdued treatment throughout. Mr. J. D. Watson's *Engagement* occupies the place of honour at the end of the room. It shows a comely young woman in a white satin dress, noting down her engagements for the dance on pale pink paper, watched by a sentimental youth in an uncompromising swallow-tail coat. Mr. Leslie, the Academician, has made a more than pleasant picture of *The Angel Hotel, Henley-on-Thames*, with a red-tiled gabled roof, the grey tower of the church against a pale evening sky, and boats moored in the river. *Yarmouth Jetty—Moonlight*, is in Henry Moore's best style. The full moon has broken through a cloudy sky and sends a bright beam across the sea. A ship in full sail and still in half-shadow is just entering the light. The old jetty and some moored fisher-boats are touched by the ray of light. Mr. P. R. Morris, A.R.A. sends two pictures, *Changing Pastures* and *Storm in Harvest*. In the first there is a pleasant sense of movement,—birds whirl in circles in the air, light clouds seem to scud across the sky, the sheep hasten to the call of their shepherd; but the other picture lacks the power of an approaching storm in light and shadow. In *Reverie*, by Tissot, we have a young lady in a brown dress reclining in an arm-chair, her fair hair touched with light. There is no particular expression in the face, but the whole is excellently painted. *A Rare Edition*, by Edwin Hughes, is a small picture, daintily painted, and finished with a good breadth of light and shade. Mr. Colin Hunter's *In Search of Sea-drift* is very clever, and true to nature. We note the blue and sharply defined shadow of the horse and rider thrown by the sun, and the brown reflection below in the wet sand. We may mention Mr. Heywood Hardy's *Forced Company*, which is full of humour and excellent, and Miss Hilda Montalba's *A Little Gossip*, which is very clever. This brief selection does not by any means include all the pictures that deserve notice.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY is generally interesting, for, though it is not ambitious in its aim, there is much thoughtful and conscientious work. There are fine examples by Sir John Gilbert. Mr. Alfred Hunt contributes several sketches, which are refined both in feeling and colour. Mr. W. E. Lockhart, with whose work the readers of

the PORTFOLIO are familiar, at least in translation, has several powerful drawings, of which we may mention, *King's College, Old Aberdeen, The Birthplace of Robinson Crusoe*, and *Upper Largo*. *The Rivals*, by J. D. Watson, represents a jester in cap and bells mocking at a monkey, which has got an orange in its mouth, and watches the jester's countenance with a perturbed expression. We may mention Mr. Norman Taylor's *Greeting*, a rustic scene in a charming landscape, where a milkmaid pauses to exchange greetings with a youthful shepherd. *Low Tide and Becalmed*, by Mr. Powell, are remarkable for finish. Miss Clara Montalba contributes a great number of most effective studies from her favourite Venice, showing her usual powers of colouring. Mrs. Allingham sends a number of small studies, delightful for truthfulness and refinement. There are, also, some landscapes, by Naftel, and specimens from Birket Foster, Carl Haag, Mr. H. S. Marks, and Mr. Dobson.

Mr. HERKOMER's scheme for an ANNUAL 'PAINTERS' FESTIVAL' at Liverpool, for the benefit of advanced Art Students is, we believe, likely to be carried into execution, at any rate it is under serious consideration. The plan is to invite every year some eminent Painters and a number of Art Students—the Painters to remain in Liverpool about ten days and paint from the living model in the presence of the Students. In the evening, entertainments to be organized. Mr. Herkomer thinks that in the eight or ten days a work can be commenced and nearly, if not quite, finished, and those painters who cannot get what they want at once will teach the student most. The plan is excellent, but there is a tendency to secrecy, or at least a timidity, amongst painters, which will make it difficult to induce them to do anything practically in public. Some of them still retain the fallacious old idea that there are secrets in art—craft secrets—which a wise man will not communicate; others think that their prestige would be gone if people could see with how much trouble and uncertainty they arrive at their results. However, we presume that Mr. Herkomer is himself prepared to set the good example of painting before students, and as example is everything other successful artists may follow. It is a fine appeal to their generosity in various ways, as it involves not only an innovation upon their habits but a considerable sacrifice of time. The scheme is excellent, and ought, if possible, to be realized.

THE case of Whistler *v.* Ruskin, which was tried in the Court of Exchequer at Westminster, on the 25th and 26th of November, was one of singular interest to artists and critics, and, indeed, to all who care about the condition of the Fine Arts in England. Mr. Ruskin had written in '*Fors Clavigera*' a criticism on pictures in the Grosvenor Gallery, containing the following expressions :—

'For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsey ought not to have admitted works into the Gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.'

Mr. Whistler brought an action for damages on the

ground that this was an attack upon his personal character not justified by the pictures in question, which, though painted rapidly, were the result of conscientious labour. The verdict gave damages in the painter's favour—one farthing—but Baron Huddleston, by an exercise of his own discretion, gave judgment without costs, so that each party had to bear his own costs, which are said to amount to several hundreds of pounds. It has been proposed by the Fine Art Society to relieve Mr. Ruskin of his by means of a public subscription.

Evidence was brought by both sides, and Mr. Whistler's merits were discussed according to the usual legal forms by barristers supported by witnesses. Nothing could be more curious than the trial as a proof that the essentially artistic element in art always eludes positive measurement and appreciation. Mr. Whistler's counsel were quite unable to prove that his 'Nocturnes' and 'Symphonies' were good art, and Mr. Ruskin's counsel were equally unable to demonstrate that they were worthless. All that could be done was to produce mere opinions on the opposite sides. In reality (since the pictures in question did not pretend to form, or to detail of object painting), the discussion resolved itself into one about colour and taste, qualities which from their very nature cannot possibly be discussed. The verdict is simply an expression, on the part of the Jury, of their incompetence to settle a question which no human being can settle positively.

The evidence was interesting though useless. Mr. Whistler himself explained that the subject of the arrangement of colours had been the study of his life, that he sketched very rarely on paper, and that his pictures are painted off generally from his own thought and mind. He first thinks them out, and then paints them off rapidly in his studio without other preparation. He also explained that his pictures were not painted as portraits of localities, but as artistic impressions, which had been carried away. This would be quite the ideal method of painting landscape, if human faculties were equal to it. Mr. Whistler's best witness was Mr. Albert Moore, the painter, who maintained that the pictures in question were beautiful works of art, that Mr. Whistler had attained the qualities he aimed at, and that no living painter could succeed in the same way. The best witnesses on the other side were Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Frith, both of whom maintained the necessity for studious finish in detail. Mr. Frith said he considered composition and detail as essential elements in a work of art, a theory which, if accepted, would exclude all rapid sketches. The commercial question, raised by Mr. Ruskin, was also discussed. Mr. Whistler's advocate might have urged that when an artist asks a price for a picture there cannot possibly be imposture. There would be imposture if he accepted a commission and delivered a summary sketch instead of a finished work; but when people are asked a price, however high, for an unsold work, which is shown to them, there is no imposture, as they can see for themselves whether they think it worth the price or not; if not, they have only not to buy it. Mr. Whistler's counsel might, also, have mentioned the excessively high prices at which mere sketches by celebrated French artists are frequently sold. Two hundred guineas is quite an ordinary price for an oil sketch by De Neuville or

Detaille, and for small pictures by Daubigny, which are really nothing but sketches. We have no business to discuss the gains of artists. What they receive is not payment for the day's work, but for years of preceding unremunerative labour. We cannot conclude without expressing regret that Mr. Ruskin should of late years have so far forgotten what is due to his own dignity as to use language which the most ordinary journalist would not condescend to. An English pressman might say that an artist's pictures were mere sketches, but he would not accuse him of 'flinging a pot of paint in the public's face;' and it is contrary to the usages of civilised society to call a man a coxcomb simply because you do not agree with him on a question of art.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM has just purchased a marble statue of the Indian Bacchus, found at Posilipo, and resembling, generally, the statue of the Museo Pio Clementino at Rome, known as Sardanapalus, from the fact of its being inscribed with that name along the edge of the drapery. Both statues are evidently Roman copies from some more or less celebrated Greek original. The right arm of the new statue is wanting, except so much as to show that it had been extended sideways, resting on an upright thyrsus. The face is quite perfect, the drapery has been studied with considerable care, so as to get a pleasing composition of folds, but without sufficient attention to the limbs underneath; as, for example, in the left arm and upper right knee, which latter, in particular, is altogether out of place. Still, the new Bacchus is an imposing figure, and deserves a place as an illustration of a late period of art.

THROUGH the much-regretted death of Mr. John Henderson, long known as one of the first of connoisseurs in London, the British Museum, it is understood, will be greatly enriched in the Departments of drawings, prints, Majolica, Indian, Persian, and other antiquities. The details of the bequest are not yet known. Mr. Henderson died on the 20th of November.

MR. FRANKS, Keeper of the Mediæval and Ethnographical Collection in the British Museum, has presented to that Institution his very valuable collection of Pottery, now on exhibition at the Bethnal Green Museum.

MR. ROBERT WALLIS, who died lately at Brighton, at the ripe age of eighty-four, is associated with Turner's fame by his admirable engravings from the painter's works. Almost his last plate was from the *Approach to Venice*, exhibited in the Royal Academy when he was seventy-five years old. An artist's proof of his large engraving, *Lake Nemi*, fetched 90*l.* some years ago. A few of the vignette illustrations to Rogers, that of *Bolton Abbey* for example, were engraved by him. Mr. Wallis was a gentleman of most agreeable social qualities, but his memory had been much impaired of late years, and he lived in great retirement at Brighton. He was a brother of Mr. Wallis, of the French Gallery. By his death we lose one of the last representatives of the great English school of landscape engraving.

A LANDSCAPE PAINTER of considerable power, Mr. Sam Bough, R.S.A., died on the 19th of November, at Edinburgh, at the age of 57. He was a native of Cumberland, whose romantic scenery he has represented in water-colours of remarkable beauty. His oil pictures were vigorous, and his personal characteristics were also vigorous and original. We hope to speak of him more in detail in a future number, and to give at the same time an etching from one of his works.

THERE has been lately found in the neighbourhood of South Shields a sepulchral stone bearing a relief of a female figure, and a bilingual inscription in Latin and Palmyrene, stating that the monument had been erected by one Barates, a native of Palmyra, in memory of his wife Regina, whom he had purchased as a slave and liberated. This Barates was probably one of the earlier of the Jewish traders, who visited this country to supply the Roman Legions; his wife appears from the inscription to have belonged to a tribe calling itself Caterallauna,—at least, so some authorities read it.

Mr. HADEN proposes to deliver lectures on Etching at the Royal Institution on Saturdays from March 22nd to April 5th. It is not impossible that the lecturer may give practical illustrations of his art by etching a plate before his audience, as M. Legros does so often and so successfully before his pupils in the Slade School of Art. Some heads done rapidly in dry point by M. Legros from the living model in the school are amongst the best works of the artist.

THERE is to be an exhibition of Japanese paintings at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON has brought back from Spezzia, where he went for a holiday, some highly finished studies and exquisitely beautiful female heads: also a fine vigorous portrait of Professor G. Costa of Rome, equal if not superior to his admirable portrait of Captain Burton. Sir Frederick Leighton is occupied at present with the large lunette for the wall of the South Court at the South Kensington Museum.

IT is reported from Olympia that, in the course of the German excavations there, part of a frieze has been found which, it is not impossible, may have belonged to the Temple of Hera, on the site of which, it may be remembered, was discovered the famous statue of Hermes, by Praxiteles. As regards this statue, it is curious to observe the difference of opinion among German archaeologists, some of them being convinced that the Praxiteles whose name is connected with the statue by Pausanias, was not the great Athenian sculptor, but a young artist of the same name.

RAPID progress is being made at the British Museum in putting together the fragmentary bronze gates lately found by Mr. Rassam at Balanat, in Assyria. It will be remembered that these gates are covered with long bands of relief, representing the wars and conquests of the Assyrian King Shalmaneser III. about 830 B.C. on his way westward

to the shores of the Mediterranean. Besides their great historical interest, these reliefs are of special importance as examples of Assyrian work in bronze. It is understood that they will shortly be published in photography at the instance of the Trustees of the British Museum.

FROM the increase in the number of students engaged in copying pictures in the National Gallery, it has been found necessary to introduce a restriction adopted in the Louvre, viz.: to allow only two copyists at a time for one picture. Notice of the intention to copy a picture must be given beforehand. Perhaps it would be as well if some such regulation were put in force at the British Museum also, where a small crowd may be seen doing their best to get near one or other of the sculptures usually drawn for admission to the Academy Schools. We wonder how long the students will go on drawing from the statuette of Hercules when there are so many finer works to choose from in the British Museum. If we are not mistaken, the figure, or rather the cast from which the students draw, was once removed with the design of compelling them to choose something else, but the outcry was such that Hercules had to be replaced.

It is reported that an exhibition of pictures is being arranged for at Southport. The result of these multiplied provincial exhibitions has not been hitherto in all respects beneficial to the Fine Arts, though it proves a more wide-spread and general interest in art. Artists, generally an obliging class, have been induced to contribute something in response to each invitation, and this something has not in every instance been worthy of the sender. There is also the danger that such local shows may be flooded with hopeless works by very inferior men.

MR. CECIL LAWSON, who made a brilliant hit at the last Grosvenor Gallery, has several pictures in hand. His most important works this year are *The Dragon Flies*, *The Morning After*, and *The Haunted Mill*. The first is a very large picture, with portraits of Hilda and Eva Flower in a fine English landscape; the second shows lurid storm-clouds drifting away in the early morning over a scene of great desolation; the third, a highly suggestive and poetical picture, leaves an impression like that of a weird old German ballad. Ghosts seem flitting in the clouds and through the queer sepulchral trees. We have no doubt that Mr. Cecil Lawson will sustain the reputation he so fairly won at the Grosvenor Gallery.

THE Grosvenor Gallery exhibition publication will comprise four portfolios containing examples after Da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and drawings by various masters of the early Italian, German, and French schools; there will also be facsimiles from drawings by the Old Masters, at Windsor, photographed by Stephen Thompson, and reproduced in the original size and colour.

AN Art Exhibition was opened lately in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, the proceeds to be devoted to the restoration of the old Church of St. Peter, Mancroft, in Norwich.

IT is well known that when the Albert Hall was first designed the intention was that it should be made to subserve the interests of the Fine Arts, although no definite way was indicated. At all events, more was expected than the erection of a Concert Hall, for which there was no especial want. An attempt to realise the uses for which the Hall was built is now being made by an exhibition of paintings and sculpture by living artists, to open this month.

WE see it announced, that at the International Exhibition to take place at Munich next year, the Bavarian Government will give prizes to artists in the form of gold medals of the first and second class.

THE seventy-third edition of the catalogue of pictures in the National Gallery (foreign schools) has just appeared. The late Mr. Wornum, Keeper of the National Gallery, is the author. This catalogue first appeared in 1847. The new edition contains accurate descriptions of the newly-acquired works of art and biographies of their respective authors.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER is now, we are happy to say, convalescent from his recent attack of brain fever. He has on hand a water-colour picture, 7 feet by 5 feet, with life-size figures, the scene being in Bavaria, most of the details having been painted on the spot. This he hopes to finish for next year. Besides this, he has many other water-colours on hand, and one oil picture finished, entitled, *Haymaking and Lovemaking*. In this case the scene is an English landscape on a bright June day. In the foreground are two figures, a young girl, in whose ear a stalwart swain dressed in smock and with a scythe on his shoulder is anxiously whispering the burden of his heart, the opportunity presenting itself as both are on their way to the hayfield. Though the subject here is youthful, Mr. Herkomer cannot forget his tender interest in old age, as in the same picture, a little farther back, stands a poor old widow resting on the paling which separates the fields, and at her side a mongrel dog watches her movements. Children are playing further down, and haymaking is going on in the field close by. The picture, though only kit-cat size, is elaborate, and it is the first oil picture of this dimension that Mr. Herkomer has painted. He is working upon a set of etchings for Messrs. Goupil, and hopes shortly to make a drawing of Mr. Tennyson from life for an important etching. The Poet Laureate's noble face and head are admirably adapted for etching; they will afford fine darks and grandly significant lines. Quite independently of the poet's fame, Mr. Herkomer could not have found a subject better adapted to his art. He has on the easel an admirable portrait of Odell, the actor.

AT a recent meeting of the Members and Associates of the Royal Academy, Mr. H. Stacy Marks was elected R.A.

MR. HENRY DAWSON, the landscape-painter, died on December 13, 1878, aged 68. His works were seldom conspicuous at the Royal Academy, but of late they have commanded very high prices, and the collection of his pictures shown at Nottingham Castle last year produced a strong impression.



THE SUNFLOWER

THE SUNFLOWER

THE SUNFLOWER

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XIII.—L. ALMA TADEMA, A.R.A.

Sunflowers.

ETCHED BY L. LOWENSTAM.

THE subject of this somewhat strange-looking picture is a young lady in her garden, reaching her hand up as far as she can to a sunflower. The strangeness of the picture is due chiefly to its great height in proportion to its width, and after that to the peculiarity of the attitude, which, though quite possible, and even (under the circumstances) natural, is certainly unusual. The whole purpose of the picture (if we leave out its arrangement of colour) is to make the spectator feel the great height of the plant. The lady is there for a standard to measure by, and the step below gives additional factitious height both to herself and the sunflowers, an artistic use of steps which is known to every figure-painter.

The sunflower is so familiar to us, especially in cottage gardens, and it lives so well in England, that we may easily think of it as an English plant, but it is an exotic, and the botanical authorities say that it came originally from South America. It is a pleasure to see so noble a plant made the subject of especial celebration in pictorial art. The very facility of its culture is against its reputation, as it can be grown by the poorest people in their tiny garden plots, so that rich men's gardeners despise it as too common, but it is the especial nobility of the art of painting that it takes just as much interest in cheap and common things as in what is expensive and extraordinary. The sunflower is grandly pictorial, from the noble dimensions of its leaves and flowers; and it is so decorative that it might be introduced with the best effect in tapestry and artistic needlework when the scale of the design is large.

It may be doubted if the plant is called sunflower in English because the flower-head looks like the sun (and especially like the conventional representations of the sun, with short, golden rays) or on account of its remarkable and well-known property of turning towards the sun as he changes his position from east to west. In France the two qualities have given two distinct names to the plant. It is sometimes called *Soleil*, because it resembles the sun, and sometimes *Tournesol*, because it turns to him.

Many readers will remember Blake's exquisite little poem, which may be quoted without mutilation, as it is so short,—

' Ah! Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet, golden prime
Where the traveller's journey is done;
Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my sunflower wishes to go.'

We have called it an exquisite little poem and so it is, though imperfectly executed as a piece of literary work. The expression, 'That sweet, golden prime where the traveller's journey is done,' means really, we suppose, an ideal state resembling the golden prime, and in which the traveller may find ultimate rest. The second stanza implies that such a state is only to be found beyond the grave, and the reason why the beginning of the first stanza has such an effect on the mind that it has become immortal verse is because the poet has attributed his own feelings to the flower. Man himself is that flower of creation who, in his weariness of time, seeks after the golden prime of a lost Paradise, and hopes to find it again,—

'Where the traveller's journey is done.'

The sunflower has been used by poets as an illustration of the nature of the courtier who, metaphorically as well as physically, turns his face to his sovereign. A number of sunflowers together may remind us more immediately of ordinary human beings who turn their faces so readily towards the warm and pleasant glory of radiant wealth and splendour.

EDITOR.

OXFORD.

II. *The Early Students.—A Day with a Medieval Undergraduate.*

OXFORD, some one says, 'is bitterly historical.' It is difficult to escape the fanaticism of Antony Wood, and of 'our antiquary,' Bryan Twync, when one deals with the obscure past of the University. Indeed it is impossible to understand the strange blending of new and old at Oxford—the old names with the new meanings—if we avert our eyes from what is 'bitterly historical.' For example, there is in most, perhaps in all, colleges a custom called 'collections.' On the last days of term undergraduates are called into the Hall, where the Master and the Dean of Chapel sit in solemn state. Examination papers are set, but no one heeds them very much. The real ordeal is the awful interview with the Master and the Dean. The former regards you with the eyes of a judge, while the Dean says, 'Master, I am pleased to say that Mr. Brown's *papers* are very fair, very fair. But in the matters of *chapels* and of *catechetics*, Mr. Brown sets—er—for a *scholar*—er—a very bad example to the other undergraduates. He has only once attended divine service on Sunday morning, and on that occasion, Master, his dress consisted exclusively of a long great-coat and a pair of boots.' After this accusation the Master will turn to the culprit and observe, with emphasis ill represented by italics, 'Mr. Brown, the *College* cannot hear with pleasure of such behaviour on the part of a *scholar*. You are *gated*, Mr. Brown, for the first fortnight of next term.' Now why should this tribunal of the Master and the Dean, and this dread examination, be called collections? Because ('Munimenta Academica Oxon.' i. 129) in 1331 a statute was passed to the effect that 'every scholar shall pay at least twelve pence a-year for lectures in logic, and for physics eighteen pence a-year,' and that 'all Masters of Arts, except persons of royal or noble family, shall be obliged to *collect* their salary from the scholars.' This *collection* would be made at the end of term; and the name survives, attached to the solemn day of doom we have described, though the college dues are now collected by the bursar at the beginning of each term.

By this trivial example the perversions of old customs at Oxford are illustrated. To appreciate the life of the place, then, we must glance for a moment at the growth of the University. As to its origin, we know absolutely nothing. That Master Puleyn began to lecture there in 1133 we have seen; and it is not likely that he would have chosen Oxford if Oxford had possessed no schools. About these schools, however, we have no information. They may have grown up out of the seminary which, perhaps, was connected with St.

Frideswyde's, just as Paris University may have had some connexion with 'the School of the Palace.' Certainly to Paris University the academic corporation of Oxford, the *Universitas*, owed many of her regulations; while, again, the founder of the college system, Walter de Merton, is supposed to have borrowed the ideas expressed in his statutes from the Sorbonne. In the early Oxford, however, of the twelfth and most of the thirteenth centuries, colleges with their statutes were unknown. The University was the only corporation of the learned, and she struggled into existence after hard fights with the town, the Jews, the Friars, the papal courts. The history of the University begins with the thirteenth century. She may be said to have come into being as soon as she possessed common funds and rents, as soon as fines were assigned, or benefactions contributed to the maintenance of scholars. Now the first recorded fine is the payment of fifty-two shillings by the townsmen of Oxford as part of the compensation for the hanging of certain clerks. In the year 1214 the papal Legate, in a letter to his 'beloved sons in Christ, the burgesses of Oxford,' bade them excuse the 'scholars studying in Oxford' half the rent of their halls, or *hospitia*, for the space of ten years. The burghers were also to do penance, and to feast the poorer students once a-year; but the important point is, that they had to pay that large yearly fine 'propter suspendium clericorum,'—all for the hanging of the clerks. Twenty-six years after this decision of the Legates, Robert Grossteste, the great Bishop of Lincoln, organized the payment and distribution of the fine, and founded the first of the *chests*, the chest of St. Frideswyde. These *chests* were a kind of Mont de Piété, and to found them was at first the favourite form of benefaction. Money was left in this or that *chest*, from which students and masters would borrow, on the security of pledges, which were generally books, cups, daggers, and so forth.

Now, in this affair of 1214 we have a strange passage of history, which happily illustrates the growth of the University. The beginning of the whole affair was the quarrel with the town, which, in 1209, had hanged two clerks, 'in contempt of clerical liberty.' The matter is taken up by the Legate—in these bad years of King John the Pope's viceroy in England—and out of the humiliation of the town the University gains money, privileges, and halls at low rental. These were precisely the things that the University wanted. About these matters there was a constant strife, in which the Kings, as a rule, took part with the University. The University possessed the legal knowledge, which the monarchs liked to have on their side, and was therefore favoured by them. Thus, in 1231 (Wood, 'Annals,' 1205), 'the King sent out his Breve to the Mayor and Burghers commanding them not to overrate their houses;' and thus gradually the University got the command of the police, obtained privileges which enslaved the city, and became masters where they had once been despised, starveling scholars. The process was always the same. On the feast of St. Scholastica, for example, in 1354, Walter de Springheuse, Roger de Chesterfield, and other clerks, swaggered into the Swyndlestock tavern in Carfax, began to speak ill of John de Croydon's wine, and ended by pitching the tankard at the head of that vintner. In ten minutes the town bell at St. Martin's was rung, and the most terrible of all Town-and-Gown rows began. The Chancellor could do no less than bid St. Mary's bell reply to St. Martin's, and shooting commenced. The Gown held their own very well at first, and 'defended themselves till Vespertide,' when the citizens called in their neighbours, the rustics of Cowley, Headington, and Hincksey. The results have been precisely described in anticipation by Homer:—

τόφρα δ' ἄρ' οἰχώμενοι Κίκονες Κικόνεσσι γηγώνεον
οἱ σφ' ἴν' γείτονες ἦσαν ἅμα πλέονες καὶ ἀρείονες
ἦμος δ' ἡέλιος μετενίσσεται βουλτοτόνδε
καὶ τότε δὴ Κίκονες κλῖναν δαμάσσαντες Ἀχαιοὺς.

Which is as much as to say, 'The townfolk called for help to their neighbours, the yokels, that were more numerous than they, and better men in battle . . . so when the sun turned

to the time of the loosing of oxen the Town drave in the ranks of the Gown, and won the victory.' They were strong, the townsmen, but not merciful. 'The crowns of some chaplains, viz. all the skin so far as the tonsure went, these diabolical imps flayed off in scorn of their clergy,' and 'some poor innocents these confounded sons of Satan knocked down, beat, and most cruelly wounded.' The result, in the long run, was that the University received from Edward III. 'a most large charter, containing many liberties, some that they had before, and others that he had taken away from the town.' Thus Edward granted to the University 'the custody of the assize of bread, wine, and ale,' the supervising of measures and weights, the sole power of clearing the streets of the town and suburbs. Moreover, the Mayor and the chief Burghers were condemned yearly to a sort of public penance and humiliation on St. Scholastica's Day. Thus, by the middle of the fourteenth century, the strife of Town and Gown had ended in the complete victory of the latter.

Though the University owed its success to its clerkly character, and though the Legate



MUNIMENT ROOM, MERTON COLLEGE.

backed it with all the power of Rome, yet the scholars were Englishmen and Liberals first, Catholics next. Thus they had all English sympathy with them when they quarrelled with the Legate in 1238, and shot his cook (who, indeed, had thrown hot broth at them); and thus, in later days, the undergraduates were with Simon de Montfort against King Henry, and aided the barons with a useful body of archers. The University, too, constantly withstood the Friars, who had settled in Oxford on pretence of wishing to convert the Jews, and had attempted to get education into their hands. 'The Preaching Friars, who had lately obtained from the Pope divers privileges, particularly an exemption, as they pretended, from being subject to the jurisdiction of the University, began to behave themselves very insolent against the Chancellors and Masters.' (Wood, *Annals*, i. 399.) The conduct of the Friars caused endless appeals to Rome, and in this matter, too, Oxford was stoutly national, and resisted the Pope, as it had, on occasions, defied the King. The King's Jews, too, the University kept in pretty good order, and when, in 1268, a certain Hebrew snatched the crucifix from the hand of the Chancellor and trod it under foot, his tribesmen were compelled to raise 'a fair and stately cross of marble, very curiously wrought,' on the scene of the sacrilege.



A. E. D. 1860

The growth in power and importance of academic corporations having now been sketched, let us try to see what the outer aspect of the town was like in these rude times, and what manner of life the undergraduates led. For this purpose we may be allowed to draw a rude, but not unfaithful, picture of a day in a student's life. No incident will be introduced for which there is not authority, in Wood or in Mr. Anstey's invaluable collection of documents, the *Munimenta Academica*, published in the collection of the Master of the Rolls. Some latitude as to dates must be allowed, it is true, and we are not of course to suppose that any one day of life was ever so gloriously crowded as that of our undergraduate.

The time is the end of the fourteenth century. The forest and the moor stretch to the east gate of the city. Magdalen bridge is not yet built, nor of course the tower of Magdalen, which M. Brunet Debaines has sketched from Christ Church walks. Not till about 1473 was the tower built, and years would pass after that before choristers saluted with their fresh voices from its battlements the dawn of the first of May, or sermons were preached from the beautiful stone pulpit in the open air. When our undergraduate, Walter de Stoke, or, more briefly, Stoke, was at Oxford, the spires of the city were few. Where Magdalen stands now, the old Hospital of St. John then stood—a foundation of Henry III.—but the Jews were no longer allowed to bury their dead in the close which is now the 'Physic Garden.' 'In 1289,' as Wood says, 'the Jews were banished from England for various enormities and crimes committed by them.' The Great and Little Jewries—those dim, populous streets behind the modern Post-office—had been sacked and gutted. No clerk would ever again risk his soul for a fair Jewess's sake, nor lose his life for his love at the hands of that eminent theologian, Fulke de Breauté. The beautiful tower of Merton was still almost fresh, and the spires of St. Mary's, of old All Saints, of St. Frideswyde, and the strong tower of New College on the city wall, were the most prominent features in a bird's-eye view of the town. But though part of Merton, certainly the chapel tower as we have seen, the odd muniment-room with the steep stone roof, and, perhaps, the Library existed; though New was built; and though Balliol and University owned some halls on, or near, the site of the present colleges, Oxford was still an university of poor scholars, who lived in town's-people's dwellings.

Thus, in the great quarrel with the Legate in 1238, John Currey, of Scotland, boarded with Will Maynard, while Hugh le Verner abode in the house of Osmund the Miller, with Raynold the Irishman and seven of his fellows. John Mortimer and Rob Norensis lodged with Augustine Gosse, and Adam de Wolton lodged in Cat Street, where you can still see the curious arched doorway of Catte's, or St. Catherine's Hall. By the time of my hero, Walter Stoke, the king had not yet decreed that all scholars of years of discretion should live in the house of some sufficient principal (1421); so let him lodge at Catte Hall, at the corner of the street that leads to New College out of the modern Broad Street, which was then the City Ditch. It is six o'clock on a summer morning, and the bells waken Stoke, who is sleeping on a flock bed, in his little *camera*. His room, though he is not one of the luxurious clerks whom the University scolds in various statutes, is pretty well furnished. His bed alone is worth not less than fifteen pence; he has a 'cofer' valued at twopence (we have plenty of those old valuations), and in his cofer are his black coat, which no one would think dear at fourpence, his tunic, cheap at tenpence, 'a roll of the seven Psalms,' and twelve books only 'at his beddes heed.' Stoke has not

'Twenty bookes, clothed in blak and reed,
Of Aristotil and of his philosophie,'

like Chaucer's Undergraduate, who must have been a bibliophile. There are not many records of 'as many as twenty bookes' in the old valuations. The great ornament of the room is a neat trophy of buckler, bow, arrows, and two daggers, all hanging conveniently on the wall. Stoke opens his eyes, yawns, looks round for his clothes, and sees, with no surprise, that his laundress

has not sent home his clean linen. No; Christina, of the parish of St. Martin, who used to be Stoke's *lotrix*, has been detected at last. 'Under pretence of washing for scholars, *multa mala perpetrata fuerunt*,' she has committed all manner of crimes, and is now in the Spinning House, *carcerata fuit*. Stoke wastes a malediction on the laundress, and, dressing as well as he may, runs down to Parson's Pleasure, I hope, and has a swim, for I find no tub in his room, or, indeed, in the *camera* of any other scholar. It is now time to go, not to chapel—for Catte's has no chapel—but to parish Church, and Stoke goes very devoutly to St. Giles's, where we shall find him again, later in the day, in another mood. About eight o'clock he 'commonises' with a



STONE PULPIT AT MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

Paris man, Henricus de Bourges, who has an admirable mode of cooking omelettes, which makes his company much sought after at breakfast-time. The University, in old times, was full of French students, as Paris was thronged by Englishmen. Lectures begin at nine, and first there is lecture in the hall by the principal of Catte's. That scholar receives his pupils in a bare room, where it is very doubtful whether the students are allowed to sit down. From the curious old seal of the University of St. Andrews, however, it appears that the luxury of forms was permitted, in Scotland, to all but the servitors, who held the lecturer's candles. The principal of Catte's is in academic dress, and wears a black cape, boots, and a hood. The undergraduates have no distinguishing costume. After an hour or two of *vivâ voce* exercises

in the grammar of Priscian, preparatory lecture is over, and a reading man will hurry off to the 'schools,' a set of low-roofed buildings between St. Mary's and Brazenose. There he will find the Divinity 'school' or lecture-room in the place of honour, with Medicine on one hand and Law on the other; the lecture-rooms for grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy, for metaphysics, ethics, and 'the tongues,' stretching down School Street on either side. Here the Prælectors are holding forth, and all newly-made Masters of Arts are bound to teach their subject, *regere scholas*, whether they like it or not. Our friend, Master Stoke, however, is on pleasure bent, and means to pay his fine of twopence for omitting lecture, and go off to the festival of his *nation* (he is of the Southern nation, and hates Scotch, Welsh, and Irish) in the parish Church. He stops in the Flower Market and at a barber's shop on his way to St. Giles's, and comes forth a wonderful pagan figure, with a Bacchic mask covering his honest countenance, with horns protruding through a wig of tow, with vine-leaves twisted in and out of the horns, and roses stuck wherever there is room for roses. Henricus



CLOISTERS OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

de Bourges, and half-a-dozen Picardy men, with some merry souls from the Southern side of the Thames, are jiggling down the High, playing bag-pipes and guitars. To these Stoke joins himself, and they waltz joyously into the church, and in and out of the gateways of the different halls, singing,—

‘Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, quum venerint, angelorum chori
Deus sit propitius huic potatori.’

The students of the Northern nations mock, of course, at these revellers, thumbs are bitten, threats exchanged, and we shall see what comes of the quarrel. But the hall bells chime half-past noon; it is dinner-time in Oxford, and Stoke, as he throws off his mask (*larva*) and vine-leaves, mutters to himself, ‘there *will* be a row about this.’ There will, indeed, for the penalty is not ‘crossing at the buttery’ nor ‘gating,’ but—excommunication! (*Manim. Academ.* i. 18.) Dinner is not a very quiet affair, for the Cattedon men have had to fight for their beer in the public streets with some Canterbury College fellows who were set on

by their Warden, of all people, to commit this violence (*ut vi et violentia raperent cerevisiam aliorum scholarum in vico*); however, Catte's has had the best of it, and there is beer in plenty. It is possible, however, that fish is scarce, for certain 'forestallers' (*regratarii*) have been buying up salmon and soles, and refusing to sell them at less than double the proper price. On the whole, however, there was a rude abundance of meat and bread; indeed, Stoke may have fared better in Catte's than the modern undergraduate does in the hall of the College protected by St. Catherine. After dinner there would be lecture in Lent, but we are not in Lent. A young man's fancy lightly turns to the Beaumont, north of the modern Bowmont Street, where there are wide playing-fields, and space for archery, foot-ball, stool-ball, and other sports. Stoke rushes out of hall, and runs up-stairs into the *camera* of Roger de Freshfield, a reading man, but a good fellow. He knocks and enters, and finds Freshfield over his favourite work 'The Posterior Analytics,' and a pottle of strawberries. 'Come down to the Beaumont, old man,' he says, 'and play pyked staffe.' Roger is disinclined to move, he *must* finish the 'Posterior Analytics.' Stoke lounges about, in the eternal fashion of undergraduates after luncheon, and picking up the 'Philobiblon' of Richard de Bury (then quite a new book), clinches his argument in favour of pyke and staffe with a quotation 'You will perhaps see a stiff-necked youth lounging sluggishly in his study He is not ashamed to eat fruit and cheese over an open book, and to transfer his cup from side to side upon it.' Thus addressed, Roger lays aside his 'Analytics,' and the pair walk down by Balliol, to the Beaumont, where pyked staffe, or sword and buckler, is played. At the Beaumont they find two men who say that 'sword and buckler can be played sofft and flayre,' that is, without hard hitting, and with one of these Stoke begins to fence. Alas! a dispute arose about a stroke, the by-standers interfered, and Stoke's opponent drew his hanger (*extraxit cultellum vocatum hangere*), and hit one John Felerd over the sconce. On this the Proctors come up, and the assailant is put in Bocardo, while Stoke goes off to a 'pass-supper,' given by an *inceptor*, who has just taken his degree. These suppers were not voluntary entertainments, but enforced by law. At supper the talk ranges over University gossip, they tell of the scholar who lately tried to raise the devil in Grope Lane, and was pleased by the gentlemanly manner of the foul fiend. They speak of the Queen's man, who has just been plucked for maintaining that *Ego currit*, or *ego est currens* is as good Latin as *ego curro*. Then the party breaks up, and Stoke goes towards Merton, with some undergraduates of that College, Bridlington, Alderberk, and Lymby. At the corner of Grope Lane, out come many men of the Northern nations, armed with shields, and bows and arrows. Stoke and his friends run into Merton for weapons, and 'standing in a window of that hall, shot divers arrows, and one that Bridlington shot hit Henry de l'isle, and David Kirkby unmercifully perished, for after John de Benton had given him a dangerous wound in the head with his faulchion, came Will de la Hyde and wounded him in the knee with his sword.'

These were rough times, and it is not improbable that Stoke had a brush with the Town before he got safely back to Catte's Hall. The old rudeness gave way gradually, as the Colleges swallowed up the irregular halls, and as the scholars unattached, *infando nomine Chamber-Dekyns*, ceased to exist. Learning, however, dwindled, as Colleges increased, under the clerical and reactionary rule of the House of Lancaster. The next paper will deal with Oxford during the revival of letters, from the time of Wolsey and Linacre, to the days of Giordano Bruno, Alasco, and other famous visitors of the Oxford of Elizabeth.

A. LANG.

(To be continued.)

JOHN CROME.

JOHN CROME, or 'Old' Crome, as he is usually styled to distinguish him from his eldest son, John Bernay Crome, who was also a painter, began his life in a small public-house in Norwich, on the 21st of December, 1769. His father was a journeyman weaver by trade; but the public-house is spoken of by Dawson Turner as the 'paternal roof,' so we may suppose that his birth there was not merely accidental. Possibly it was kept by his mother, while the father earned what he could by weaving. In any case, it is certain that his early surroundings were of the poorest description, and it is not likely that he received more than the mere rudiments of education. At twelve years of age he started in life for himself in the capacity of errand-boy to Dr. Rigby, a physician in Norwich, father to the present Lady Eastlake. But finding the distribution of medicine an unsatisfactory employment for his youthful energies he soon gave it up, and of his own accord apprenticed himself for seven years to a certain Frank Whisler, a house and sign painter in Norwich, being prompted thereunto, no doubt, by dawning artistic impulses.

Here he learnt the use of the brush, and quickly became ambitious of applying it to other subjects than the painting of cornices and coaches. After his apprenticeship was over he still, however, worked for a time as journeyman to Whisler, and is said to have introduced the foolish custom of *graining* in imitation of the natural marks in wood. During this period he formed an intimate friendship with Robert Ladbrooke, who was then a prentice-hand like himself, only to a less congenial trade, being a printer instead of a house-painter. These two youths spent all their spare time in drawing and studying together, sometimes buying an old print for the purpose of copying it, but more often—in Crome's case, at all events—taking cheap lessons in the fields and lanes round about Norwich.

It seems that some of these early efforts of Crome in the direction of landscape attracted the attention of a gentleman named Harvey, who encouraged him to persevere, and gave him personal instruction and much valuable advice. Moreover, Mr. Harvey, who was somewhat of a connoisseur, possessed a small collection of Flemish and Dutch pictures at his house at Cathon, which he threw open to Crome, thus affording him an opportunity of studying the works of a group of masters who had arrived at the highest excellence under almost exactly the same conditions of climate and scenery as those in which he himself was placed.

It was at one time a favourite theory with certain writers that conditions of climate had a mysterious influence over the production of works of art, and that the great achievements of Greece and Rome were due in a great measure to the artist's superior advantages of sky and soil. If this were so, it might certainly be affirmed with equal truth that there is something peculiarly favourable to the production of a school of landscape in low, moist pasture-lands and a flat expanse of country; for the Dutch—the greatest landscape-painters, on the whole, that the world has ever seen—had mainly these objects for their contemplation, and three of our best painters of English home scenery—Gainsborough, Crome, and Constable—were all born in our eastern counties, and made their flat pastures, wide heaths, green lanes, and sandy shores, the sole subjects of their study. Gainsborough was undoubtedly the true founder of the English school of landscape; but landscape-painting was so little regarded in his time that although Sir Joshua Reynolds once, to the mortification of Wilson, proposed the health of Gainsborough at an Academy dinner as 'the best landscape-painter of his day,'* his beautiful paintings of Suffolk scenery hung neglected on the walls of his painting-room even at the time when his fame was established and his portraits in the highest demand.

* Wilson is reported to have growled aloud on hearing this, 'Ay, and the best portrait-painter, too!' whereat the courtly President apologized, saying that he was not aware of Wilson being present.

In Crome's time landscape-painting was still an unprofitable branch of art, and it was only by combining it with teaching that he contrived to make a living. It would seem that at one time he had had some thoughts of setting up his easel in London; but, according to his biographers, he found competitors so numerous, and the demand for landscapes so very small, that he determined to quit the larger field and return to Norwich, where, if other things failed, he could yet support himself by his first avocation of house-painting. Sir William Beechey, the fortune-favoured Academician, who himself had begun life as a house-painter in Norwich, became acquainted with Crome about this time. He speaks of him as 'an awkward, uninformed country lad,' who, however, 'was extremely shrewd in all his remarks upon art, though he wanted words and terms to express his meaning.' Whenever Crome went to London he passed a great part of his time in Beechey's painting-room, gaining all the practical instruction he could. Other friends, or 'patrons,' as they were then called, besides Mr. Harvey, before mentioned, he found in Mr. John Gurney, of Earlham, and Mr. Dawson Turner, who afterwards wrote an appreciative essay upon his work;* but, in spite of the help afforded by these and a few other Norfolk gentlemen, it is to be feared that he had a hard struggle before assuring a position. To add to the difficulty, both he and his early friend Ladbroke, who had formerly shared the garret they used as a studio, had married—married sisters, and families were beginning to grow up around them. Ladbroke was now painting portraits at five shillings a-head, and the two friends continued for a time a sort of artistic partnership they had established in their boy days. But the profits, as may be supposed, were scarcely remunerative, and they were soon driven to discontinue their division.

Crome, indeed, found himself obliged to devote more and more time to teaching, whereby for a long time he gained far better remuneration than by landscape-painting. Insensibly, also, it brought him into greater local repute, for it made him known in many families of high standing around Norwich who commissioned pictures and spread his fame in the county. 'As a teacher,' says Dawson Turner, 'he was eminently successful. He seldom failed to inspire into his pupils a portion of his own enthusiasm; and no small number of the most talented among them so entered into his feelings and so followed in his track that time only was wanting to make them successful imitators of his style. Had his life been spared a few years longer there would not have failed to have been a Norwich school of art. The seeds were sown, but had not taken sufficient root to flourish without the fostering care of the hand that reared them.'

This was written many years ago. Since then the Norwich school has acquired a recognised position in the history of English art, and especially during the last few years a conviction has been gradually spreading that it contains masters really worth knowing. Its rise, as Mr. Wedmore remarks in his appreciative study of Crome, is 'a phenomenon in art,' for it is about the only instance we have of a purely local school springing up in any of our English counties, and preserving to the end its distinctive character; and it is one, moreover, which we are not likely to see repeated, it being more and more the tendency of all artists of decided talent to gravitate towards London. Crome was not even an exhibitor at the Royal Academy until 1806, and during the whole of his career the total number of his works sent for exhibition only amounted to fourteen.

There was truly no temptation for him to send them, for after a time he achieved a wide local celebrity, and his paintings were quickly sold to Norfolk purchasers without the trouble of sending them to London, or the intermediation of dealers. He never, it is true, got a very high price for his works, fifty pounds being, it would seem, about as much as he usually received for a finely finished work, even to the end of his life; but he managed to achieve a comfortable independence, and to live in respectable bourgeois style in his native city, where he brought up a large family with credit.

Being thus esteemed in his own county he seems to have cared little about a more

* Published with a selection of Crome's Etchings in 1838.

extended reputation; and his friend Cotman's experiences prove that he was probably wise in choosing to reign supreme in Norfolk, rather than to contend for a position in London. However this may be, it is certain that he remained in his own day almost unknown to the London art world; and indeed it was not until 1878, when the Royal Academy organized an exhibition of his works at Burlington House, that he can be said to have become generally known beyond his native county. This exhibition did not reveal him as a supreme genius, but it showed him to be a patient observer of Nature and a faithful painter of some of her many aspects. For the first time, also, it gave the world an opportunity of judging of the merits of some of the other Norwich artists, who were formed under his influence. For one of the reasons that doubtless made Crome independent of the London exhibitions was that in 1803 he, in conjunction with several amateurs and a number of young artists whom he had by this time gathered around him, founded what was called 'The Norwich Society of Artists,' for the purpose of encouraging a love of the Fine Arts and promoting artistic culture.

This little Society, according to Mr. Wodderspoon, who gave an account of it in the 'Norwich Mercury' of the day, was in reality 'a small joint-stock association, both of accomplishments and worldly goods. . . . The members met fortnightly, at seven in the evening, and from that hour until half-past eight, they sedulously and solely occupied themselves in the study of the fine arts, connected with which department they possessed both a useful and extensive series of books, drawings, engravings, and paintings. At the expiration of this period, a discussion took place on some subject previously proposed, connected with the objects of the Society, and the president submitted one or more topics for the 'reflection of the company before the next meeting.' Another excellent arrangement was that members were permitted to study at the rooms at other times than the fortnightly meetings, by the payment of a shilling for candles or fire when required.

One can easily understand the impulse that this praiseworthy little effort at culture must have given to the arts at Norwich at a time when artistic training was not so easily gained as at the present day. Art-schools in connexion with South Kensington were then in the far future, and aspiring artists of humble origin had for the most part not only to learn to paint without instruction, but often, also, to discover even the methods of painting for themselves, many of them without having Crome's advantage of being apprenticed to a house-painter.

The first exhibition of the Norwich Society was held in 1805, two years after its commencement. It contained 223 works in oil and water-colour, and several specimens of sculpture and engraving. Twenty-three of these works were contributed by Crome, who, it would seem, must have been travelling about this time, for among the subjects enumerated are, *A Scene in Cumberland, Interior of Tintern Abbey, View of Piercefield-on-the-Wye, Part of Chepstow Castle, Part of the Chapel in Chepstow Castle, and Waterfall at St. Michael's-le-Flemings, Westmoreland*, against which last it is written in the catalogue 'coloured on the spot.' By this it would appear that the painting in question was in water-colours; for Crome, strange to say, seldom painted in oils out-of-doors. He made careful studies and sketches from nature, and must have been gifted with remarkable powers of observation, for he rarely misses any detail of sky, stream, or leaf; but his pictures nevertheless were painted in his studio like those of his prototypes the Dutch landscapists, Paul Potter, whose works in many respects are dissimilar to those of the rest of the school, being about the only one of them who really painted out-of-doors. Crome, however, was an enthusiastic student of Nature, and always insisted on his pupils following her teaching. It is told of him that once a brother-painter met him out in the fields surrounded by a number of young people, and remarked, 'Why, I thought I had left you in the city engaged in your school?' 'I am in my school,' replied Crome, 'and teaching my scholars from the only true examples. Do you think,' pointing to a lovely distant view, 'that either you or I can do better than that?' By these habits he became thoroughly versed in all the characteristics of Norfolk landscape, —characteristics so peculiar that they can scarcely be mistaken for those of any other county.

The subjects of his art were simple and commonplace enough : just a tumble-down old cottage with thatched roof, a boathouse on the Yare, a lane of midsummer greenery, a wide heath with a stony road winding across it, a windmill on a Norfolk hill, or an ancient dwelling washed by the sluggish river in his native city, reminding one of some similar building in Ghent or Rotterdam ; or, simpler still, merely an oak or pollard willow standing alone by the side of the road or stream, but all painted with a thorough comprehension of their nature, of the light of the sky that fell upon them, and the rich moisture of the land that produced them. There is no mistaking one of Crome's Norfolk views. It is not merely that the features of the county are distinctive, but that he himself is thoroughly individual and native, and thus sees more of beauty than a stranger would in the low flat fields, the long unbroken reaches of the streams, the monotonous rows of pollard willows or poplars, the dismal 'broads,' only enlivened at times by 'water frolics' and the wasteful lanes with rich tangled hedges that modern cultivation has now for the most part pruned away. 'All about him,' says Allan Cunningham, 'is sterling English ; he has no foreign airs or put-on graces ; he studied and understood the woody scenery of his native land with the skill of a botanist and the eye of a poet ; to him a grove was not a mere mass of picturesque stems and foliage ; each tree claimed a separate sort of handling ; he touched them according to their kind ; with him an ash hung with its silver keys was different from an oak covered with acorns. Nor was it his pleasure only to show nature silent and animate ; to the grove he gave its tenants, to the glades their cattles and their cottages ; nothing was mean, all was natural and striking.'

This individuality of his foliage is especially seen in such pictures as the famous Poringland Oak, in the possession of Mr. Steward, in which every leaf has its own separate existence, but yet only serves to build up, as it were, the magnificent whole. For it is not detail for its own sake that Crome gives, he does not, like some of the Dutch painters, intrude minute finish of surface until all we can think of is the skill of the master and not the beauty or interest of the work, but he simply finishes his work because he loves it, and wishes others to find as much beauty in it as he does himself. 'He knew a particular tree,' writes Mr. Wedmore, 'as you know the face of a friend, the light and shade of the particular hour helping the expression which the form after all determined.' With animal nature he was far less successful. His cattle and horses have none of the individuality of his trees. They are simply introduced for the sake of effect, as also are his men and women, who are treated still worse, for Crome, although he liked to people his landscapes, had even less notion than Turner of painting the human figure. His old women in red cloaks, his men and boys who drive the market-cart, and his jolly sailors putting off to sea, or unloading their fish on the Yarmouth sands, have no distinctive character, and would generally be far better out of the composition, for they are often badly drawn.

MARY M. HEATON.

(To be continued.)

RUTH AND NAOMI.

PHOTOGRAVURE FROM A PICTURE BY MISS E. J. GARDNER.

MISS GARDNER was born in New Hampshire, and is a graduate of the Seminary at Auburndale, Massachusetts. She has lived in Paris for twelve years, and has gone through a serious course of studies there, including anatomy. She began under the direction of M. Hugues Merle, and has now been for four years a pupil of M. Bouguereau. Her studio is in the artistic quarter of the Luxembourg, under the same roof as that of the celebrated historical painter Jean Paul Laurens. Bouguereau, Baudry, Français, and Chapu, are her near neighbours.

Miss Gardner has exhibited seven times at the Paris Salons. Her best pictures have



been *Cornelia and her Jewels*, *Cinderella*, *Corinne*, *Ruth*, *The Mother of Moses placing her Babe on the Nile*, and *Maud Muller*, which has been recently finished. Her *Corinne* received a medal at the Philadelphia Universal Exhibition. Miss Gardner paints by preference female historical characters and children, and she gives especial study to expression, though generally of a quiet kind. She is already a popular and successful artist with American, French, and English picture-buyers, and we believe that her popularity is likely to increase.

Miss Gardner exhibited two pictures at the Universal Exhibition of 1878. This *Ruth and Naomi* was one of them, and the other was simply called a *Flower Girl*. This picture, unluckily, was hung too high for all its qualities of execution to be properly seen and appreciated; but the *Flower Girl* was on the line, and was a charming piece of work—modest in subject and treatment, but displaying, as it were unconsciously, a very real, though unassuming, skill: a picture which might escape the attention of a hurried and over-worked reviewer, but which a purchaser would not be likely to part with after it had once entered into his possession.

The composition before us is more severe, and belongs almost to what French critics call '*la peinture de style*.' The attitudes of the figures are very carefully studied, and so are the simple folds of the draperies. The moderate degree of expression which the subject required is compatible with a serious kind of art. The moment chosen for illustration occurs in the first chapter of the Book of Ruth. Naomi has set out from Moab, after the death of Elimelech her husband and her two sons, to return into the land of Judah. Her daughters-in-law, the Moabitish women Orpah and Ruth, have accompanied her upon the road; but Naomi thinks they have come as far as their duty to her requires, and she urges them to go back, each 'to the house of her husband.' Orpah obeys, and returns, after a sorrowful separation, but Ruth refuses to return, and declares her resolution to follow Naomi. In Miss Gardner's picture Orpah is in the middle distance, on her way back, and Naomi is generously expostulating with Ruth against what she regards as a too devoted act of self-sacrifice on her part.

'And she said, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law.

'And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.'

ART CHRONICLE.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of two or three publications of importance which have not arrived in time for detailed notice in the present Number. The '*Letters of Eugène Delacroix*,' collected by one of his executors, M. Philippe Burty, and published by M. Quantin, will be interesting to all who care about the master. The book is printed with great taste, and illustrated with autographs, coloured representations of the painter's palettes, and an etched portrait. The correspondence extends from 1815 to 1863. Another volume issued by the same publisher is '*Holbein*,' by M. Paul Mantz, in folio (18 inches by 12½ inches), of which we can speak as yet only in its material aspect as a remarkably fine specimen of artistic printing and illustration. It is to be followed by similar volumes on other artists. M. Quantin is successor to the well-known printer, Claye, and seems determined to keep up the reputation of his house.

VOL. X.

MADAME CADART has issued her annual portfolio of etchings, a certain proportion of which is by celebrated painters, such as Jean-Paul Laurens, Benjamin Constant, A. Pasini, and others. All we can say at present, after a hasty inspection, is, that the publication seems well up to the level of preceding years. The Introduction, in praise of '*L'Eauforte des Peintres*,' is by M. Emile Cardon.

THE large and conspicuous marble vase which has just been placed in the Sculpture Galleries of the British Museum—under so much greater advantage than formerly, when it stood in the entrance-hall of that building—is said to have been found in the Villa of Hadrian, at Tivoli, and is engraved in the work of Piranesi. The bas-relief which encircles the body of the vase represents satyrs making wine, the principal act being that of crushing the grapes under a huge

L

stone, to raise which a long lever, or 'pulum,' was employed. To this lever two satyrs give the whole of their strength—one at the extremity, hanging on to it with all his weight; the other, near the fulcrum, pressing down on it with every indication of exertion. Another satyr arrives on the scene with a fresh basket of grapes carried on his back, and supported by a broad strap passing round his jaw. The vase stands on three lion's legs, from each of which springs a figure of Silenus, whose shoulders appear as if they supported the entire weight above them. They are greatly weighed down. Between the Sileni are the three projecting busts of young Fauns, laughing, and in obvious contrast to the overburdened Sileni. Under the stand is a plinth sculptured with bulls' heads. Here and there the sculpture of this vase has been repaired, but, on the whole, very little of this has been necessary. It is a very instructive specimen of Græco-Roman art.

THE sale of George Cruikshank's water-colours was very interesting, showing the remarkable skill he attained in water-colour painting. The most attractive drawings were the designs for the illustration of Harrison Ainsworth's novel, 'The Court of Queen Anne.' The best designs were bought for America, where there are many enthusiastic admirers of Cruikshank's works.

MR. HUBERT JOHNSON, who was the special artist for the 'Graphic' when the Prince of Wales was travelling in India, has now on hand a very large picture likely to interest the public; Sir Jung Bahadur directing a procession of seven hundred elephants across the Sarda, Nepaul, before the Prince, who is in the foreground, mounts on an elephant. The picture is about 8 feet long.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER has just returned from the Isle of Wight, where he has been staying for a few days with Mr. Tennyson. He has done a very remarkable portrait in black chalk of the Poet Laureate—a life-size head and shoulders. It is a striking likeness, full of character and vigour; a true poet's head, thoughtful and serene, yet with features full of sensitiveness. Mr. Herkomer intends doing a water-colour portrait and an etching, which he will probably exhibit at the Grosvenor Gallery next May.

THERE is to be an interesting exhibition of the drawings and sketches of Prout at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society, lent by different owners, and catalogued and criticised by Mr. Ruskin.

MR. MILLAIS has in his studio several very striking works. His portraits of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Gladstone are worthy of this great artist's reputation.

MR. BURNE JONES has several pictures on hand, but he is specially engaged upon an important work well suited to his peculiar genius. He has chosen the story of Pygmalion, but instead of a single group he presents a series of pictures, illustrative of the progress of the conception in the mind of the sculptor, from its first dawn to its completion; but this is not all, for the final tableau represents the triumph of

Beauty in a strikingly original manner. According to the painter's plan, so far as he has proceeded, there are four pictures. In the first, Pygmalion is regarding his own work, and is attracted toward that one in particular of which he is said to have grown enamoured. In the second, we have him standing before this same statue, to which he is giving the last loving touch, answered by the dawning of life, the expression of which is strikingly rendered. The next picture is the accomplishment of his work; he hands the figure down, transformed from marble into living, incomparable beauty. It is in the fourth, however, that the artist lavishes his powers of imagination. Venus rises from the sea, attracted by the newly created beauty, in whom she recognises, not a rival to be envied, but a sister to be embraced. Such is the scheme of the work, but it is too early to anticipate the decision of public opinion on its merits.

MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A., has several fine portraits on hand; a Greek lady, and a most lovely little girl, with flowing fair hair, and brown eyes. His grand piece of sculpture, a horse and his rider, is in progress; the bold triumphant attitude of the man, and the pride of the yielding animal, are both splendidly rendered. The man's figure is nude, and the group of heroic size.

THE fine, thoughtful, melancholy face of Dr. John Henry Newman, is to be painted by Mr. Oulless. This portrait, and that of Mr. John Bright, are certain to attract universal attention. Mr. Oulless is now recognised as one of the best portrait painters of the day.

MONSIEUR RAJON is busy with an etching of the celebrated portrait of Herr Joachim, by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., which is to be published by Messrs. Agnew.

THERE is a brilliant and highly interesting collection just opened to the public at Burlington House, January 4th. Five rooms of pictures, one room of the choicest miniatures in England, and about five hundred drawings as precious as those collected in the Grosvenor Gallery. We must defer till next month a review of this splendid collection, and just mention the twenty sheets of anatomical and other drawings, by Leonardo da Vinci, from the Queen's Collection; besides the great cartoon for his fine picture of the *Virgin and St. Anne*, now in the Louvre; and studies by Raphael, Holbein, and Michael Angelo. The English school is represented by Dobson, Hogarth, Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Lawrence, Zoffany, Racburn, Wheatley, Nasmyth, Constable, Collins. The Dutch school with Teniers, Van de Velde, Rubens, Van der Helst, Franz Hals, Snyders. The gem of the collection is Titian's famous sketch of the *Rape of Proserpine*, from the Ossington Collection, splendid in colour, and in excellent preservation. The collections at the Grosvenor Gallery and at the Royal Academy will be specially delightful to artists and to art students, to the latter showing the patience, the hard labour bestowed by the great masters on their work, and their enormous capacity for taking trouble.

MR. WHISTLER has published a pamphlet of seven small pages, in which he protests most vehemently against art-criticism, and argues that works of art should be received in respectful silence. We need only remark, in answer, that modern artists owe nine-tenths of their fame (and consequently of their incomes) to the press, without which they would remain in obscurity, with very rare exceptions.

AN American artist, Mr. Thomas Moran, has found a picture, which he believes to be an original Turner, in a farm-house at Hammononton, Atlantic County, New Jersey. The subject is *Conway Castle*. The history of the work, if correctly given, would put its authenticity beyond a doubt. It is said to have been painted about 1810, in fulfilment of a commission given by Mr. Thomas Goodall, a banker of Abingdon, in Berkshire, at whose death it came into possession of Mr. John Butterton of Batachre Hall, in Staffordshire, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Butterton of Hammononton. The picture measures 4 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 8 in. The foreground is a wooded hill-side, with figures; below and beyond lies the river, with the castle and a mountain beyond it. There is a grand mass of clouds in the sky, with a fragment of a rainbow. It appears that there is a good deal of detail in the mountain. In the distance there is a mail-coach drawn by four horses at full gallop. Since it came into Mr. Moran's studio the picture has been carefully cleaned. It ought to be sent to England to have its claims finally settled.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY opened on the 31st of December. Nearly 800 drawings by Old Masters form, as last year, the staple of the exhibition. In the West Gallery are 350 water-colours by artists of the British School, and, in addition to these, are 76 studies by Ingres and a few other French masters. It will be seen from this that the collection is one of wide and varied interest. It is, indeed, rather overwhelming in quantity, and there is a lack of system in its arrangement, so that it is difficult to review it adequately. Some specimens of sketches by the very early masters have a special attraction. There is a freedom about them not to be found in their finished pictures. Archaic and ill-proportioned as are the drawings by Cimabue and Margheritone da Arezzo, they are not hampered by the strong conventionality of early Christian painting. There is a nameless tenderness in the figure of *Christ* by Cimabue. Two amorini, playing with the fantastic figure of a snail, by Margheritone da Arezzo, lent by Christ Church, Oxford, have little kinship with the stiff-robed, angular saints crowned with golden nimbus that we associate with the artist's name. Sancho Botticelli's drawings, faulty as they are, are imbued with a poetic beauty which makes exact proportion seem but a secondary condition of art. Every sketch of his in this exhibition is attractive by its *nuveté* and sweetness, and by a subtle delicacy of expression. The *Festival of Bacchus*, by Mantegna, *Hercules slaying the Lion*, and the *Entombment*, by the same artist, are all strong in expression; and we may note the sculpturesque severity of the treatment of the hair and drapery, as well as the masterly balancing of groups. In his *Design for a Chalice* there are some dainty details of foliage and minute figures. There

are four animated drawings by Masaccio, and several by Lionardo da Vinci. A sketch of a woman's head, in chalk on dark brown paper, has that mysterious, subtle, almost unmeaning smile in the half-shut eyes which belongs only to some of Lionardo's women. There is a refined *Virgin and Child*, and, in strong contrast, a large grotesque head, touched with Lionardo's fantastic humour. The large collection of Correggio's drawings comes upon us with something of the freshness of a surprise—drawings with all the sensuous grace of his paintings, but more vivacity. The *Head of an Angel*, a life-size study in chalk on brown paper, is powerful in expression, and one of the noblest drawings on the walls. The serious dignity of Fra Bartolomeo is exemplified in eleven drawings, the most interesting being the melancholy and earnest face of *Savonarola*, whose teachings and death caused the artist to take the monastic vow and renounce his art for some years. Of Titian's interest in landscape we have ample evidence, especially in one splendid study of foliage, and his power of drawing women is well shown in the sketch of a woman's head looking back. The *Meeting of the Emperor and Dogs*, by Tintoret, a slight bistre drawing, has so much dramatic action, and such well-massed light and shade, that it satisfies the eye like a finished picture. There are some drawings of Paul Veronese, splendid in costume. The *View of Westminster Bridge*, by Canaletto, will be interesting to all Englishmen. Six studies of proportion, by Andrea del Verocchio, are interesting in themselves, and also because they were done for his pupil Lionardo, who must have handled and pondered over these sheets.

In the Flemish school not less than 100 drawings are ascribed to Rembrandt. On Screen No. 1 are a series of his rough jottings, the germs of future pictures, where in twenty strokes a story is effectively told. Three studies by Franz Hals are excellent specimens of his freshness of conception and manner; and the boundless high spirits of Jan Steen, the vulgar but always humorous character of his genius, are well illustrated in the *Bon Vivant*. We have not space to do more than mention the set of Michelangelo's drawings in the Vestibule; but there is one of them, a Holy Family, in which the child has fallen asleep in its mother's lap, whilst she puts aside the book she has been reading and gazes down upon it, her countenance beaming with the light of motherly happiness. There are a number of drawings by Raphael in the Sculpture Gallery. The smaller room, known as the Water-colour Gallery, is almost entirely devoted to Ingres. His mythological compositions have an artificial and laboured air, but his pencil-portraits are admirable. He excelled in giving the *pose* and the superficial characteristics of his model, but lacked that fine insight which makes a portrait a revelation. In the West Gallery, the display of water-colours by living masters of the British school is a fitting sequel to last year's exhibition. Mr. F. W. Burton has sent four pictures remarkable for depth of colour, refinement, and grace. Mr. Alfred Hunt is strongly represented by works remarkable as usual for their luminous quality and for a peculiar sweetness and transparency of execution. The rugged and truthful studies by Sam Bough, R.S.A.,

with their striking individuality and earnestness, will increase the regret for his premature death.

THE Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, now open at their Gallery in Pall Mall, contains several works of merit. One of the most striking is *Siegfried capturing the Bear*, by Mr. Hubert Herkomer. Siegfried is binding the animal, and a gleam of light falls through the far-stretching branches of the gaunt, magnificent oak. The subject is treated with a simple, legendary grandeur which fully harmonises with the northern myth. The unfinished study, *A Phrenologist*, by the same artist, represents an elderly man looking keenly at a skull. Its vigorous colouring has the depth of a painting in oil, and the same qualities distinguish two portraits of the artist's parents. Josef Israels contributes a picture called *Grace before Meat*. An old country woman and a young peasant lad bow their heads in prayer before partaking of the frugal fare laid out on the plain wooden table. A tender greenish-grey tone pervades this picture, and the treatment is simple and pathetic, though the drawing seems a little weak. *The Cup of Tea*, by J. D. Linton, represents a young lady in a low dress, sitting alone and sipping tea, with a big blue vase by her side. She looks gloomy, and though the treatment of the work is clever, there is some heaviness in the colouring of the neck and arms. *The Kitchen of the Convent of St. Onofrio, Rome*, by Louis Haghe, represents a monk sitting in a most fascinating kitchen. The cool brown tone is pleasing, and the utensils are broadly touched. *Actors in the Inn Yard*, by Towneley Green, is full of good work, and though the detail is elaborate, it does not obtrude. Mr. William Simpson, the well-known artist, correspondent of the 'Illustrated London News,' contributes an interesting drawing of *Heliopolis, as it is, and as it may have been*. The obelisk stands against the deep blue sky with the great Sphinx, the 'may have been' is poetical and fanciful. *The Seizure of King Charles at Holmby House*, by C. Cattermole, is taken from Clarendon's History; the king is certainly far from being an attractive personage; indeed, he is repulsive, sitting on his bed half dressed, whilst three or four men walk into his chamber. Mr. William Wyld's *Church of the Redentore, Venice*, is charming, the blue water, with the many boats laden with fruit and vegetables make a rich arrangement of colour; several other studies by this artist are remarkable for finish, delicacy, and truth to nature. There are original sketches for 'Punch,' by John Tenniel, and many other drawings worth mentioning, which we have not space to notice as they deserve.

HANDBOOK OF DRAWING.*—This handbook, which is illustrated with upwards of two hundred woodcuts and diagrams, includes thirty-seven short chapters,

* 'Handbook of Drawing.' By William Walker, Lecturer and Teacher of Freehand Drawing in the Owens College, Author of 'Forest Trees,' 'Lessons on Animals,' &c. &c. London: Seeley & Co. 1879.

which will gradually initiate a beginner into what he ought to know. Mr. Walker begins by arguing that everybody ought to be taught elementary drawing, in which we quite agree with him, but we think that a system of drawing universally taught should not attempt anything of the nature of fine art, it should be limited strictly to utility. Mr. Walker gives some little sketches of a teapot, kettle, cup and saucer, eggs and egg-cup, &c., which were made by an artist to explain that he wanted a meal in a Welsh cottage where no English was spoken, and he also gives the sketch of a packing-case. On this subject we may observe that, if the knowledge of elementary drawing were *universal*, this would become a most valuable kind of language, but, unfortunately, in the present state of general knowledge, perspective drawing is not always understood, however accurate, fore-shortening especially being a great source of embarrassment. There is an excellent chapter in this little book, 'On Seeing and Observing,' which reminds us of Mrs. Barbauld's well-known 'Eyes and No Eyes.'

'Now the difference,' says Mr. Walker, 'between artistic sight and ordinary sight arises from the fact that people generally do not look for those truths and qualities which artists look for. For instance, a group of intelligent artisans—botanists—met the writer in one of the most beautiful valleys in Derbyshire, and in a conversation admitted that they had not particularly seen the rocks or the hills, nor even the trees—"they were not in their way." They were searching for a little plant they had heard of as being in that locality.'

The difficulty in writing a book of this kind is the extreme condensation which the scheme of it imposes on the author. We have not before met with a little treatise on drawing which took cognizance, as this does, of so many aspects of the subject. Mr. Walker does not simply tell the pupil how to use his fingers, he tries to awaken in his mind an intellectual and moral appreciation of the art. Here, for example, is an excellent bit about Unity, that great essential of whatever pretends to be complete art:—

'The idea of Unity, or oneness, which is the subordination of all the parts to the completeness of the whole, is as essential in a work of pictorial art as in a piece of music. We find it, like a cord, running through and tying together all nature; and it seems to have been a divine idea in the creation of all things, binding organic forms, from the highest to the lowest, into one complete cycle; and although the completeness of any individual natural form may, in itself, convey the idea of unity, it is only one of an infinity of individuals, the whole of which are governed by the same idea. And thus it is that in contemplating any object, we do so with the conviction that the designer of this one object was also the designer of the whole visible universe. Unity, then, being that which connects all individuals into one whole, is the element which expresses and produces completeness.'

The illustrations to Mr. Walker's volume are not all new, some of them having been already published in Mr. Harding's works, but they are always useful and to the purpose. The work contains, also, some perspective diagrams printed in colours to make them more easily intelligible.

MR. E. M. WARD, R.A., died on Jan. 15, at the age of 62. He was elected A.R.A. in 1846, and R.A. in 1855.



WORDS OF COMFORT.

PAINTERS' ETCHINGS.

I.—HUBERT HERKOMER.

Words of Comfort.

HUBERT HERKOMER was born on the 26th of May, 1849, in the little village of Waal, in Bavaria. Though German by extraction and birth he was educated chiefly in England, and all his sympathies and tendencies are English. From childhood he has been surrounded by artistic influences, for his father was a wood-carver, who to singular skill in his profession joined a serious conception of art. When the child was two years old the parents emigrated to America; but two years later they returned to England, and settled in Southampton. There the boy began his art training by working with his father, to whom, as Mr. Herkomer now says, he chiefly owes his moral and artistic education. The lad was delicate, and his ill-health stood in the way of regular study. At the age of thirteen he entered the Art School of Southampton, where he won a bronze medal.

In 1865 his father took him to Munich, and there he first attended a life-class, and drew eagerly and laboriously. But his stay was short; they soon returned to England, and in March, 1866, Hubert Herkomer entered the South Kensington Art Schools, where he worked for a term of five months, returning to Southampton for the winter. He came again to South Kensington in 1867 for another term of five months; and with this ended his attendance at any Art School. He was anxious to earn his own livelihood, and during that last session at Kensington he felt a desire to become a draughtsman on wood. This led him to try various kinds of subjects on blocks, hoping that publishers would employ him. He tried hard to get employment; but the efforts of an artist to work out his conceptions are attended with constant expense. The cost of models amounts to such a sum as to require some income independent of early profits. Mr. Herkomer was entirely dependent upon the labour of his hand and brain, but he struggled on with unflagging energy until he found a friend in Mr. Edward Dalziel. Before long his originality and marvellous facility were recognised by the managers of the 'Graphic,' and his drawings were appreciated and freely bought. This was the dawn of a prosperity that henceforward continued to brighten.

In the autumn of 1869 Mr. Herkomer painted a large water-colour, called *Hoeing*, which he tremblingly sent to the Dudley Gallery. It was not only accepted, but hung in the place of honour. In 1870 he painted in the same medium, *Reading the War News at Triport*. In 1871 he went to the Bavarian Alps, and there painted several careful water-colours and commenced some pictures in oil: the latter he put aside, as not being successful. In that year Mr. Herkomer and his friend, Mr. E. Gregory, were invited to join the Institute of Painters in Water Colour. In the following year he went again to the Bavarian Alps, and there painted his first important picture in oil, *After the Toil of the Day*, with which he made his *début* at the Royal Academy in 1873. In 1874 home troubles prevented his completing any important work for the Royal Academy. On the 1st of January, 1875, he began the picture which has become so famous, *The Last Muster*. The special difficulties under which this work was executed are worth mentioning, as an illustration of the young painter's indomitable perseverance. The room in which he painted was scarcely wider than the canvas, and so low,

that in winding up the easel the top actually broke the skylight. In this narrow cell he had the old Chelsea Pensioners to sit for him, one by one. The interior of the chapel was painted from a careful study made within its walls.

This picture won for him his two great triumphs. When sent to the Royal Academy its appearance before the Committee of Selection was greeted with a burst of applause, and two letters of warm congratulation were addressed to the painter: one by the present President, Sir Frederick Leighton; and the other by Mr. Richmond. The admiration which the picture excited at Burlington House will be remembered by every one; and in the Paris Exhibition of last year it gained for Mr. Herkomer one of the two Medals of Honour awarded to the English school by the International Jury—an extraordinary success for so young an artist.

In 1876 he exhibited at the Academy a picture entitled *Death's Door*, and in 1878 *Eventide*, groups of women in a workhouse drinking tea and chatting in the twilight. In the same year he sent to the Grosvenor Gallery a water-colour *Portrait of Richard Wagner*, a work of great power, and one which may be said to have revealed new resources in that medium. Up to the present time body-colour has been largely used in all water-colour pictures in which an approximation to the effect of oils has been aimed at. Mr. Herkomer dispenses entirely with body-colour, yet he certainly has arrived at a depth and force of tone in water-colour little, if at all, inferior to the results obtained by the use of the stronger vehicle. In evidence of this I may mention that the Paris Medal of Honour was awarded to him for his works in both water-colour and oil.

Souvenir de Rembrandt, Who comes Here? Siegfried, The Poacher's Fate, Fairy Symphony Im Walde, Arrest of a Poacher, are his most important works in this his favourite medium.

Mr. Herkomer is now engaged on a *Portrait of Alfred Tennyson*, in water-colour, as a pendant to that of Richard Wagner; and on another important work, a Bavarian scene, also in water-colour, and of the very unusual dimensions of 7 feet by 5. He has also in hand a picture of *Merlin and Vivien*, undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. Tennyson.

We are glad to present to our subscribers a specimen of Mr. Herkomer's powers in another branch of art. It is only within the last twelve months that he has taken up the practice of etching, but he has already attained to mastery. Our etching represents an actual scene in the Bavarian Highlands, sketched from life by the artist, and exhibits at once his tenderness of feeling, and the thoroughly artistic qualities of his execution.

Mr. Herkomer was married in 1873 to a German lady. He is an excellent musician, skilful in composition as well as in performance. Besides being a Member of the Water-Colour Institute, he is a Member of the Liverpool Society of Painters in Water-Colour, of the Brussels Institute of Water-Colours, of the Royal Society of Water-colour Painters in the Hague; and he has just been elected an Honorary Member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna.

HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

OXFORD.

III. *The Renaissance and the Reformation.*

WE have now arrived at a period in the history of Oxford which is confused and unhappy, but for us full of interest, and perhaps of instruction. The hundred years that passed by between the age of Chaucer and the age of Erasmus were, in Southern Europe, years of the most eager life. We hear very often—too often, perhaps—of what is called the Renaissance. The energy of delight with which Italy welcomed the new birth of art, of literature, of human freedom, has been made familiar to every reader. It is not with Italy, but with England and with Oxford, that we are concerned. How did the University and the Colleges prosper in that strenuous time, when the world ran after loveliness

of form and colour, as, in other ages, it has run after warlike renown, or the far-off rewards of the saintly life? What was Oxford doing when Florence, Venice, and Rome, were striving towards no meaner goal than perfection?

It must be said that 'the spring came slowly up this way.' The University merely reflected the very practical character of the people. In contemplating the events of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in their influence on English civilisation, we are reminded once more of the futility of certain modern aspirations. No amount of University Commissions, nor of well-meant reforms, will change the nature of Englishmen. It is impossible, by distributions of University prizes and professorships, to attract into the career of letters that proportion of industry and ingenuity which, in Germany for example, is devoted to the scholastic life. Politics, trade, law, sport, religion, will claim their own in England, just as they did at the Revival of Letters. The illustrious century which Italy employed in unburying, appropriating, and enjoying the treasures of Greek literature and art, our fathers gave, in England, to dynastic and constitutional squabbles, and to religious broils. The Renaissance in England, and chiefly in Oxford, was like a bitter and changeful spring. There was an hour of genial warmth, there breathed a wind from the south, in the lifetime of Chaucer; then came frosts and storms; and when the brief sunshine of court favour shone on literature for a while, when Henry VIII. encouraged study, and Wolsey and Fox founded Christ Church and Corpus Christi College, the bad days of religious strife returned, and the promise of learning was destroyed. Thus the result of the awakening thought of the fourteenth century in England was not a lively delight in literature, but the appearance of the Lollards. The intensely practical genius of our race turned, not to enjoyment, but to questions about the soul and its future, about property and its distribution. The Lollards were put down in Oxford; 'the tares were weeded out' by the House of Lancaster, and in the process the germs of free thought, of originality, and of a rational education, were destroyed. 'Wyclivism did domineer among us,' says Wood; and, in fact, the intellect of the University was absorbed, like the intellect of France during the heat of the Jansenist controversy, in defending or assailing '267 damned conclusions,' drawn from the books of Wycliffe. The University 'lost many of her children through the profession of Wyclivism.' Those who remained were often 'beneficed clerks.' The Friars lifted up their heads again, and Oxford was becoming a large ecclesiastical school. As the University declared to Archbishop Chichele (1438), 'Our noble mother, that was blessed in so goodly an offspring, is all but utterly destroyed and desolate.' Presently the foreign wars and the wars of the Roses drained the University of the youth of England. The country was overrun with hostile forces, or infested by disbanded soldiers. Plague and war, war and plague, and confusion, alternate in the annals. Sickly as Oxford is to-day by climate and situation, she is a city of health compared to what she was in the middle ages. In 1448 'a pestilence broke out, occasioned by the overflowing of waters, . . . also by the lying of many scholars in one room or dormitory in almost every Hall, which occasioned nasty air and smells, and consequently diseases.' In the general dulness and squalor two things were remarkable: one, the last splendour of the feudal time; the other, the first dawn of the new learning from Italy. In 1452, George Neville of Balliol, brother of the King-maker, gave the most prodigious pass-supper that was ever served in Oxford. On the first day there were 600 messes of meat, divided into three courses. The second course is worthy of the attention of the epicure:—

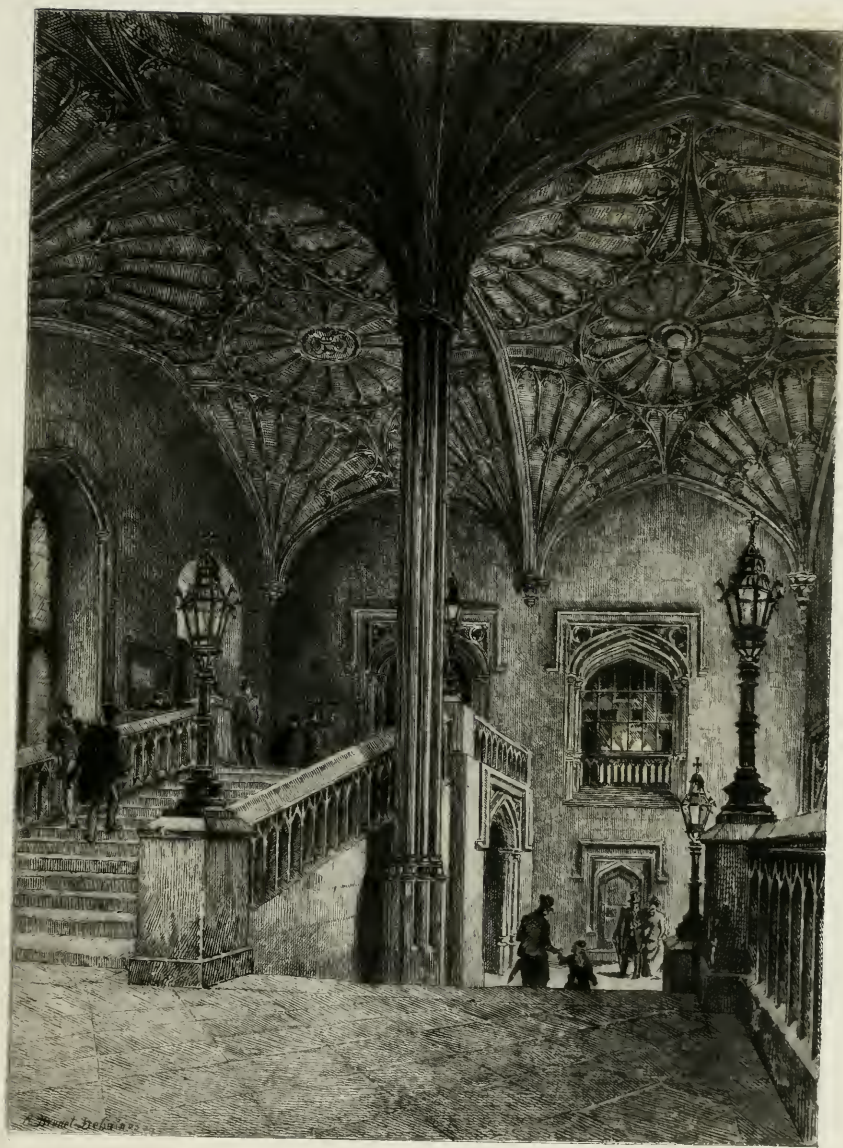
SECOND COURSE.

Vian in brase.	Carcell,
Crane in sawce.	Partrych.
Yong Pocock.	Venson baked.
Coney.	Fryed meat in paste.
Pigeons.	Lesh Lumbert.
Byttor.	A Frutor.
Curlew.	A Suttelte.

Against this prodigious gormandising we must set that noble gift, the Library presented to Oxford by Duke Humfrey of Gloucester. In the Catalogue, drawn up in 1439, we mark many books of the utmost value to the impoverished students. Here are the works of Plato, and the 'Ethics' and 'Politics' of Aristotle, translated by Leonard the Aretine. Here, among numerous writings of the Fathers, are Tully and Seneca, Averroes and Avicenna, 'Bellum Trojae cum secretis secretorum,' Apuleius, Aulus Gellius, Livy, Boccaccio, Petrarch. Here, with Ovid's verses, is the Commentary on Dante, and his Divine Comedy. Here, rarest of all, is a Greek Dictionary, the silent father of Liddel's and Scott's to be.

The most hopeful fact in the University annals, after the gift of those manuscripts (to which the very beauty of their illuminations proved ruinous in Protestant times), was the establishment of a printing-press at Oxford, and the arrival of certain Italians, 'to propagate and settle the studies of true and genuine humanity among us.' The exact date of the introduction of printing let us leave to the learned writer who is now at work on the history of Oxford. The advent of the Italians is dated by Wood in 1488. Polydore, Vergil had lectured in New College. 'He first of all taught literature in Oxford.' Cyprianus and Nicholas, *Italici*, also arrived, and dined with the Vice-President of Magdalen on Christmas Day. Lily and Colet, too, one of them the founder, the other the first Head Master, of St. Paul's School, were about this time studying in Italy, under the great Politian and Hermolaus Barbarus. Oxford, which had so long been in hostile communications with Italy as represented by the Papal Courts, at last touched, and was thrilled by the electric current of Italian civilisation. At this conjuncture of affairs, who but is reminded of the youth and the education of Gargantua? Till the very end of the fifteenth century Oxford had been that 'huge barbarian pupil.' He had revelled in vast Rabelaisian suppers: 'of fat beeves he had killed three hundred sixty seven thousand and fourteen, that in the entering in of spring he might have plenty of powdered beef.' The bill of fare of George Neville's feast is like one of the catalogues dear to the Curé of Meudon. For Oxford, as for Gargantua, 'they appointed a great sophister-doctor, that read him Donatus, Theodoretus, and Alanus, *in parabolis*.' Oxford spent far more than Gargantua's eighteen years and eleven months over 'the book de Modis significandis, with the commentaries of Berlinguandus and a rabble of others.' Now, under Colet, and Erasmus (1497), Oxford was put, like Gargantua, under new masters, and learned that the old scholarship 'had been but brutishness, and the old wisdom but blunt, foppish toys, serving only to bastardise noble spirits, and to corrupt all the flower of youth.'

The prospects of classical learning at Oxford (and, whatever may be the case to-day, on classical learning depended, in the fifteenth century, the fortunes of European literature) now seemed fair enough. People from the very source of knowledge were lecturing in Oxford. Wolsey was Bursar of Magdalene. The Colleges, to which B. N. C. was added in 1509, and C. C. C. in 1516, were competing with each other for success in the New Learning. Fox, the founder of C. C. C., established in his college two chairs of Greek and Latin, 'to extirpate barbarism.' Meanwhile Cambridge had to hire an Italian to write public speeches at twenty pence each! Henry VIII. in his youth was, like Francis I., the patron of literature, as literature was understood in Italy. He saw in learning a new splendour to adorn his court, a new source of intellectual luxury, though even Henry had an eye on the theological aspect of letters. Between 1500 and 1530 Oxford was noisy with the clink of masons' hammers and chisels. Brazenose, Corpus, and the magnificent kitchen of Christ Church, were being erected. (The beautiful staircase, which M. Brunet-Debaines has etched, was not erected till 1630. The world owes it to Dr. Fell. The Oriel niches, designed in the vignettes, are of rather later date.) The streets were crowded with carts, dragging in from all the neighbouring quarries stones for the future homes of the fair humanities. Erasmus found in Oxford a kind of substitute for the Platonic Society of Florence. 'He would hardly care much about going to Italy at all, except for the sake of having been there. . . . When

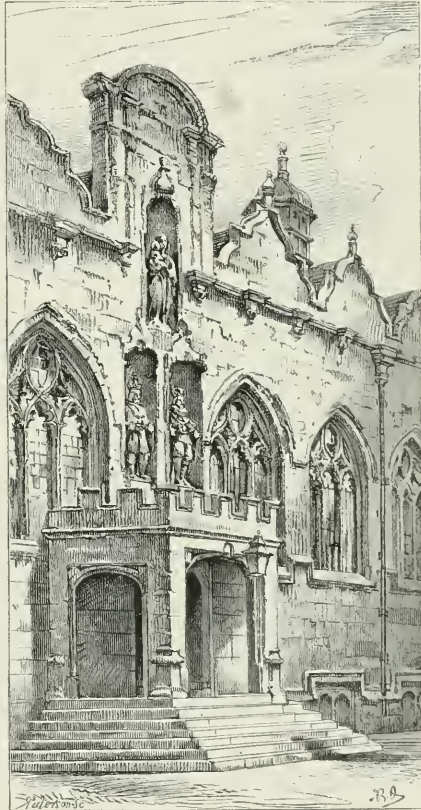


I listen to Colet, it seems to me like listening to Plato himself; and he praises the judgment and learning of those Englishmen who had been taught in Italy, Grocyn and Linacre.

In spite of all this promise, the Renaissance in England was rotten at the root. Theology killed it, or, at the least, breathed on it a deadly blight. Our academic forefathers 'drove at practice,' and saw everything with the eyes of party men, and of men who recognised no interest save that of religion. It is Mr. Seebohm ('Oxford Reformers,' 1867), I think, who detects, in Colet's concern with the religious side of literature, the influence of Savonarola. When in Italy 'he gave himself entirely to the study of the Holy Scriptures.' He brought to England from Italy, not the early spirit of Pico of Mirandola, the delightful freedom of his youth, but his later austerity, his later concern with the harmony of scripture and philosophy. The book which the dying Petrarch held wistfully in his hands, revering its very material shape, though he could not spell its contents, was the *Iliad* of Homer. The book which the young Renaissance held in its hands in England, with reverence and eagerness as strong and tender, contained the Epistles of St. Paul. It was on the Epistles that Colet lectured in 1496-97, when doctors and abbots flocked to hear him, with their note-books in their hands. Thus Oxford differed from Florence, England from Italy: the former all intent on what it believed to be the very Truth, the latter all absorbed on what it knew to be no other than Beauty herself.

We cannot afford to regret the choice that England and Oxford made. The search for Truth was as certain to bring 'not peace, but a sword,' as the search for Beauty was to bring the decadence of Italy, the corruption of manners, the slavery of two hundred years. Still, our practical earnestness did rob Oxford of the better side of the Renaissance. It is not possible here to tell the story of religious and social changes, which followed so hard upon each other, in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. A few moments in these stormy years are still memorable for some terrible or ludicrous event.

That Oxford was rather 'Trojan' than 'Greek,' that men were more concerned about their dinners, and their souls than their prosody and philosophy, in 1531, is proved by the success of Grynæus. He visited the University and carried off quantities of MSS., chiefly Neoplatonic, on which no man set any value. Yet, in 1535, Layton, a Commissioner, wrote to Cromwell, that he and his companions had established the New Learning in the University. A Lecture in Greek was founded in Magdalene, two chairs of Greek and Latin in New, two in All Souls, and two already existed, as we have seen, in C. C. C. This Layton is he that took a Rabelaisian and unquotable revenge on that old tyrant of the Schools, Duns Scotus.



NICHES, ORIEL COLLEGE.

'We have set Duncce in Bocardo, and utterly banished him Oxford for ever, with all his blind glosses. . . . And the second time we came to New College we found all the great quadrant full of the leaves of Duncce, the wind blowing them into every corner. And there we found a certain Mr. Greenfield, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, gathering up part of the same book's leaves, as he said, therewith to make him *sewers* or *blanshers*, to keep the deer within his wood, thereby to have the better cry with his hounds.' Ah! if the University Commissioners would only put Aristotle, and Messrs. Ritter and Preller, 'in Bocardo,' many a young gentleman out of Buckinghamshire and other counties would joyously help in the good work, and use the pages, if not for *blanshers*, for other sportive purposes!

'*Habent sua fata libelli*,' as Terentianus Maurus says, in a frequently-quoted verse. If Cromwell's Commissioners were hard on Duns, the Visitors of Edward VI. were ruthless in their condemnation of everything that smacked of Popery or of magic. Evangelical religion in England has never been very favourable to learning. Thus, in 1550, 'the ancient libraries were by their appointment rifled. Many manuscripts, guilty of no other superstition than red letters in the front or titles, were condemned to the fire. . . . Such books wherein appeared angles were thought sufficient to be destroyed, because accounted Papish or diabolical, or both.' A cart-load of MSS., lucubrations of the Fellows of Merton, chiefly in controversial divinity, was taken away; but, by the good services of one Herks, a Dutchman, many books were preserved, and, later, entered the Bodleian Library. The world can spare the controversial manuscripts of the Fellows of Merton, but who knows what invaluable scrolls may have perished in the Puritan bonfire! Persons, the librarian of Balliol, sold old books to buy Protestant ones. Two noble libraries were sold for forty shillings, for waste paper. Thus the reign of Edward VI. gave free play to that ascetic and intolerant hatred of letters which had now and again made its voice heard under Henry VIII. Oxford was almost empty. The schools were used by laundresses, as a place wherein clothes might conveniently be dried. The citizens encroached on academic property. Some schools were quite destroyed, and the sites converted into gardens. Few men took degrees. The college plate and the jewels left by pious benefactors were stolen, and went to the melting-pot. Thus flourished Oxford under that poor little prig, Edward VI.

The reign of Mary was scarcely more favourable to letters. No one knew what to be at in religion. In Magdalene no one could be found to say Mass, the fellows were turned out, the undergraduates were whipped—boyish martyrs—and crossed at the buttery. What most pleases, in this tragic reign, is the anecdote of Edward Anne of Corpus. Anne, with the conceit of youth, had written a Latin satire on the Mass. He was therefore sentenced to be publicly flogged in the hall of his college, and to receive one lash for each line in his satire. Never, surely, was a poet so sharply taught the merit of brevity. How Edward Anne must have regretted that he had not knocked off an epigram, a biting couplet, or a smart quatrain, with the sting of the wit in the tail!

Oxford still retains a memory of the hideous crime of this reign. In Broad Street, under the windows of Balliol, there is a small stone cross in the pavement. This marks the place where, some years ago, a great heap of wooden ashes was found. These ashes were the remains of the fire of October 16th, 1555—the day when Ridley and Latimer were burned. 'They were brought,' says Wood, 'to a place over against Balliol College, where now stands a row of poor cottages, a little before which, under the town wall, ran so clear a stream that it gave the name of Canditch, *candida fossa*, to the way leading by it.' To recover the memory of that event, let the reader fancy himself on the top of the tower of St. Michael's, that is, immediately above the city wall. No houses interfere between him and the open country, in which Balliol stands; not with its present frontage, but much further back. A clear stream runs through the place where is now Broad Street, and the road above is dark with a swaying crowd, from which rises the vapour of smoke from the martyrs' pile. At your feet, on the top of Bocardo prison (which spanned the street at the

North Gate), Cranmer stands manacled, watching the fiery death which is soon to purge away the memory of his own faults and crimes. He, too, joined that 'noble army of martyrs' who fought all, though they knew it not, for one cause—the freedom of the human spirit.

It was in a night-battle that they fell, and confused was the cry of the pæan, but they have won the victory, and we enter into the land for which they contended. When we think of these martyrdoms, can we wonder that the Fellows of Lincoln did not spare to ring a merry peal on their gaudy-day, the day of St. Hugh, even though Mary the Queen had just left her bitter and weary life?

It would be pleasant to have to say that learning returned to Oxford on the rising of 'that bright Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth.' On the other hand, the University recovered



ORIEL STREET, OXFORD.

slowly, after being 'much troubled,' as Wood says, '*and hurried up and down* by the changes of religion.' We get a glimpse, from Wood, of the Fellows of Merton singing the psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins round the fire in the College Hall. We see the sub-warden snatching the book out of the hands of a junior fellow, and declaring 'that he would never dance after that pipe.' We find Oxford so illiterate, that she could not even provide an University preacher! A country gentleman, Richard Taverner of Wood Eaton, would stroll into St. Mary's, with his sword and damask gown, and give the Academicians, destitute of academical advice, a sermon beginning with these words,—

'Arriving at the mount of St. Mary's, I have brought you some fine bisketts baked in the Oven of Charitie, carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation.'

In spite of these evil symptoms, a Greek oration and plenty of Latin plays were ready

for Queen Elizabeth when she visited Oxford in 1566. The religious refugees, who had 'eaten mice at Zurich' in Mary's time, had returned, and their influence was hostile to learning. A man who had lived on mice for his faith was above Greek. The court which contained Sydney, and which welcomed Bruno, was strong enough to make the classics popular. That famed Polish Count, Alasco, was 'received with Latin orations and disputes (1583) in the best manner,' and only a scoffing Italian, like Bruno, ventured to call the Heads of Houses, *the Drowsy heads—dormitantes*. Bruno was a man whom nothing could teach to speak well of people in authority. Oxford enjoyed the religious peace (not extended to 'Seminarists') of Elizabeth's and James's reigns, not foreseeing that she was about to become the home of the Court and a place of arms.

A. LANG.

JOHN CROME.

(*Concluded from p. 36.*)

IF Crome's figures were often badly drawn, it was not so with his drawing of shipping in which the intricacies of masts and rigging interest him like the stems and branches of trees. This is especially noticeable in one of the finest pictures in the recent exhibition of his works at Burlington House—a view of the interior of Yarmouth Harbour, with the shipbuilding yards on one side and a large number of tall-masted ships lying at anchor within the dock. Here all the delicate lines of masts and rigging are drawn with a care and skill that tell of the enjoyment the painter found in his work. This picture is remarkable also for other points of excellence, and affords a good example of Crome's powers as a painter. In the centre, putting off from some vessel, is a small boat with three people in it, one of whom wears a red dress that is strongly reflected in the water. All the reflections, indeed, are seen as vividly in the smooth water of the harbour as are the objects themselves, so that a sort of fantastic look is thus given to the ordinary busy aspect of the scene, which is, moreover, lifted above the commonplace by being set in a soft haze of yellow light, such as we see in many of Cuyp's paintings. The scene, indeed, might well be taken for one of Cuyp's views of Dordrecht, so masterly is its treatment of the mellow light of a warm, misty day.

Yarmouth Jetty, lent by S. H. de Zoete, with a boat just putting off to some shipping in the distance, and another of *Yarmouth Jetty* (No. 38) lent by T. G. Colman, where the boats just come from the fishing are being unloaded on the beach, and form a busy scene on the sands enacted beneath a darkening sky that makes one tremble for the fate of any fisher who may happen not to have returned, show the same knowledge of sea and sky under different aspects.

Of his extensive landscapes, embracing generally far-reaching views over heath and hill, with a windmill or two to give human interest to the scene, the well-known picture of *Mousehold Heath*, in the National Gallery, may be taken as an example. This was painted about the year 1816, and shows his powers at their full. He painted it, as he once remarked, for the sake 'of air and space;' and, in truth, we feel, in looking at it, that here is plenty of room to breathe.*

In these wide-extending views Crome seems to have followed the earlier of the Dutch masters rather than Hobbema and Ruysdael, who were his teachers in the painting of those wooded glades and pleasant avenues with which his name, as well as theirs, is mostly associated. In his treatment of undulating open country, however, he comes nearer to Wynants, perhaps, than to any one else, for he is less topographical than De Koningh,

* A somewhat curious history belongs to this celebrated picture. It was bought at one time by a dealer who, with the idea of turning his purchase to better account, cut the picture in half, and sold it, or tried to sell it, as two different works; fortunately, the two halves were bought by some more intelligent person, who reunited them, but the crack can still be seen across the middle of the work.

a master who, although at times approaching Rembrandt in his skilful rendering of distance, is apt to map out his country as if he were taking a survey rather than making a picture. Crome, on the other hand, generally contrives to produce a picture even out of the most commonplace and dreary materials, and herein his artistic insight is clearly seen, for it is not enough to paint merely a faithful record of what lies before the eyes. The true artist ever infuses into his work something of that which lies in his own mind, and tells us not so much how nature looked, as how he felt that she looked, otherwise a good photograph would be more valuable in its exact faithfulness than the most careful painting. Paintings in which the painter's mind is left out—and, unfortunately, there are plenty of such—are about the most worthless of all kinds of mechanical reproductions. But Crome, though his mind was not a large one, threw it heartily into all that he did. We can picture to ourselves the genial, easy-going, common-looking little man rambling along the pleasant lanes, or beside the slow Yare, or across the upland lawn, not alone, but with some attentive pupil or congenial companion, to whom he could gossip in his familiar jocular manner, while all the while he took in, without appearing to notice it, every feature of the scene, and let it mellow in his mind for future use.

He travelled a little in England and Wales at various times, as may be seen by the places he represented; and once, in 1814, he extended his journeying to Paris, going by way of Belgium, where he must have found the scenery familiar, though the only record he appears to have made of it, beyond slight sketches, is his *View on the Ostend Canal at Bruges*, a fine moonlight effect, that was evidently noted on the spot and afterwards reproduced on canvas. In Paris the pictures in the Louvre must, one would imagine, have been a revelation to the humble Norfolk painter. Unfortunately he kept no note-book, nor have his letters, if he wrote any, been preserved, so that we have no means of knowing what his impressions were, except by two pictures painted about this time which show him in somewhat a new light.

These, the *Boulevard des Italiens, Paris*, and *The Fishmarket on the Beach at Boulogne*, are painted in lighter key of colour than his Norfolk views, and are more sketchy in treatment, though exceedingly skilful in their rendering of the striking features of the scene. In the *Boulevard des Italiens* the trees of the avenue are seen in early summer clothing of light and delicate green, while a gay and busy scene takes place beneath them of quite a different class to any to which the painter could have been accustomed in heavy Norfolk. On the Beach at Boulogne, with the fish just come in, he must have felt more at home, but here also the colour is quite brilliant and light of key, as if he wished by this to express the difference of the atmosphere around. Both these interesting works were exhibited at Burlington House in 1878, and attracted much notice.

Crome was now in the receipt of a good income, for although he never, even to the last, as before said, obtained high prices for his pictures, he painted a great many, contributing generally eighteen or twenty different works to the Norwich Society's annual exhibition, held in Sir Benjamin Wrench's Court, an old quadrangle in Norwich, that was demolished about 1828 to make room for the new Corn Hall. It would seem that at one time he resided in this Court, in a house afterwards known as the 'Lobster Inn;' but for some time before his death he lived in a substantial house in the parish of St. George Colegate. He sometimes took a trip up to London, and now and then sent a work to the Royal Academy;* but for the most part all his interests were centered in his native Norwich, where he had now become a recognised authority in matters of Art.

In 1810 he was elected President of the Norwich Society; John Sell Cotman, the second best artist of the school, being associated with him as Vice-President. Among the members were now to be reckoned such men as James Stark, George Vincent, Joseph Stannard, John Thistle, the etchers, Edmund and Richard Girling, and his son, John Bernay Crome, all of whom

* Eleven landscapes and a painting of an interior, called *The Blacksmith's Shop*, were exhibited by him at the Royal Academy between the years 1807 and 1818.

accomplished good work as landscapists under Crome's influence. In 1816, however, there came a secession from this flourishing little Society, and Robert Ladbroke, Crome's early friend, with a tolerably large following, including some of the best artists of the rising generation, left the old and set up a new Society, and an exhibition for themselves at the Assembly Rooms Plain. Possibly Ladbroke, who, although he had risen far beyond the old days when he and Crome used to share a garret and the profits of their artistic skill, had never met with the recognition that had come to Crome, felt a little jealous of his more successful brother-in-law. Crome, however, does not seem to have been much altered by circumstances. From all accounts he was always a jovial, good-tempered, easy-going companion, full of humour, and loving his joke and his glass of grog, especially when in company with kindred spirits. Such he would often meet of an evening in the bar-parlour of a Norwich inn which he frequented, and where some Norwich folk still remember him holding forth with merry humour on things artistic and political. Not unlike even in his tastes to the honest bourgeois Dutch painters whose art he followed, many of whom, also, we may infer, notwithstanding that the charges of drunkenness and immorality brought against them by Houbraken are proved to be unfounded, did not disdain at times to 'take their ease in their inn.'

It was from the midst of society such as this, from a busy, jolly artist life, that Crome was called away on the 22nd of April, 1821, after a few days' illness. His last words are said to have been, 'Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you!' But if he loved Hobbema he loved Nature still better, and learnt more from her than from any Dutchman. He was in his fifty-ninth year at the time of his death, and in the fulness of his power as an artist, some of his last works being perhaps the best he ever painted. An exhibition of his paintings was held in Norwich shortly after his death, when one hundred and eleven of his works were gathered together, including those that remained unsold in his studio. But even this exhibition, though it greatly increased his local fame, did not make him more known to the world at large, and thus it has happened that at the present day almost all his pictures have remained as cherished possessions in Norfolk homes, very few, comparatively, having found their way into the market.

Of late years, however, four excellent examples of his art have been added to the National Gallery, namely, the extensive view of *Mousehold Heath*, before mentioned; *The Avenue at Chapel Fields in Norwich*, wherein the chequered sunlight falling through the trees has a very delightful effect; *The Windmill*, a pleasant country scene, painted with forcible realism and thorough understanding of light and shade; and the solemn and somewhat dreary *Slate Quarries*, presented last year (1878) by Mr. Fuller Maitland. Unfortunately we have not any of his Norfolk coast scenes, either in the National Gallery or at South Kensington; and these, to my mind, are some of the happiest productions of his art, especially as regards the sky, an element that always plays an important part in all Crome's pictures, and which in many of these coast views throws a weird sort of poetry over the commonplace of the scene. He delights especially in masses of heavy rolling clouds, and in depicting the gathering storm with one gleam of lurid light to heighten the ominous character of sea and sky.

In his etchings—for we must regard Crome as an etcher as well as a painter—he dealt chiefly with woodland and river scenes. Nothing can, in its way, be much more perfect than Crome's rendering in etching of the little bits of picturesque beauty that he met with in his daily walks. The tumble-down cottage, the rustic bridge, the winding wood-path, the inevitable paling, the sluggish stream, the small boat, and above all the wide-spreading oak or the rows of pollard willows, these features occur again and again in Crome's works, for he was constantly passing these things and as constantly drawing them, and because he never got tired of them, neither do we. Had he felt the least degree of weariness, his work would soon have been stale and profitless; but fortunately he was always able to find a fresh charm in Nature, and therefore it is always present in his work. His etchings, executed chiefly for his own delight, were not published until after his death, when thirty-one were collected, and a small

number of prints worked off for the benefit of his widow, under the title of 'Norfolk Picturesque Scenery.' Another edition, in which some of the plates were re-bitten by Mr. Ninham and others re-touched by Mr. Edwards, appeared in 1838, with the Essay before mentioned by Mr. Dawson Turner, and quite lately a series of sixteen of them have been reproduced by the Autotype Company. There is a fine collection of Crome's etchings in the British Museum, most of them being represented in two, three, and sometimes in four different states.

MARY M. HEATON.

EXAMPLES OF MODERN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

I. The Red House, Bayswater.

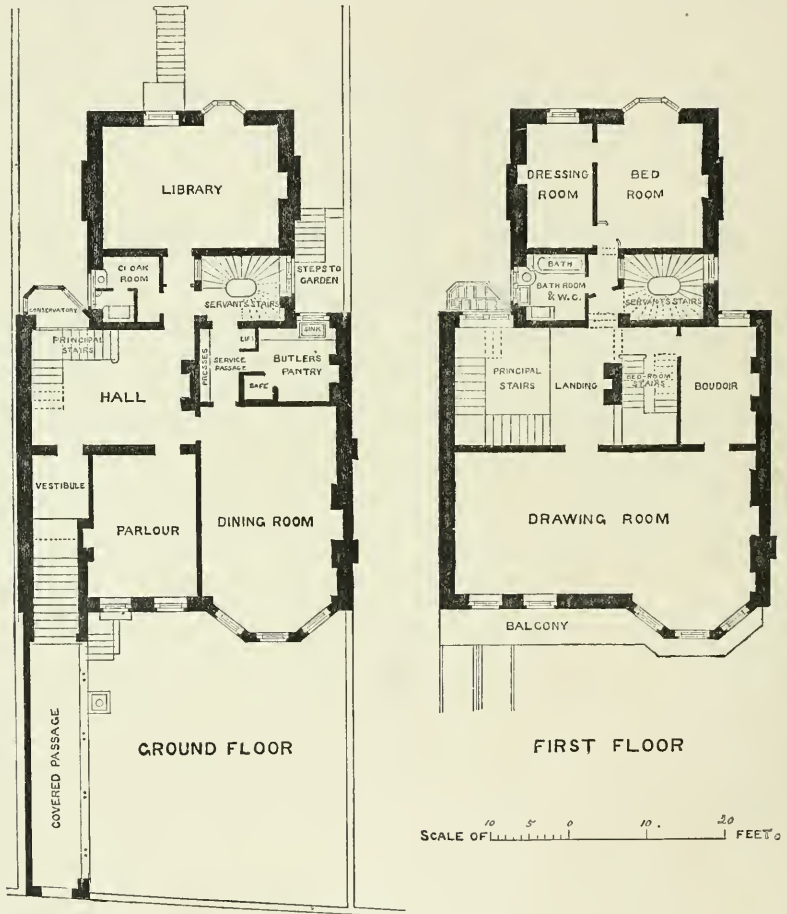
J. J. STEVENSON, *Architect.*

THESE notes on Modern Domestic Architecture are not intended to be critical. Where no standard of criticism exists, as is the case with modern architecture, any attempt at criticism would be fruitless, and if such a standard did exist, criticism by the present writer would be presumptuous. In the changes of fashion, which in modern times have continually influenced architectural style, the rules of form and proportion which governed classic and Italian work, and the true principles, as formulated by Pugin, which animated the architects of the Gothic Revival, have alike been left behind. No fresh standard has been set up, and it is probable that none ever will be. The knowledge of good and evil, the faculty of distinguishing between artistic work and the reverse in building, will not be reducible to a question of the rules and precedents of any particular style of past art. But though we are as far off as ever from the production of a new style with a new standard of criticism to fit it, good work, the work of an artist's brains and hands, in whatever style, or no-style, it may be, will always be sufficiently distinguishable. And in spite of the present chaotic state of taste in architectural matters; in spite of the eclecticism which seems to be daily reviving some old features, or introducing some fresh foreign elements, into our architecture; it is doubtful if any art has of late in this country made greater progress than architecture, and especially domestic architecture. This may seem a startling proposition to any one daily and hourly afflicted by looking on 'those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up, in mildewed forwardness, out of the kneaded fields about our capital; upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone; upon those gloomy rows of formalised minuteness, alike without fellowship and without difference,'* the work usually of the speculative builder, but only too frequently of the modern architect. It may well seem to such an one that domestic architecture is a lost art. He will think of the old-fashioned towns and villages he has seen at home and abroad, the picturesque gabled, half-timbered houses, with their projecting storeys, each house harmonising, yet contrasting, with its neighbours, or the warm-looking square red-brick houses of later date, so suggestive of homely comfort; and comparing these with the general aspect of our streets and suburbs, may be well pardoned for his incredulity when he is told that there is any such thing as modern domestic architecture worthy of the name. In truth there is but little; let us hope that it may leaven the lump. It cannot be said that there is much progress in house-building generally; but house-building is not architecture, though domestic architecture is house-building. Building is an art; architecture a fine art. The mere putting together of so much wood, stone, brick, and timber, as shall shelter a man or a family from the weather, is no more necessarily a fine art than making a suit of clothes. It is only when a high degree of utility is united to a high degree of beauty that building develops into architecture. And it must be admitted that by far the greater part of our

* Ruskin's 'Seven Lamps of Architecture.'

modern house-building has no claims to be considered architecture at all. It is with the remainder, with such house-building as can claim to be architectural that we shall have to do in these notes; not in a spirit of criticism, but to try to show what architects are doing, and what they are aiming at.

When an architect builds a house for himself—he shows us what he can do when uncontrolled by one of the chief governing influences which usually affect his work—a client. One

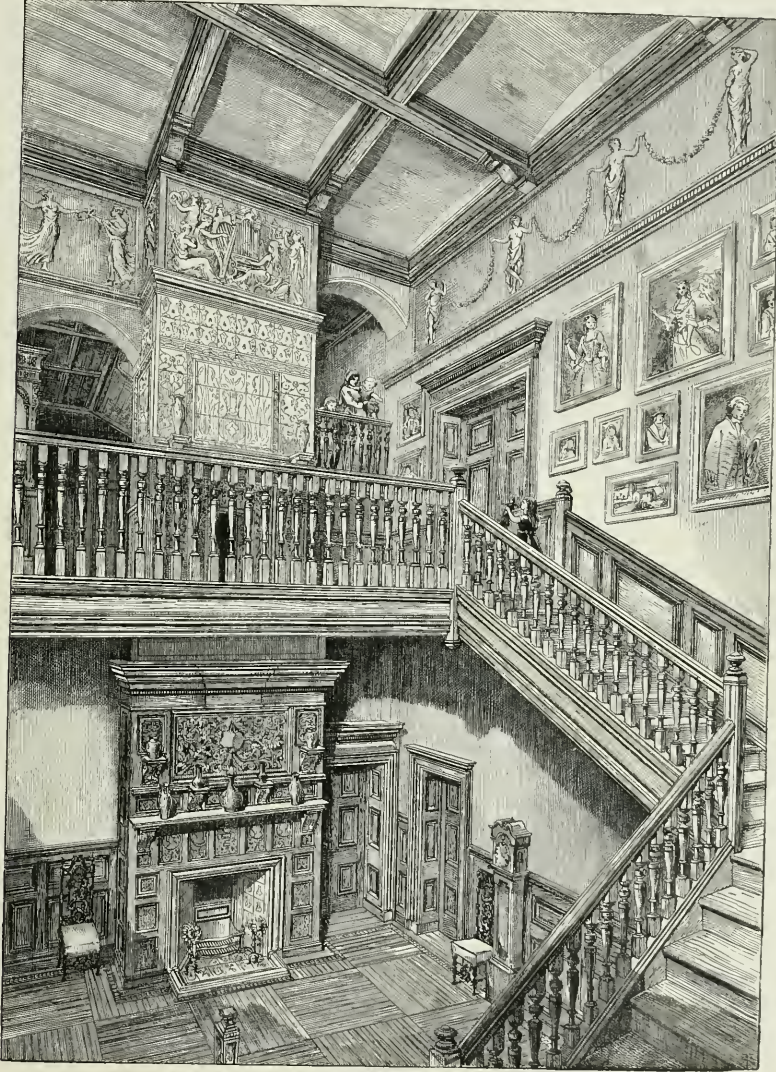


PLAN OF THE RED HOUSE, BAYSWATER.

constantly hears as a reason for this or that feature which seems open to objection about a building that Mr. A. or Mr. B., the client, would have it so. The other great controlling influence, cost, is of course not to be got rid of—architects are not often rich enough to set at nought considerations of expense. Still, when we see such a house as this of Mr. Stevenson, it is fair to assume at the outset that we are dealing with one built under somewhat exceptional advantages, and showing what its designer himself thinks good and appropriate, rather than his translation of somebody else's notions into bricks and mortar. It is hoped that this will be followed by other similar examples in these pages; for several of our leading architects

have lately shown their disbelief in the first part at least of the saying that 'fools build houses for wise men to live in,' by building houses for themselves.

The Red House is on the north side of Hyde Park, looking over Kensington Gardens.

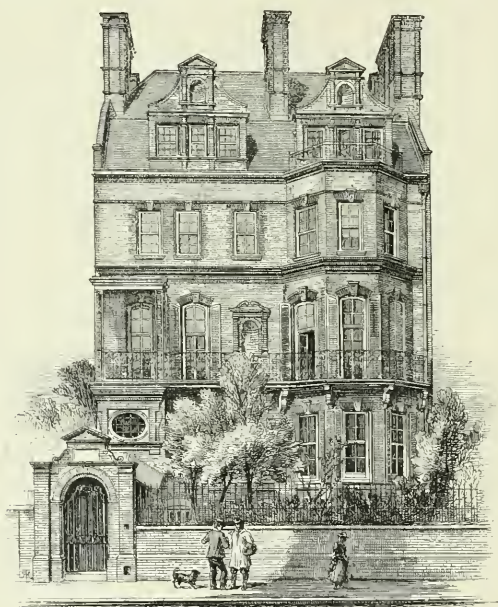


HALL AND STAIRCASE OF THE RED HOUSE, BAYSWATER.

It has the advantages of standing well back from the road, and possessing a garden both at front and back. The site was too wide according to conventional notions for one house, but not wide enough for two, and Mr. Stevenson has availed himself of this accident to introduce an appropriate novelty into the plan. The ordinary London house has its door on one side—two rooms one behind the other at the side of the passage, and generally a third

and smaller room at the back of the passage forming a projection at the back of about half the width of the site. This is practically the almost stereotyped arrangement for houses of about this size. It will be seen by the accompanying plans that in the Red House the projection at the back is central, and thus an area for light and air is obtained on each side of it, so that not only has the principal staircase the advantage of a good light even at the ground-floor level, but the secondary stairs on the other side are equally well lighted and aired directly from the outside. The extra width also gives a second small reception room in front, and allows of a good square hall with the principal staircase in it. It also permits the drawing-room on the first-floor to have its longest side against the outside front wall, instead of as is usual extending from the front to the back of the house.

While dealing with the plans, it should be explained that though, at first sight, it might appear that an unnecessary amount of space is taken up on the first floor by staircases, the principal stairs do not go higher than that floor; so that the space above them is economised,



THE RED HOUSE, BAYSWATER.

and forms a good bedroom on the floor above. In point of appearance, this arrangement of staircase is, in Mr. Stevenson's opinion, preferable to having two flights, one above the other visible from the hall.

The originality of the plan is, in itself, sufficient to mark a distinction between such a house as this and the ordinary builder's house. But, of course, the distinction does not end there. It is as apparent in all the details as in the general arrangement. The view of the hall and principal staircase will give some idea of the manner in which the whole of the interior is treated. The hall fireplace, with its tiled back and sides, and mantelpiece of carved and moulded oak, is a central feature, the panel above is of old oak carving, and the woodwork of the stairs is also of oak.

The sketch of the outside, which is taken from a photograph, scarcely does justice to the building. In the first place, the colour of the red-brick bands and arches, and of the red-tile roof, contrasting with the greyish brown of the stock-bricks, of which the plain surface of the

walls is built, and relieved by the white of the sashes and frames, cannot be given in black and white. The detail of all the mouldings is also, of course, lost; and the very charming wrought-iron work of the balconies cannot be seen on a drawing to so small a scale. But enough is shown to give a very fair notion of the outside of a kind of town-house now becoming not uncommon of the revival of which this was one of the earliest specimens.

Space will not allow of a full history of the movement which has caused the production of such houses in what is called the 'Queen Anne' style, which Mr. Stevenson prefers to call 'Free Classic.' But it is interesting to note that its chief promoters have been, in almost every instance, men who began their architectural careers in the school of the Gothic revival. Mr. Stevenson's earlier works are Gothic, but since the 'Queen Anne Revival,' or, as he has called it, the 'Re-renaissance,' began, he has been one of the leading exponents of the movement, both in practice and in theory, and is now perhaps its foremost literary supporter. He claims for it that it is the natural outcome of London materials and modes of work; that the traditions of such work have come down to us without that complete break which separates modern from mediæval Gothic; that such traditions still exist, though debased, in the vernacular mouldings and ornaments of the ordinary workman and builder, who, seeing their common methods of decoration improved and refined by artists, may be led to imitate the improved forms, and that such good forms may thus become common. Mr. Stevenson also holds that this style is suited to the common daily wants of English life; that the red-brick arches, bands, and strings, and the curved gables with their moulded copings, are not merely the cheapest, but the most appropriate forms of ornament for a brick building. That the stout sash bars and white frames do in a cheap yet appropriate way for the wall surface of these buildings what tracery did for Gothic; they prevent the windows from appearing from the outside to be mere holes or slits in the wall, and they give to the rooms inside a sense of comfort and inclosure. How far all these advantages exist in this style only need not here be discussed; but on one point at least the arguments of its supporters have certainly not yet been refuted. It cannot be denied that it lends itself well to the treatment of modern joiners' work in an artistic manner. The doors and windows, the panels and skirtings, of these houses have undoubtedly the advantage, both practically and artistically, over those designed in the days when the Gothic revival was in full force. The most ordinary woodwork appears in them to fit in and form a part of one harmonious whole. There is none of that fussiness and angularity which too often characterise the internal fittings of a modern Gothic house and cause a feeling of discomfort and uneasiness. Domestic architecture will thus always stand largely indebted to this revival, whether it be only a passing and temporary fashion, or a really lasting development of architectural style. It should surely be one of the chief aims of domestic architecture to be really homely. And though in some works of this school we occasionally find what seems to be the pursuit of ugliness for the sake of mere eccentricity, there is, on the whole, an amount of picturesqueness outside, combined with comfort inside, which must leave its mark on the artistic architecture of the day, and be an influence for good in the future.

HENRY COWELL BOYES.

FISHING-BOATS.

ETCHED BY GEORGE STRATON FERRIER.

MR. FERRIER is a young painter of Edinburgh, who has taken to etching for some time past and has produced plates executed with great simplicity of method, not a very common virtue in these days. The first of these which we publish, that in which the reader may perceive the funnel of a steamer, is called *Fishing-boats coming in from the Sea*, and the other represents *A Calm Day: Fishing-boats at Anchor*. Both subjects are taken, we believe, on one of the Scottish estuaries.

We hope that Mr. Ferrier will continue his studies in etching, without abandoning his present simplicity of purpose. Shipping of all kinds affords excellent material for the etcher, especially because the distinctions of tone from one plane to another may be well separated and the lines of cordage, &c., come naturally from the etching point. There is as good material on the Clyde and the Forth as any that was ever accessible to the old Dutchmen on the Y.

ART CHRONICLE.

M. STAMATAKES has at length published in the proceedings of the German Institute at Athens a detailed account of what he found in the ancient tomb between Argos and Mycene. To judge from the engravings which accompany the article, M. Stamatakes seems to be quite justified in classing this tomb along with the formerly known tombs at Sparta, and that of Agamemnon at Mycene. There is also in the last part of the proceedings of the German Institute at Athens for 1878, a very useful account of the position of the excavation at Olympia, with a map showing what has been done, and what still remains to be done.

Two hundred and fifty drawings have been lent by the National Gallery to the University of Oxford for the use of the students. It is now said that Mr. Ruskin has been persuaded to withdraw his resignation as Slade Professor. Perhaps when the time for re-election arrives he may again stand for the office.

MR. ALFRED HUNT has on the easel several fine landscapes in oil, including a view at Rokeby, in Yorkshire, a peculiar feature of which is the strong contrast between the grey limestone rock and the shades of dark green presented by the hazel, yew, and other trees, clinging to and springing from the cliff, a peculiar characteristic of Rokeby scenery. The mid-day light is reflected in the water of the Greta. The difficulty of rendering the bright light on the various shades of green has been successfully overcome. Mr. Hunt has also two drawings of Norwegian subjects, representing summer midnight above the Arctic circle, with some square-sailed trading boats gliding amongst the low shelves of rocky islands.

MR. WILFRID LAWSON has just executed some sketches in chalk of Mr. Henry Irving in his most effective parts, 'Louis XI.' and Dubosc in the 'Courrier of Lyons.' In both drawings the artist has rendered, with extreme fidelity, the facial power of expression, and significant gesture, which are Mr. Irving's striking characteristics.

MR. ARCHER has several portraits on hand, and a large picture entitled *A Sacrifice to Dionysus*. The high-priest stands by an altar, on which the fire is lit, whilst a youth leads the sacrificial goat towards it. On the right is a group dancing to the measures of a double flute, played by a seated figure in the foreground.

MR. JOHN PETTIE, R.A., is painting a picture, seven feet long, called *The Death Warrant*, in which a young prince refuses his signature to the sentence. The work is strongly conceived.

MR. ALMA TADEMA has three pictures in progress illustrative of old Roman manners, in which, as in other works of the artist, the life and spirit of a modern mind gives interest to classical subjects which would have been frigid under what is called 'classical' treatment. The most advanced picture of the three represents a Roman bath, in which a lady who is enjoying it with two companions, receives on her back the spray thrown from a bronze dolphin. This is likely to be one of the best works of the artist.

THE Exhibition of Pictures in Oil and Water-colour, just opened in the Albert Hall, may be regarded as a sign of the increasing interest in the Fine Arts felt by the general public. It might be supposed that this addition to our exhibitions was hardly needed, but this is a case resembling that of dramatic art, which gains in its specialities by the multiplication of theatres. So the minor exhibitions may favour minor specialities in painting. The Albert Hall affords a scope to rising candidates; new or only partially known names are to be found attached to works of real merit. Originality is always rare, but it is not absent from this exhibition; still there is more of intelligent study than fresh invention. The chief attractions are works by well-known artists, lent by the Queen and others, including some works by Wilkie, Landseer, and the late President of the Royal Academy. There are also pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton, of which an early work, *The Feigned Death of Juliet*, will be found interesting as an example of promise afterwards fulfilled. The exhibition includes a few etchings, autotypes, and paintings on china, *plaques*, paintings on ivory, carvings in wood, and sculpture.

THE Collection of Old Masters now exhibited at Burlington House comprises 258 oil-paintings and about 500 drawings. The greater number of the drawings are by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rembrandt, Albert Dürer, Rubens, and Claude; but there are also examples by Fra Bartolommeo, Fra Angelico, Annibale Carracci, and Giulio Romano. It has been rather generally the rule in exhibitions of drawings by Old Masters to find Leonardo da Vinci well represented, and the present is not an exception. There exists an abundance of



anatomical drawings by him, which is not surprising when we consider the especial interest which he took in studies of this kind. In the present exhibition there are twenty sheets of these drawings, all valuable to the student, but which cannot be so attractive to the mere lover of Art. In the greatest possible contrast to these is the large drawing (190) in black chalk heightened with white representing a Holy Family, the Virgin being seated on St. Anne's knee, with the infant Jesus and St. John by their side. Vasari says of this drawing, 'Finally he made a cartoon, whereon was our Lady with St. Anne and Christ, the which also made all artists to marvel, and when the work stood finished in a room, men and women, young and old, came during two days to see it as one goes to a solemn feast.' The work is a good way from complete finish, as may be seen by a glance at the feet. The seated figures of the Virgin and St. Anne recall two of the three figures of the Parthenon pediment, commonly known as the *Fates*. There is the same massive and noble form to a large degree, and the same breadth and dignity of drapery, but when the eye travels further up the figures, the comparison with Phidias fails. The infants, especially the Christ, remind one strongly of the Dresden cartoon of Raphael. Another of the many sides of Da Vinci's character is seen in the drawing, No. 192, representing a wolf in a boat and an eagle on a globe, —a sarcastic allusion to the struggle for supremacy between the Papacy and the Empire. The abundance of Leonardo's works in this country is counterbalanced by our poverty in those of Tintoret, from whose hand there is only one drawing in the present exhibition, and of that there is little to be said. By Michael Angelo there are no less than fifty drawings, almost all of them giving evidence of his great knowledge of human form and its anatomy. The impression they made upon us was less of human grace and geniality than of a strain to reach an unattainable ideal, combined with a certain sadness caused by its very unattainableness. A few may be specially mentioned, with the numbers of the catalogue. 252 is a figure of Isaiah, the study in pen and bistre for a fresco in the Sistine Chapel. The drapery is rendered in large and broad masses, as if representing velvet, and this presents a curious comparison with the olden treatment of draperies derived from classic times, when the materials were generally a fine linen or woollen stuff of no great weight. 255 is a *grisaille* of the Cartoon of Pisa, being a chiaroscuro drawing in bistre (oil). The Catalogue says, that no complete representation of the Cartoon of Pisa is in existence, and the composition of it is only known from this *grisaille*, which represents the principal part, and is a copy done by Bastiano di San Gallo. It is lent by the Earl of Leicester. 138 is a fragment in charcoal and black chalk of the cartoon for a fresco by Raphael in the Vatican, and shows the head of the horse whose rider has overthrown Heliodorus. It is a magnificent piece of work, quite worthy to be placed beside the marble head of a horse in the east pediment of the Parthenon, which all the world knows. The mane, of course, with its wild flow of hair, is very different from the short-cropped Athenian cut.

Amongst modern works we may mention an admirable study of a pine-apple by Turner, in pen and

water-colour, signed and dated 1821, quite enough to convince us that there is no necessity for setting apart subjects of this kind, with a certain contempt, to be painted only by skilful hands without minds to guide them.

We may now pass from the drawings to the oil-paintings, and still keep Turner in mind by noticing first his splendid picture of the *Falls of Schaffhausen*, finely composed, and powerful as a representation of falling water. There are several interesting Gainsboroughs: a portrait of a girl in a straw hat, remarkably firm in manner; a portrait of *Lady Whichcote*, with a beautifully-painted Pomeranian dog sitting beside her; and the *Pink Boy*, the treatment of which reminds one of the famous *Blue Boy*, except that it is less substantial. There are several portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the colouring of which appears to have faded rapidly, the glazing being gone, and having left only the *grisaille* on which Sir Joshua painted. This may be seen especially in No. 48, the portrait of *Kitty Reynolds*, where nothing but the under-painting remains. No. 116, a *Study of a Female Head*, is in much better preservation. Golden in colour, and more nearly Greek in outline than would be expected from Reynolds, this picture is very conspicuous from its peculiarly luminous quality. Of No. 173, a portrait of *Polly Kennedy*, Reynolds himself is reputed to have said that it was the finest thing, for grace and dignity, that he had ever done. No. 17, a portrait of *Charles James Fox*, is also in good condition, but its shadows are rather black and heavy.

Hogarth is seen to considerable advantage in Nos. 32 and 36, portraits of *Dr. Arnold* and of *Miss Arnold*. By this time Romney's portraits of Lady Hamilton are familiar to the English public. In No. 35 she appears as *Euphrosyne*. There is a good example of Raeburn, and there are two delightful little pictures by Jean Baptiste Chardin, Nos. 25 and 28, *The Cook* and *The Kitchen Maid*. The tones of grey running through the composition are most pleasant and the kitchen utensils are broadly and cleverly painted.

Amongst English landscapes deserving attention is No. 7, by Patrick Nasmyth, a road winding down a hill. A man on horseback is descending it. The picture is executed firmly, and with great truth to nature, the trees especially being forcible with the fulness of Hobbema's foliage. No. 40, by William Collins, R.A., a view on the sea-shore looking to the open sea with boats upon it, has a splendid effect of growing light stealing over water, beach, and cliff. 22 and 24 are charming little landscapes by John Constable; and No. 46, *The Brickmakers*, by David Teniers, is remarkable for its intense purity of colour. There are pictures by Franz Hals, Van der Helst, Rubens, Van Dyck, Jan Steen, Adrian Van Ostade, and others, with their usual characteristics, which are so well known that it would be superfluous to dwell upon them particularly. We may, however, single out No. 71, by Franz Hals, the portrait of a man standing, in a dark dress with a high ruff, and holding his gloves in his right hand. There is animation in every feature of the plain face, and a singular life in the pose of the figure. The treatment throughout has an intense realism, but there is an intelligent subduing of detail and a squareness of touch, the brushmarks showing in

the light so that the colour retains the freshness which results from that mastery of handling in which Franz Hals excelled.

The Italian school is fortunate in having a Titian amongst its representatives.—No. 136, *The Rape of Proserpine*. Pluto's car, drawn by four magnificent black horses, is crossing a river. Pluto, seated in the car, clasps Proserpine in his arms; in the distance there is a town close to the sea, and mountains. Nos. 182 and 194, by Sandro Botticelli, both represent the Virgin and Child. It is a little doubtful whether in reality there is much from the master's own brush in those pictures, though they are unmistakably in his own manner. No. 196, *Portrait of the Painter*, by Antonello da Messina, is a masterpiece, although evidently injured by overpainting. There is intense life in the blue eyes and much expression in the smiling mouth. No. 202, a portrait of a woman attributed to Piero della Francesca, is a profile. She wears a lace kerchief round her neck and a coral necklace; her dress being light blue. This painting is singularly sweet both in drawing and colour.

In Gallery V. Snyders carries off the palm. Never has *nature morte* been so magnificently painted. Snyders did for flowers, fruit, game, and vegetables, what Rubens did for flesh and drapery. In the same room are some fine Canalettos, *A View of Yarmouth*, by Vincent, and an admirably-painted grey Arab horse by James Ward, R.A.

We hope to notice next month the choice collection of miniatures which is one of the features of this Exhibition.

WE mentioned last month M. Quantin's new publication about Holbein, but had not time to describe it in detail. The book is in folio colombier, the size of 'L'Art,' and contains 184 pages of text by M. Paul Mantz, as well as 28 whole-page illustrations, chiefly etchings, and a great number of wood-cuts, &c., printed along with the type. Although it is what is called a *livre de luxe*, the work has been undertaken quite in a serious spirit by all concerned in its production. M. Paul Mantz, who appears to know English and German, has made use of the previous labours of Woltmann, Wornum, M. Edouard His, and others, giving the results succinctly, in a form suitable to French readers. M. Mantz does not advance any claims to the discovery of new facts, but says, without pretension, 'M. Alfred Woltmann sait à propos de son héros tout ce qu'il est possible de savoir.' Yet, although the present biographer does not give us any new facts, he has studied Holbein as far as possible for himself, and does not simply repeat the opinions of others. He has not seen all the Holbeins, or pretended Holbeins, in Europe; but the art of a master may be heartily appreciated without exhaustive knowledge of his *œuvre*. He combats the French notion that Holbein was nothing but an eminent portrait-painter. The portraits are a very important part of his production, but only a part. Was he realist or idealist? M. Mantz is of opinion that Holbein underwent some Italian influence, but that he remained to the end a faithful servant of the truth whenever he worked on a portrait. It is, we think, quite evident that the master was very sincere in his art; yet there is a certain purity in his

drawing which point to a subtle and delicate kind of idealisation in the direction suggested by the model himself. Of this we cannot judge perfectly, not having the models before our eyes. Holbein's way of dealing with nature in his compositions was generally in a high degree conventional, especially when he worked for wood-engraving. It would require a volume to go thoroughly into the analysis of Holbein's art so as to distinguish properly between naturalism, conventionalism, and the degree of idealism which he consciously or unconsciously admitted, and which elevates his art for us above the level of ordinary realism.

The illustrations in the volume before us are valuable. M. Lefort's etching from the portrait of Erasmus in the Louvre is a sound and conscientious piece of work, showing considerable technical power in the management of blacks, very nearly equal in intensity, yet different in quality; the grave and thoughtful face is drawn and modelled with the greatest care. The publisher has done well to give us, on the next page, a reproduction of Holbein's study for the hands, now amongst the drawings in the Louvre. The place of honour amongst the illustrations is occupied by an etching by M. Courty from Holbein's picture of his wife and children, now in the Museum at Bâle. The modelling of the flesh, especially of the woman's face and neck, is excellent, and the drawing very delicate; but although the intense blacks of the dress and background are managed with skill, we regret the necessity for them, and believe that the picture has darkened since it was painted. We like the clear portrait of Hans Holbein himself, copied by M. Edouard Lièvre quite with the decisive refinement of the master. M. Lièvre has been an industrious contributor to this volume, which owes to him the ten drawings of the Passion and the six costumes of women. A distinction is made in the Index, which describes the first as *d'après* and the second as *par* Edouard Lièvre. In the first we suppose that photogravure has been called in, whilst the others have been etched directly upon the copper. Photographic processes have also been used for some of the numerous type-printing illustrations, but not to the exclusion of wood-cuts, two of which deserve especial mention—the portrait of a young man by Pannemaker, and the *Falconer* by Léveillé.

THE letters of Eugène Delacroix, collected by M. Burty, and recently published by M. Quantin, are interesting, because Delacroix was himself an interesting character, and the form of the publication is what we in England should call a handsome library edition. Delacroix, however, was not naturally such a gifted letter-writer as so many of his countrymen have been. He says to one of his correspondents: 'Deux minutes de conversation en disent plus que cent volumes de lettres, où on ne dit jamais ce qu'on veut dire, et où tout vous vient quand la poste est partie.' A good letter-writer would never have said that, he would have been too fully conscious of his own power. Delacroix wrote literary articles occasionally, but they cost him great trouble and pains. 'Writing,' as he said to a friend, 'is a peculiar business which, like all others, requires much practice.' His literary work fatigued him, as he said, without the accompaniment

of pleasure, whereas painting was always his favourite pastime, as well as his profession.

Delacroix was generally a very hard worker, but his health was bad, and it sometimes happened that he could not spur himself to begin, though he always knew that if once he got to work, he would be heartily interested in his task at the end of the first half-hour. Being devoted to art, he felt it necessary to husband his strength for artistic production, and avoided going out in the evening. His philosophy of happiness was, that the best kind of happiness is to be satisfied with one's own conduct, but that when this is not attainable a second-rate sort of happiness may still be reached by devotion to work, which was his remedy for most of the ills of life. To this it may be answered that work, unluckily, only gives happiness when it is going on as it ought to do, and that a man who knows his work to be very defective, cannot be happy in the performance of it. Delacroix always had vast schemes of labour before him, ready prepared for realization. In the year 1856 he wrote to M. Théophile Silvestre:—

'I have compositions already prepared, perfectly determined and definitely arranged, ready for execution, enough to last two human lives; and as to projects of all sorts, that is to say, matter of a kind to occupy mind and hand, I have plenty for 400 years.'

The number of projects pressing for realization may have been amongst the causes which made Delacroix work so feverishly. He never had any calm, but was all his life as hurried and anxious as if he had suffered from constant pecuniary anxiety which, in his maturity, was spared to him.

Some of the most interesting letters in this collection give glimpses of life outside the painter's studio. Here is a fragment of a letter written at George Sand's country-house at Nohant:—

'The place is very agreeable, and my hosts do all they can to please me. When we are not together to dine, lunch, play at billiards, or walk out, the guest can remain in his own room and read, or idle on a sofa. Every now and then there comes through the open window a gust of music from Chopin, who plays by himself, and it mingles with the song of nightingales and the scent of roses.'

In another letter from the same place he complains that he is growing idle, and feels the need of work for its salutary effect on mind and body. 'It is strange,' he says, 'work is fatiguing, and yet the sort of activity which it gives to the mind is necessary even to the body. Notwithstanding a passion for billiards, which I practise daily, and conversations about everything that pleases me, notwithstanding music, which I catch, as it were, on the wing, I have felt the necessity for doing something.' So he set to work and stretched an unprimed canvas for himself, very clumsily as it appears, for he nailed and unnailed it five or six times.

Technical remarks occur rather frequently and are interesting. There is an observation about flower-painting in one letter which is worth quoting. Delacroix says that almost all the specialists who paint flowers are carried away by a predominance of detail (which is very true); and he made some experiments in flower-painting for himself in which he subordinated details to the *ensemble* as much as he possibly could,

There is a very valuable letter to Thoré about Bonington, whom Delacroix most warmly admired:

'In my opinion,' he says, 'we may find in other modern artists qualities of strength or precision superior to those in the works of Bonington, but no one in the modern school, and perhaps no one before him, ever possessed that lightness of execution which (especially in water colour) makes his works like diamonds which flatter and delight the eye independently of subject-matter or imitation.'

'I was never weary of admiring his marvellous intelligence of effect and the facility of his execution—not that he was soon satisfied, on the contrary, he often repainted parts which were entirely finished and which appeared marvellous to us, but so great was his skill that he immediately found new effects under his brush as charming as the first. He made use of all sorts of details which he had found in the masters and fitted them into his own composition with great address. Figures may be found in his works which are almost entirely borrowed from pictures that everybody can see, but this did not disturb him in the least. This habit takes away nothing from the merit of his works, the details so borrowed never remind us of a *pastiche*.'

The illustrations to the volume include a portrait of Delacroix, three chromolithographs of his palette, and facsimiles of some letters. The first palette is that used by the master on leaving Guérin's studio; the second that prepared for painting his well-known picture, *The Massacre of Scio*; and the third is the one prepared for the work he executed in the *Salon de la Paix* at the Hôtel de Ville. We have not space to analyse them here, but may observe that Delacroix did not restrict himself to few pigments. There are nineteen on the first palette, and twenty-one on the second, whilst the third contains twenty-one pigments and twenty-four mixed tints. This is far indeed from the practice of Reynolds. The list includes most of the well-known pigments besides the *Laque rouge de Rome*, and the *Laque jaune de Gande*. Many other art matters are touched upon incidentally in the present volume, but M. Burty intends to give it a successor in which the opinions of Delacroix on art matters will be much more fully expressed. We may note one thing, his strong belief in the good of scraping out and painting over again passages which are not perfectly satisfactory. He looked upon the scraper as one of the most valuable tools in an artist's possession. How different this is from the unpractical theory that oil painting does not admit of correction!

A MEETING was held at the Grosvenor Gallery on the 1st of February, to consider the state of the law on artistic copyright and the suggestions of the Royal Commission. The present state of the law is briefly this: A picture is painted, and until it is sold the copyright of it belongs to the artist, but if he sells the picture he loses the copyright, unless he has reserved it by written agreement, and yet, at the same time, it does not vest in the purchaser, unless there is an agreement signed in his favour; so that if the formality of written agreements about copyright is neglected at a sale, it is simply annihilated. The remedy against the annihilation of copyright proposed by the Royal Commission would be efficacious for that particular purpose, though it is objectionable on other grounds. They propose that, in the absence of a written agreement to the contrary, the copyright of a work of art should, in all cases, belong to the purchaser. This

does not satisfy the artists, who, with Sir Coutts Lindsay, maintain that the copyright should remain with the producer, an exception being made in the case of portraits, the person who commissions the portrait being the proper owner of the right of reproducing it, because a man ought to have a control over the degree of publicity to be given to his own features. The Commissioners propose the compulsory registration of all works sold, and the artists rebel against this as vexatious. Sir Coutts Lindsay says, 'Artists produce important works where registration is perfectly advisable, but they also produce what are vulgarly called "Pot-boilers," whose registration would not only be a heavy tax on the artist, but a most unbearable burden in other respects, and I think the proposal would be quite unworkable.' It may not be of much use to argue about natural rights. We are perfectly aware that copyright is nothing but a privilege granted by the State for the protection of authors and artists; but it seems hard, since the State does recognise what is called copyright that the purchaser of a chattel should have another and a distinct property bestowed upon him without paying for it. It may be answered that the value of works of art would be enhanced if the copyright vested in the purchaser, but in most cases it would be less valuable to the purchaser than to the painter, as he would be less likely to make commercial use of it, whilst, as Sir Coutts Lindsay pointed out, the artist under such an arrangement would probably get little efficacious protection against piracy, as 'not one in a hundred of the dilettante purchasers would protect him.' The Commissioners purpose to make the enjoyment of copyright the same as to duration in literature, art, and the drama, namely, during life and for thirty years after death. On the whole we think that their proposals, if adopted, would be an improvement upon the present anomalous state of things; but we are at the same time quite convinced that a far more equitable plan would be to hold that an artist has two distinct properties in his work, namely, the copyright and the material object, and to consider both as belonging to him until he has formally disposed of both.

A MEMORIAL has been presented to Her Majesty's Government by the Royal Academy of Arts, which is a strong protest against the proposition of the Royal Commissioners with regard to Artistic Copyright. The following are its most essential points.

The present state of the law is admitted to be unsatisfactory, because when under the present arrangement the copyright lapses, as it generally does, any person who surreptitiously or otherwise obtains a copy or photograph of a picture 'may make an engraving from it, in which engraving, however bad it may be in execution, and therefore harmful to the reputation of the painter, he can secure a copyright, and the profits of such ill-gotten property are enjoyed without fear of disturbance from either the painter or the purchaser of the picture, who are both powerless to interfere.' The Academicians protest against what is conveyed by the statement that the Bill of 1869 was prepared 'by direction of the Council of Art, Manufactures, and Commerce, in consequence of a Memorial having been presented to the Council by a considerable number of the most eminent artists and publishers resident in

London.' It appears that the Memorial in question was presented to the Council three years before the date of the Bill, and that the unanimous desire of the whole body of artists is diametrically opposed to the provisions of the Bill.

With regard to the proposal of the Commissioners, that copyright shall vest in the purchaser unless the artist formally retains it by using the law of contract, the Academicians observe that the privilege would be practically useless. 'Artists,' they say, 'are in peculiar relations with purchasers, and they, as a rule, cannot at the moment of sale enter without constraint into all the details that would be necessary to protect their interests . . . they hesitate to obtrude in every sale of a picture business details which would bring results in a small proportion of cases only.' In a word, the present Memorial confesses that artists as a class are too timid when confronted with purchasers to protect their own interests when the law throws upon them the *onus* of protection.

'If under the present law the copyright is usually lost to the artist because he *dreads* raising the question at the time of the sale of his pictures, it is futile to suppose he would be *more adventurous* under the proposed new order of things, when his request would be nothing less than a demand upon the purchaser to remit property attaching to his purchase by law.'

The Academicians then declare that the proposal of the Commissioners, if it became law, would be a *virtual deprivation of copyright*. Another result which they foresee is that it would affect the artist's future use of his own sketches and studies.

'We ask that, in the event of the sale of the copyright by the artist, the transaction should not prejudicially affect his ownership in the sketches and studies connected with the picture in question. Under the present law, freedom in the use of these sketches and studies is lost to the artist when copyright in the finished picture is owned by another person. If, therefore, the copyright passed by the silent operation of the law, and, as a matter of course, to the purchasers of pictures, the artist would live in doubt, and incur grave and harassing liabilities in connexion with all the property in his studio—the accumulation of a lifetime, in the shape of sketches, studies, and of unfinished and put-aside canvases.'

Lastly, the Academicians insist that the privileges of copyright should be in the hands of those who can best use them for the benefit of the community, and that the artist himself is the person who is most likely to look well to the quality of reproduction. They would protect the commissioner of a portrait picture against copies of any size and in any material, and against the publication and sale of engravings or prints of any kind, or of photographs from this portrait.

After having read this Memorial of the Academicians with the closest attention we heartily endorse it, and hope that it may favourably affect the impending alteration in the law. It is difficult to understand why our legislators, under pretext of protecting the rights and interests of a class, should only vex and irritate it. The whole body of artists is at the present moment in a state of indignation against the proposal of the Commissioners, which they look upon as the privation of a natural right. If copyright is to exist at all, surely it ought to belong to the originator of the work, to him who first conceived the idea, and first presented it in a form intelligible to others.



ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.



XIV.—ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

Worried.

ETCHED BY L. RICHTON.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Nicol is best known as a painter of Irish character, he is of Scottish origin, having been born at Leith in 1825. He was impelled to the study of art by a natural instinct, having been fond of drawing from the time he could hold a pencil; so fond of it, indeed, that at every opportunity he neglected everything else for its pursuit.

'My father's means,' says Mr. Nicol, 'would not admit of my adopting art as a profession, nor was it his wish that I should attempt to do so under any circumstances, it being then considered an especially precarious occupation. I was not to be put off, however; and as next best thing, though against my father's inclination, I was placed as an apprentice to a decorative painter, but left this uncongenial occupation as soon as I found I could earn something by my pencil.'

Mr. Nicol received his art-education at the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, under the late Sir William Allen and Mr. Thomas Duncan. Here he was admitted as a student before he had completed his thirteenth year. The rule was, that no student was admissible before the age of fourteen; but young Nicol had the advantage of looking older than he really was, and to quote his own words, 'As admission was at that time the height of my ambition I stretched the point.' Here is one instance the more to prove what cobwebs are forms of declaration to the ambitious.

About the age of twenty Mr. Nicol went to live in Dublin, where he remained four years. He afterwards rambled through Ireland, and these experiences ultimately led to his adoption of the life and character of that country as his peculiar field of study. His first success was with a series of six subjects of Irish character, exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in the year 1851. He then settled in Edinburgh, and became a constant exhibitor there, being soon elected an Associate and afterwards an R.S.A.

In 1863 Mr. Nicol came to settle in London, and became a constant contributor to the Royal Academy. His work was as much appreciated in England as it had been before in Scotland, and he was elected A.R.A. three years after his arrival in London.

The qualities of Mr. Nicol's art are so well known that it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon them. The first of them is evidently humour, a keen but not at all unkindly perception of what is ridiculous in people who are not in the least aware that there is anything amusing about them. For example, in the picture before us, *Worried*, we have an elderly gentleman who is by himself in his room and has no notion that he is observed by all Mr. Nicol's public. This we take to be a main element of Mr. Nicol's humour; he affords us the amusement of watching people as they are in unguarded moments—often in anxiety, embarrassment, or anger. This elderly gentleman has to find a solution to a difficulty; but for the present he evidently

does not see his way. Is it a money difficulty? Very probably; but this we are left to conjecture. However this may be, it is evident that the whole force of a very large brain is concentrated on one troublesome subject, and we are cruel enough to be amused at it. Yes, Mr. Nicol is so far a disciple of La Rochefoucauld as to know that there is something not wholly displeasing to us in the misfortunes of others. Again, he is well aware that startling truth of representation is amusing in itself. When people see any living thing, even a pig, imitated with intense truth, they smile with pleasure. Mr. Nicol will paint the various articles of dress which go to make up the costume of an Irish farmer—battered hat, brilliant neckerchief, well-worn corduroys, and patched coat—so that it seems as if we saw the very things themselves. Imitation pushed to that degree may not be precisely high art, but Mr. Nicol well knows its value as an element of humorous painting, and this, we suppose, is the reason why he has adopted it.

Amongst the best-known pictures of this artist are the following:—*Did it pout with its Bessie? The Hope of the Family; The renewal of the Lease refused; Waiting for the Train; Among the Old Masters; A Deputation; Missed it; Payin' the Rent; Both Puzzled* (engraved); *A Country Booking Office; A China Merchant; The Cross Roads; A Disputed Boundary; Pro Bono Publico; Steady, Whinnie, steady* (engraved); *Past Work; A Dander after the Rain; The New Vintage; Always tell the truth* (engraved); *The Sabbath Day* (engraved); *A Storm at Sea; Looking out for a safe investment* (engraved); *The Missing Boat; His Legal Adviser; Unwillingly to School; Under a cloud; A Colorado Beetle*; and *The lonely Tenant of the Glen*.

OXFORD.

IV. *Jacobean Oxford.*

THE gardens of Wadham College on a bright morning in early spring are a scene in which the memory of old Oxford pleasantly lingers, and is easily revived. The great cedars throw their secular shadow on the ancient turf, the chapel forms a beautiful background; the whole place is exactly what it was two hundred and sixty years ago. The stones of Oxford walls, when they do not turn black and drop off in flakes, assume tender tints of the palest gold, red, and orange. Along a wall, which looks so old that it may well have formed a defence of the ancient Augustinian priory, the stars of the yellow jasmine flower abundantly. The industrious hosts of the bees have left their cells, to labour in this first morning of spring; the doves coo, the thrushes are noisy in the trees. All breathes of the year's renewal, and of the coming April; and all that gladdens us may have gladdened some indolent scholar in the time of King James.

In the reign of the first Stuart king of England, Oxford became the town that we know. Even in Elizabeth's days, could we ascend the stream of the centuries, we should find ourselves much at home in Oxford. The earliest trustworthy map, that of Agas (1578), is worth studying, if we wish to understand the Oxford that Elizabeth left, and that the architects of James embellished, giving us the most interesting examples of collegiate buildings, which are both stately and comfortable. Let us enter Oxford by the Iffley Road, in the year 1578. We behold, as Agas enthusiastically writes:

- 'A citie seated, rich in everything,
Girt with wood and water, meadow, corn, and hill.'

The way is not bordered, of course, by the long, straggling streets of rickety cottages, which now stretch from the bridge half way to Cowley and Iffley. The church called by ribalds 'the boiled rabbit,' from its peculiar shape, lies on the right; there is a gate in the city wall, on the place where the road now turns to Holywell. At this time the walls still existed, and

ran from Magdalen past 'St. Mary's College, called Newe,' through Exeter, through the site of Mr. Parker's shop, and all along the south side of Broad Street to St. Michael's, and Bocardo Gate. There the wall cut across to the Castle. On the southern side of the city, it skirted Corpus and Merton Gardens, and was interrupted by Christ Church. Probably if it were possible for us to visit Elizabethan Oxford, the walls and the five castle towers would seem the most curious features in the place. Entering the East Gate, Magdalen and Magdalen Grammar School would be familiar objects. St. Edmund's Hall would be in its present place, and Queen's would present its ancient Gothic front. It is easy to imagine the change in the High Street which would be produced by a Queen's not unlike Oriel, in the room of the highly classical edifice of Wren. All Souls would be less remarkable; at St. Mary's we should note the absence of the 'scandalous image' of Our Lady over the door. At Merton the fellows' quadrangle did not yet exist, and a great wood-yard bordered on Corpus. In front of Oriel was an open space with trees, and there were a few scattered buildings, such as Peckwater's Inn (on the site of 'Peck'), and Canterbury College. Tom Quad was stately but incomplete. Turning from St. Mary's, past B. N. C., we miss the attics in Brasenose front, we miss the imposing Radcliffe, we miss all the quadrangle of the schools, except the Divinity school, and we miss the Theatre. If we go down South Street, past Ch. Ch. we find an open space where Pembroke stands. Where Wadham is now, the most uniform, complete, and unchanged of all the colleges, there are only the open pleasancess, and perhaps a few ruins of the Augustinian priory. St. John's lacks its inner quadrangle, and Balliol, in place of its new buildings, has its old delightful grove. As to the houses of the town, they are not unlike the tottering and picturesque old roofs and gables of King Street.

To the Oxford of Elizabeth's reign, then, the founders and architects of her successor added, chiefly, the schools-quadrangle, with the great gate of the five orders, a building beautiful, as it were, in its own despite. They added a smaller curiosity of the same sort, at Merton, they added Wadham, perhaps their most successful achievement. Their taste was a medley of new and old, they made a not uninteresting effort to combine the exquisiteness of Gothic decoration, with the proportions of Greek architecture. The tower of the five orders reminds the spectator, in a manner, of the style of Milton. It is rich and overloaded, yet its natural beauty is not abated by the relics out of the great treasures of Greece and Rome, which are built into the mass. The Ionic and Corinthian pillars are like the Latinisms of Milton, the double-gilding which once covered the figures and emblems of the upper part of the tower, gave them the splendour of Miltonic ornament. 'When King James came from Woodstock to see this quadrangular pile, he commanded the gilt figures to be whitened over,' because they were so dazzling, or, as Wood expresses it, 'so glorious and splendid that none, especially when the sun shone, could behold them.' How characteristic of James is this anecdote! He was by no means *le roi-soleil*, as courtiers called Louis XIV., as divines called the pedantic Stuart. It is easy to fancy the King, issuing from the Library of Bodley, where he has been turning over books of theology, prosing, and displaying his learning for hours. The rheumy, blinking eyes are dazzled in the sunlight, and he peevishly commands the gold-work to be 'whitened over.' Certainly the translators of the Bible were but ill-advised when they compared his Majesty to the rising sun in all his glory.

James was rather fond of visiting Oxford and the royal residence at Woodstock. We shall see that his Court, the most dissolute, perhaps, that England ever tolerated, corrupted the manners of the students. On one of his Majesty's earliest visits, he had a chance of displaying the penetration of which he was so proud. James was always finding out something or somebody, till it almost seems as if people had discovered that the best way to flatter him was to try to deceive him. In 1604, there was in Oxford a certain Richard Haydock, a Bachelor of Physic. This Haydock practised his profession during the day like other mortals, but varied from the kindly race of men, by a pestilent habit of preaching all night. It was Haydock's contention that he preached unconsciously in his sleep, when he

would give out a text with the greatest gravity, and declare such sacred matters as were revealed to him in slumber, 'his preaching coming by revelation.' Though people went to hear Haydock, they were chiefly influenced by curiosity. 'His auditory were willing to silence him by pulling, haling, and pinching him, yet would he pertinaciously persist to the end, and sleep still.' The King was introduced into Haydock's bedroom, heard him declaim, and next day cross-examined him in private. Awed by the royal acuteness, Haydock confessed that he was a humbug, and that he had taken to preaching all night by way of getting a little notoriety, and because he felt himself to be 'a buried man in the University.'

That a man should hope to get reputation by preaching all night is itself a proof that the University, under James, was too theologically minded. When has it been otherwise? The religious strife of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, was not asleep; the troubles of Charles's time were beginning to stir. Oxford was as usual an epitome of English opinion. We see the struggle of the wildest Puritanism, of Arminianism, of Pelagianism, of a dozen 'isms,' which are dead enough, but have left their pestilent progeny to disturb a place of religion, learning, and amusement. By whatever names the different sects were called, men's ideas and tendencies were divided into two easily recognisable classes. Calvinism and Puritanism on one side, with the Puritanic haters of letters and art, were opposed to Catholicism in germ, to literature, and mundane studies. How difficult it is to take a side in this battle, where both parties had one foot on firm ground, the other in chaos, where freedom, or what was to become freedom of thought, was allied with narrow bigotry, where culture was chained to superstition!

As early as 1606, Mr. William Laud, B.D., of St. John's College, began to disturb the University. The young man preached a sermon which was thought to look Romewards. Laud became *suspect*; it was thought a 'scandalous' thing to give him the usual courteous greetings in the street or in the college quadrangle. From this time the history of Oxford, for forty years, is mixed up with the history of Laud. The divisions of Roundhead and of Cavalier have begun. The majority of the undergraduates are on the side of Laud; and the Court, the citizens, and many of the elder members of the University, are with the Puritans.

The Court and the King, we have said, were fond of being entertained in the College halls. James went from libraries to academic disputations, thence to dinner, and from dinner to look on at comedies played by the students. The Cambridge men did not care to see so much royal favour bestowed on Oxford. When James visited the University in 1641, a Cambridge wit produced a remarkable epigram. For some mysterious reason the playful fancies of the sister University have never been greatly admired at Oxford, where the brisk air, men flatter themselves, breeds nimbler humours. Here is part of the Cantab's epigram:—

'To Oxenford the King has gone,
With all his mighty peers,
That hath in peace maintained us,
These five or six long years.'

The poem maunders on for half-a-dozen lines, and 'loses itself in the sands,' like the River Rhine, without coming to any particular point or conclusion. How much more lively is the Oxford couplet on the King, who, being bored by some amateur theatricals, twice or thrice made as if he would leave the hall, where men failed dismally to entertain him.

""The King himself did offer,"—"What, I pray?"
"He offered twice or thrice—to go away!"

As a result of the example of the Court, the students began to wear love-locks. In Elizabeth's time, when men wore their hair 'no longer than their ears,' long locks had been a mark, says Wood, of 'swaggerers.' Drinking and gambling were now very fashionable,



H. TOUSSAINT sculp.

undergraduates were whipped for wearing boots, while 'Puritans were many and troublesome,' and Laud publicly declared (1614) that 'Presbyterians were as bad as Papists.' Did Laud, after all, think Papists so very bad? In 1617 he was President of his college, St. John's, on which he set his mark. It is to Laud and to Inigo Jones that Oxford owes the beautiful garden-front, perhaps the most lovely thing in Oxford. From the gardens,—where for so many summers the beauty of England has rested in the shadow of the chestnut-trees, amid the music of the chimes, and in air heavy with the scent of the acacia flowers,—from the gardens, Laud's building looks rather like a country-house than a college.

If St. John's men have lived in the University too much as if it were a large country-house, if they have imitated rather the Toryism than the learning of their great Archbishop, the blame is partly Laud's. How much harm to study he and Waynflete have unwittingly done, and how much they have added to the romance of Oxford! It is easy to understand that men find it a weary task to read, in sight of the beauty of the groves of



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Magdalen and of St. John. When Kubla Khan 'a stately pleasure-house decreed,' he did not mean to settle students there, and to ask them for metaphysical essays, and for Greek and Latin prose compositions. Kubla Khan would have found a palace to his desire in the gardens of Laud, or where Cherwell, 'meandering with a mazy motion,' stirs the green weeds, and flashes from the mill-wheel, and flows to the Isis through meadows white and purple with fritillaries.

'And here are gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossoms many an incense-bearing tree;'

but here is scarcely the proper training-ground of first-class men!

Oxford returned to her ancient uses in 1625. Soon after the accession of Charles I., the plague broke out in London, and Oxford entertained the Parliament, as six hundred years before she had received the Witan. There seemed something ominous in all that Charles did in his earlier years,—the air, or men's minds, was full of the presage of fate. It was observed that the House of Commons met in the Divinity School, and that the place seemed to have infected

them with theological passion. After 1625 there was never a Parliament but had its committee, to discuss religion, and to stray into the devious places of divinity. The plague pursued Charles to Oxford. In those days, and long afterwards, it was a common complaint that the citizens built rows of poor cottages within the walls, and that these cottages were crowded by dirty and indigent people. Plague was bred almost yearly at Oxford, and Charles really seems to have improved the sanitary arrangements of the city.

Laud, the president of St. John's, became, by some intrigue, Chancellor of the University. He made Oxford many presents of Greek, Chinese, Hebrew, Latin, and Arab MSS. There may have been—let us hope there were—quiet bookworms who enjoyed these gifts, while the town and University were bubbling over with religious feuds. People grumbled that 'Popish darts were whet afresh on a Dutch grindstone.' A series of anti-Romish and anti-Royal sermons and pamphlets, followed as a rule by a series of recantations, kept men's minds in a ferment. The good that Laud did by his gifts—and he was a munificent patron of learning—he destroyed by his dogmatism. Scholars could not decipher Greek texts while they were torturing biblical ones into arguments for and against the opinions of the Chancellor. What is the true story about the gorgeous vestments which were found in a box in the house of the president of St. John's, and which are now preserved in the library of that College? Did they belong to the last of the old Catholic presidents of what was Chichele's College of St. Bernard before the Reformation? Were they, on the other hand, the property of Laud himself? It has been said that Laud would not have known how to wear them. Fancy sees him treasuring that bright ecclesiastical raiment, *πέπλοι παμπούκιλοι*, in some place of security. At night, perhaps, when candles were lit and curtains drawn, and he was alone, he may have arrayed himself in the gorgeous chasuble before the mirror, as Hetty wore her surreptitious finery. 'There is a great deal of human nature in man.' If Laud really strutted in solitude, draped rather at random in these vestments, the ecclesiastical gear is even more interesting than the thin ivory-headed staff which supported him on his way to the scaffold; more curious than the diary in which he recorded the events of night and day, of dreaming hours and waking. In the library at St. John's they show his bust—a tarnished, gilded work of art. He has a neat little cocked-up moustache, not like a prelate's; the face is that of a Bismarck without strength of character.

In speaking of Oxford before the civil war, let us not forget that true students and peaceable men found a welcome retreat beyond the din of theological factions. Lord Falkland's house was within ten miles of the town. 'In this time,' says Clarendon, in his immortal panegyric, 'in this time he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polished men of the University, who found such an immenseness of wit and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study; and to examine and refine those grosser propositions, which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.'

The signs of the times grew darker. In 1636 the King and Queen visited Oxford, 'with no applause.' In 1640 Laud sent the University his last present of manuscripts. He was charged with many offences. He had repaired crucifixes; he had allowed the 'scandalous image' to be set up in the porch of St. Mary's; and Alderman Nixon, the Puritan grocer, had seen a man bowing to the scandalous image, so he declared. In 1642 Charles asked for money from the Colleges, for the prosecution of the war with the Parliament. The beautiful old College plate began its journey to the melting-pot. On August 9th the scholars armed themselves. There were two bands of musqueteers, one of pikemen, one of halberdiers. In the reign of Henry III. the men had been on the other side. Magdalen bridge was blocked up with heaps of wood. Stones, for the primitive warfare of the time, were transported to the top

of Magdalen tower. The stones were never thrown at any foemen. Royalists and Roundheads in turn occupied the place; and while grocer Nixon fled before the Cavaliers, he came back and interceded for All Souls' College (which dealt with him) when the Puritans wished to batter the graven images on the gate. On October 29th the King came, after Edgehill fight, the court assembled, and Oxford was fortified. The place was made impregnable in those days of feeble artillery. The author of the '*Gesta Stephani*' had pointed out, many centuries before, that Oxford, if properly defended, could never be taken, thanks to the network of streams that surrounds her. Though the citizens worked grudgingly and slowly, the trenches were at last completed. The earthworks—a double line—ran in and out of the interlacing streams. A Parliamentary force on Headington Hill seems to have been unable to play on the city with artillery. Barbed arrows were served out to the scholars, who formed a regiment of more than six hundred men. The Queen held her little court in Merton, in the Warden's lodgings. Clarendon gives rather a humorous account of the discontent of the fine ladies:—'The town was full of lords (besides those of the Council), and of persons of the best quality, with very many ladies, who, when not pleased themselves, kept others from being so.' Oxford never was so busy and so crowded; letters, society, war, were all confused; there were excursions against Brown at Abingdon, and alarms from Fairfax on Headington Hill. The siege, from May 22nd to June 5th, was almost a farce. The Parliamentary generals 'fought with perspective glasses.' Neither Cromwell at Wytham, nor Brown at Wolvercot, pushed matters too hard. When two Puritan regiments advanced on Hinksey, Mr. Smyth blazed away at them from his house. As in Zululand, any building made a respectable fort, when cannon-balls had so little penetrative power or when artillery was not at the front. Oxford was surrendered, with other places of arms, after Naseby, and—Presbyterians became heads of Colleges!

A. LANG.

GOYA.

IF the reader visited the Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1878, he will probably not have failed to pass at least some hours in the 'Retrospective' which occupied the galleries of the Trocadéro, and it is just possible that he may remember a series of pictures by Goya, the property of Baron Erlanger, which were kindly lent by him in order to give the Parisian public, and foreigners from beyond the sea, such as the islanders from the British Archipelago, an opportunity of deriving moral and æsthetic benefit from the works of the successor of Velasquez. Many visitors, insufficiently prepared by previous studies in the fine arts to make use of so desirable an opportunity, allowed their attention to be absorbed by some pretty bedsteads and other curious objects, and then descended the staircase, which was close at hand, without ever casting a glance upon the famous 'frescoes' by Goya, which were all hung together at a convenient height above the eye. Some stopped to look at them, because they had been mentioned in the newspapers, and it was interesting to listen to remarks which in some cases expressed a laudable desire to believe what the speakers humbly imagined that they ought to believe. 'These,' said an English gentleman in my hearing to his ladies, 'these are the famous frescoes, you know, of the great Spanish artist, Goya, of whom, no doubt, you will have heard. They are considered very fine, but I don't quite—let me see—really, you know, there are often many things in the works of great artists which we do not quite grasp just at first, but they are fine, very fine indeed; perhaps the light is not quite good enough for them here.' He and the ladies gazed on the celebrated 'frescoes' for a few minutes, evidently from a sense of duty, with eyes expressive of veneration, combined with a sense of personal insufficiency, and then, having thus silently paid their tribute to a celebrity they could not understand, they meekly went their way.

Goya has, indeed, been so much written up by Continental critics during the last ten or

twenty years, that it requires a certain courage to say the truth about him. The successor of Velasquez has been lifted up to the rank of a great master, and since, on the Continent, the great masters are not to be criticised but only worshipped, their position is almost unassailable. I do not know that there can be any more deplorable superstition in the fine arts than this blind adoration of famous names. What is fame? It is nothing but a noise made by talkers and writers, and if other talkers and writers were to be cowed by it into respectful silence, they would be like watch-dogs afraid to bark because other dogs had barked in the next farm. The opinions of critics, however celebrated they may be, are simply, even when sincere, the expression of their own private and personal feelings, and are utterly destitute of authority. The opinions of artists may seem at first somewhat more formidable, because an artist knows something positive and practical, but a little reflection would convince the most timid that he may live in serene independence of their opinions also if he likes, for whatever one artist paints or says, you can always find another of equal rank to declare in plain terms that he is an idiot or something worse. For example, Eugène Delacroix had a passionate admiration for Goya, and condemned himself to the slavery of copying eighty of Goya's ugliest etchings, first taking each plate as a whole and then copying parts of it separately, so that it may seem at first sight as if we ought to bow down to his opinion; but was there not another painter, called Ingres, who looked upon that same Eugène Delacroix as a demon from the pit, and had the windows opened when he had passed through a room to get rid of the sulphureous emanations?

That delicate reference by M. Ingres to the infernal regions recalls me to the point from which I started—the exhibition of the ‘frescoes’ in Paris, in which the demoniacal element is very strong. It was often strong in Goya's works, but we shall have more to say of it later. The first remark to be made is, that the celebrated ‘frescoes’ are not frescoes at all, but simply oil paintings. M. Yriarte tells us, in his biography of the painter, that he decorated his country-house with these inventions, and executed them directly upon the wall. When he wrote his book, a successful but expensive attempt had been made to remove one mural painting, not by Goya himself, but by his son; and in those days it was the general opinion that when the house was pulled down the paintings would perish with it. Since then they have been saved by the care of Goya's admirers, and the Baron Erlanger has become their happy possessor. Thanks to him, we, who have not been to Goya's *quinta* by the Manzanares, have now ample materials for knowing the painter when most himself; for when an artist decorates his own house it may always be safely presumed that he expresses his inmost self, since he is working for his own gratification. The reader is requested to pay especial attention to this in the present instance. The so-called ‘frescoes’ were not hasty compositions, intended to pass out of the painter's sight and be forgotten by him, like some of the innumerable fancies of Gustave Doré; they were the permanent decoration of Goya's principal rooms—his reception-rooms—which were often crowded by visitors of high rank in the society of Madrid. The walls of these apartments were divided into panels, and these panels were entirely filled by the paintings in question. Goya is not the only artist who has decorated his own house, and in all such cases it is fair to take the work as representative of the painter's tastes and feelings, though it is always likely to be somewhat rapid in execution; first, because it is not paid for, and, again, because a man working for himself is always likely to be satisfied with a hasty expression, intelligible to the author, if not always quite so intelligible to others. What, then, under such circumstances, did Goya produce for his own continual contemplation? Forms of beauty and grace? visions of an artist's—a poet's—paradise? the fulfilment of those ideal longings which the actual world suggests indeed but can never satisfy? Not so, his mind did not rise to any pure or elevating thought, it grovelled in a hideous Inferno of its own—a disgusting region, horrible without sublimity, shapeless as chaos, foul in colour and ‘forlorn of light,’ peopled by the vilest abortions that ever came from the brain of a sinner. He surrounded himself, I say, with these abominations, finding in them I know not what devilish satisfaction, and rejoicing, in a



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matter altogether incomprehensible by us, in the audacities of an art in perfect keeping with its revolting subjects. It is the sober truth to say, that in the whole series of these decorations for his house, Goya appears to have aimed at ugliness as Raphael aimed at beauty; to have sought awkwardness of composition as Raphael schemed for elegance of arrangement; to have pleased himself in foulness of colour and brutality of style as Perugino delighted in his heavenly azures, and Bellini in his well-skilled hand. The motives, in almost every instance, are horrible;—*Saturn devouring his Offspring, Judith cutting off the Head of Holofernes, A Witches' Sabbath, Two Herdsmen savagely fighting.* A group of hideous men, scarcely human, is entitled *The Politicians*, and there is a group of coarse women wildly laughing by way of a pendant. Then we have a procession of Inquisitors, and a terrible mysterious picture, which M. Yriarte calls *Asmodeus*. One composition in the series relieves the eye by the spectacle of a popular festival, but it is made horrible by a group of diseased and filthy beggars, to which it serves simply as a background. There is a separate portrait of a woman, not repulsive for a wonder, and also a separate portrait of a man with a long white beard. This man is listening, terrified, to the suggestion of a frightful being who is whispering in his ear. Of all these things the most horrible is the Saturn. He is devouring one of his children with the voracity of a famished wolf, and not a detail of the disgusting feast is spared you. The figure is a real inspiration, as original as it is terrific, and not a cold product of mere calculating design.

This description may give some faint and feeble idea of the gallery with which Goya surrounded himself at his country-house. I could have made the reader feel the true nature of these works of art more powerfully if I had concocted literary pictures as disgusting as themselves; but my muse is not a Ghoul to delight in carrion, and she shrinks from the revolting task. Enough has been said to show that Goya had made himself a den of foulness and abomination, and dwelt therein, with satisfaction to his mind, like a hyena amidst carcasses.

His mind did not always dwell upon such subjects, but it seems to have recurred to them when at perfect liberty. Goya was a court painter, and in that quality depicted the *beau monde* of his time; he even tried his hand at religious painting as a matter of business, but his real delight was in horror, as we see quite plainly from his numerous etchings, the *Caprices*, the *Disasters of War*, and others, all executed by him in the free energy of private and personal inspiration. He painted one hundred horrible pictures. Moral horror seems to have been as attractive to him as physical; he illustrated every turpitude and every vice in a spirit of ferocious satisfaction. His admirers speak of him as a great moralist, but this is likely to mislead. The attitude of a moral censor can only be maintained by one who has some morality of his own, and Goya had none. His personal character was in many ways as repulsive as his art.

After this beginning the reader may ask why such a subject should be chosen for treatment here? The answer is, that this is one of those cases in which a reputation forms itself to the injury of art, and ought to be actively resisted, as the physician opposes resistance to incipient disease. The fame of Goya has already poisoned art criticism in Spain and France, and it is beginning to spread to England, where it is already partly accepted on the credit of French and Spanish writers. It is time, therefore, to show plainly what Goya really was.

The celebrity of the artist is in great part political, and not artistic, in its origin; it is also partly a protestation against religious tyranny, which Goya hated, and resisted in his own way with considerable effect in Spain. In a word, Goya, besides being an artist, was a great Spanish liberal just at a time when the forces of religious and political tyranny were still powerful enough to make liberalism creditable, and yet sufficiently weakened for liberalism to be possible. The friends of liberty, both in Spain and France, are therefore strongly prejudiced in his favour, and it is a most powerful element of success, even in art, to get an active and growing political influence on the side of one's private reputation. The purely negative character of Goya's religious opinions, which in England might have made the

difference in social influence and respectability which exists between a Gladstone and a Bradlaugh, has no such effect amongst the liberals of the Continent, but is rather a recommendation than otherwise. The few who care for the interests of art may wish to judge of it independently of politics and religion; but who and what are they to contend against the enthusiasm of the multitude? Goya was on the side of the Revolution, an audacious enemy of tyranny, hypocrisy, stupidity, and superstition; consequently he was a great painter, and one of the most accomplished etchers who ever lived!

M. Charles Yriarte fully confesses, on the second page of his biography, how greatly, in the formation of his own opinions about Goya, political considerations have had the preponderance:—

'We should hold cheap this enormous artistic production, if there were nothing in it but a plastic charm. What matters the execution! the idea is there—a line engraved without effect, without much artistic effort, and the plate becomes a poem, a terrible weapon, a burning brand. Let us reflect for a moment that the time when Goya accomplished his task of destruction, although contemporaneous with the French Revolution, is relatively separated from us by a space of two centuries, since he lived in a country devoted to all superstitions and all slaveries. The effort was greater than our own, and we ought to admire those who were the first to utter words of independence and cries of liberality in the midst of that nocturnal gloom.'

'We ought to admire.' Certainly we ought to admire every courageous effort in a good cause; all I say is, let us keep our admirations distinct, and not say that a man was a good artist because he has an important place in the political history of his country. The qualities of artist and politician are in themselves distinct, and they ought to be kept so. The error of confounding them may in this instance be pardonable in a Spaniard, but not in a foreigner. 'Le cri poussé par Goya,' says M. Yriarte, 'est le cri national.' When he declares that we are to accept men of genius without question, and take what they give us,* an Englishman may answer that intellectual liberty is not less precious than political, and that if Frenchmen choose to bow down in this slavish way before everybody who happens to have been called a genius, they are as far from a condition of true mental freedom as if civil and religious liberty had never been established amongst them.

The portrait published herewith will enable the reader to judge of Goya's appearance in his old age. It has the aspect of a hale, yet irascible old man, but the look of ill-temper is more strongly marked in a much earlier portrait, with a beaver hat on, which was published at the beginning of the *Caprices*. In that portrait, which is a profile, the bitter satirist scowls at you out of the corner of his eye and thrusts up his under-lip in scorn. It is not an agreeable physiognomy in either picture, but it expresses, in some degree, the character of the man. There must have been another side to his character than this, for a Don Juan cannot seduce women by sourness, and Goya is famous for his brilliant immoralities.

Francis Joseph Goya was born on the 30th of March, 1746, at Fuendetodos, a little town of Aragon, his father being Joseph Goya, and his mother Gracia Lucientes. They seem to have cultivated their own land, but to have been simply peasants. It does not appear that Goya had any literary education. His childhood was passed in the country, and at the age of twelve he was already an art-student at Saragossa in an *atelier* belonging to a painter named Lusan Martinez. He had a kind friend named Felix Salvador, a monk, who took an interest in his progress and introduced him to this artist, from whom he acquired the rudiments of art and some degree of manual facility.

Goya passed the turbulent years of his adolescence at Saragossa. He was always turbulent till the approaches of old age began to calm him a little. What he must have been from sixteen to thirty the sober English reader will have a difficulty in imagining. His temperament was one of the most ardent that ever existed. Passionate in everything, he threw himself into both work and pleasure with the violence of his hot young Southern blood. Merely to amuse

* *Il faut accepter ces génies sans les discuter et prendre ce qu'ils nous donnent.*—YRIARTE.

themselves, the young folks of Saragossa had rows on festive occasions something like the Town and Gown rows at Oxford, but with the difference that at Saragossa the combats did not take place between different classes of residents in the city, but between different parishes. Slings were used, wounds inflicted and received, and, as if in order that these combats might lack nothing of the interest of a battle, there was a sufficient loss of life. On one occasion three parishioners were slain, on another, seven. The consequence was that the Inquisition began to direct its attention to the subject, and the leaders were marked men. Goya's old friend, the monk, hearing that the Inquisitors began to take a dangerously lively interest in the young artist, recommended a change of residence. Goya accordingly went to Madrid at the age of nineteen, and stayed there from 1765 to 1769. Here he resumed his wild life, and became leader of an Aragonese clique, for he had the qualities which excite the imaginations of young men, address in all bodily exercises, and an indomitable audacity. The consequence was that he got stabbed in the back, and though his supporters came in time to help him out of immediate danger, the Inquisition once more became threatening and ordered his arrest. He was advised to fly, and set out for Rome, where his fellow-students used afterwards to relate that he had paid his way from Madrid to the south of Spain by working in a company of bull-fighters. At Rome he resumed the careless energy of his life at Madrid, and, hearing that a young lady was shut up in a convent by her parents, resolved to run away with her. He introduced himself into the building for this purpose, but was caught by some monks and brought to justice. Thanks to the intervention of the Spanish Ambassador he was permitted to escape, on condition that he should immediately quit Rome.

He had been a pupil, in that city, of a Spanish painter, Bayeu, who had preceded him in returning to Madrid, and immediately after their re-establishment in Spain Bayeu gave Goya his daughter Josefa in marriage, an astonishing instance of misplaced confidence, if, indeed, these good people had any sort of hope that fidelity could be a possible virtue for Goya. He had been working hard at portraits and composed pictures, and in 1780 was made an Academician (Member of the Academy of San Fernando), he being then thirty-four years old.

The Cathedral of Saragossa had been rebuilt at the end of the seventeenth century, and in 1780 the chapter decided to have the interior decorated. They entrusted the work to Francis Bayeu, Goya's friend, master, and father-in-law: and an enormous piece of work it was, far too much for the labour of a single hand, so Bayeu called in the assistance of other artists, Goya being amongst them; but these other artists were to submit their designs directly to the dean and chapter, and not to Bayeu. Matters being so arranged, Goya sent in two sketches, each of them more than a yard and a half long: but they were coldly received and politely returned by the dean to be 'retouched.' Goya protested in a long and solemn document which has been preserved. In his view, the rejection was a consequence of the evil influence of his father-in-law, against which he protested as being foreign to his own artistic ideas, and consequently unfair in its application to his work. In this crisis the difficulties were overcome by the intervention of the monk, Don Felix Salvador, who had been Goya's earliest friend, and who now succeeded in overcoming his irritated pride, and persuaded him to send a becoming answer to the Chapter and his sketches to Bayeu. The incident is worth notice as evidence that Goya's relations with his father-in-law were not very cordial, so far, at least, as the fine arts were concerned.

Goya was now protected by the Infant Don Luis, and worked in his house for months at a time, painting family portraits or genre pictures just as he liked. Amongst these pictures is one of the Infant and his wife in her dressing-room. It must be of considerable importance, as it measures eleven feet by nine. The Count of Florida, Bianca, the celebrated minister of Charles III., introduced the painter at court, where he soon made his way, and painted the king's portrait. But the real success of Goya at the Spanish court was due far more to personal than to artistic influence. He was a successful artist, but he was also a successful

man. He took up a peculiar and very independent position at court, by sheer audacity and intelligence, and by an extraordinary influence with women of every rank, which was not restrained or diminished by any consideration of morality. The court was dull, oppressed by a crushing etiquette. Goya came as a relief with his ready impudence and wonderful fertility of resource; the artist was welcome too for his vices. The Spanish court had been compulsorily virtuous, in outward seeming at least, for a space of twenty-three years under Charles III., and it was weary of being virtuous. It was during the reaction under the succeeding sovereign, Charles IV., a reaction quite as violent as that which, under our own Charles II., followed Puritanism, that Goya displayed all his talents and reaped their full rewards. Three months after the new sovereign's accession Goya was appointed private painter to the king, with the title of Excellence. To the Queen he soon became indispensable, as a sort of walking newspaper. First, she got into the habit of sending for him at all hours of the day, and after that she made him come to her room every morning at her *petit lever*. He was at the same time her court fool and her philosopher. His own line of policy at that time was to make himself the ally of Godoy, the Queen's favourite and lover.

These were Goya's most joyous days. He lived at Court, in an atmosphere of vice and corruption which suited him exactly; he was the pet of great ladies, who were as destitute of morality as himself, and he had the most ample opportunities for the display of all his talents, both as painter, satirist, and seducer. Besides his earnings, he enjoyed a fixed pension of more than 500*l.* a-year, and a social position which had all the advantages of very high rank, with few of its obligations and none of its restrictions and inconveniences. This gay and thoughtless worldly life was not destined to be of very long duration. The Duchess of Alba was exiled to San Lucar, and Goya accompanied her to that place. During the journey their post-chaise broke down, and as they were at a distance from any town or village Goya tried to lift it. He also lighted a fire and tried to weld the broken iron with his own hands. The consequence was a perspiration followed by a sudden chill, which left Goya permanently, hopelessly, and completely deaf. After this misfortune, the gaiety of his early manhood was gone for ever; his temper was soured, and it exercised itself in ill-natured outbursts against his dearest friends.

The date of this accident is ascertained to have been 1793, when Goya must have been forty-seven years old. The Duchess of Alba remained at San Lucar more than a year, and Goya stayed with her most of the time, but was called back to Madrid by the duties of his place at Court. On his return he pleaded for the Duchess, who was recalled to royal favour in consequence of his representations. She died soon afterwards, as M. Yriarte tells us, still young and in all her beauty.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(To be continued.)

ART CHRONICLE.

THE water-colour drawings lately bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. John Henderson are now to be seen in the King's Library, and, though interesting in many instances, are on the whole a disappointing series. Forty-eight of them are sketches by David Cox, chiefly from scenes in Wales, some of them showing the greatest perfection of skill in water-colour painting, and at times having a singularly poetic effect. We may mention, for example, *Dryslwyn Castle, Vale of Towey, South Wales*, which is full of atmosphere with much movement in the windy sky. No less deserving of praise are *Snowdon* and *View of Cader Idris, North Wales, with Peat Gatherers*, which are

fine in tone and depth of colour. Drawings by Cox have sometimes been mistaken for Turner's, and *Rhaiadr Cwm* is sufficiently like a Turner to account for the error. From Turner's hand there are twelve drawings in this collection, none of which, however, can be said to belong to the first order of his production. William Müller's sketches from Asia Minor are highly interesting and remarkable for freshness and vigour. There are also some studies of Venice by Canaletto.

MR. W. G. WILLS, the dramatist, who has been a painter from his youth, is engaged on a large picture,

The Mad Ophelia. She is in the act of distributing flowers, Laertes looking at her with an expression of tender, sorrowful anxiety. Ophelia's face is exquisite in its pathos. The tone of colour is in fine keeping with the tragic scene.

MRS. ALLINGHAM has lately executed some admirable sketches in water colour of Mr. Thomas Carlyle, representing the great philosopher in different attitudes, all highly characteristic.

MR. LUKE FILDES, A.R.A., is painting for the Academy a large picture, entitled *The Return of the Prodigal*. In this case it is a girl evidently belonging to a respectable family, but who has brought dishonour upon it. After some years' absence, the girl has made up her mind to go back to her home, hoping to be received and forgiven, even as the Prodigal Son was. After a long weary tramp, and having delayed her entry into the village till evening had set in, she finds her home deserted and overgrown with weeds, the window-panes broken and all the signs of ruin. The girlish figure is crouching on her knees close up against the door. She is neatly dressed. The head is bare, the bonnet having fallen, but the face is hidden. The attitude expresses utter despair. A group of village gossips round the corner are discussing the event. An unmistakable 'I told you so!' is written on the countenance of the crone who is addressing a vapid-looking matron, dandling her baby in her arms. In the foreground a labourer pulls up his horse (on which is perched a laughing urchin) and pauses to look at the crouching figure. A young girl, with an expression of mingled pity and curiosity, has also stopped to look, too much absorbed to pay much attention to the words of warning an elderly woman is evidently pouring into her ear. The landscape represents an old-fashioned English village with a sky in tone harmonising with the scene. It is a subtle touch in the composition of the picture that the crouching, stricken figure is not the first to attract the eye. In this picture, as in all that Mr. Fildes has hitherto produced, every detail bears the stamp of deep feeling.

WE record with regret the death of John Willis Good, who shot himself in his studio in the Fulham Road on Wednesday, February 19th, whilst labouring under temporary insanity. As a sculptor of animals, he had not many rivals in England, and his sporting statuettes have met with deserved success. He studied sculpture in the studio of Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., under whose guidance he made rapid progress. His two statuettes, *Before and After the Race*, gained great praise; and there was an increasing demand for these and other works by him. Mr. Good went through his probationary course in the schools of the Royal Academy, and afterwards produced many statuettes coloured from nature. The last works he completed were a series of studies of hounds. At the end of his life, he devoted himself altogether to the colouring of his work. He spared no pains in finishing to the utmost. His character was upright and generous, and his untimely death at the age of thirty-four is much felt by all who knew him.

AMONGST works published last year, which we were unable to notice for want of space, was one of too much importance to be passed in silence, 'The Medallist History of the United States of America, 1776-1876,' by Dr. Loubat, with 170 etchings by Jules Jacquemart. The work was published by Dr. Loubat at his own expense, and is said to have cost more than 5000*l.* The number of copies printed is limited. It cannot be considered in any way a commercial undertaking, the object being purely patriotic. The collection is complete as a representation of American medals up to the date of publication, and is of the greatest historical interest. A medal voted by Congress is the national honour which, in America, is the substitute for peerages and orders of knighthood. If the number of recipients is taken into account, it will be evident that such a medal is, in fact, a far higher expression of national appreciation than anything we have in Europe, except the thanks of Parliament. Only eighty-six medals have been struck by order of Congress, in the course of a century.* How many peerages and orders of knighthood have been bestowed even in England (a country not prodigal of honours) in the same space of time! The Legion of Honour is a much more recent institution, yet the number of its recipients may be counted by hundreds of thousands. It is not, however, the social side of this publication which concerns us, but the artistic. The work done by M. Jacquemart is as good as we expected from him, which is as much as to say that it is simply perfection—perfection, that is, in its own way, as an interpretation, by etching, of medal-engraving. We suppose that an etcher was employed in preference to photography, in order to give the spectator the pleasure of the two arts at once, such as we derive from a picture of a cathedral when architecture and painting delight us at the same time; and still, considering the still superior accuracy of the photograph, we rather wonder that it was not adopted. The publication would not have had this distinguished air, but it would have answered every practical purpose. We cannot help feeling that, when he undertook this enormous labour, M. Jacquemart engaged himself, as people do in marriage, 'for better and for worse.' Some of the medals are fine works of art in themselves, others very much the reverse; some are dignified and in good taste, others are (from the artistic point of view) perfectly ridiculous. An action may be noble in itself, and yet a medallist, embarrassed by the conditions of an art which is full of pitfalls for the unwary, may interpret it in such a manner as to make an absurd work of art. Again, Nature herself may serve him a bad turn. He has not the choice of the portrait-painter; he must exhibit all his faces in profile, and many men of high character and great ability are very unfortunate in their profiles. It is impossible to repress a smile at the angle made by the nose of John Quincy Adams with his forehead; whilst Andrew Jackson appears to be suddenly 'taken aback' at something, and his hairs do stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine. The funniest of the funny medals is that given to Mr. Cyrus W. Field for estab-

* The list includes seventeen of the eighteen Presidents of the United States. The ninth President is omitted; he appears to have had no medal.

lishing the Atlantic Telegraph. Mr. Field's head is flying like a bomb at a considerable height above the ocean, and smoke is issuing from the lower part of the neck where the fuse appears to be situated. Below him a terrestrial globe is cut in two halves, like a chain-shot, and we have actually the chain connecting them. It is a comfort to see the halves properly united again on the other side of the medal.

Although we have taken the liberty of pointing to the ludicrous side of medals, we are by no means insensible to the manly beauty and dignity of a fair proportion of the heads. That of Washington is superb. Jefferson's face is keen and thoughtful, General Scott's powerful and resolute; and all the historical characters are interesting, especially Abraham Lincoln, who looks shrewd and humorous even on a medal. It is much to be regretted that nearly all these medals are much injured, artistically, by tasteless lettering, that given to Mr. Peabody being one of the most unfortunate in this respect. Modern coins and medals are constantly spoiled by vulgar lettering, wrought with only too perfect mechanical skill. Antique medals escape this evil, partly because the ancients did not trouble themselves to put mechanical perfection into their letters, and partly because they had far better taste than the moderns in drawing the letters themselves. Real antique Roman lettering, though not nearly so regular as modern type, is seldom, if ever, inelegant, and the rude letters on Greek coins only make us the more feel the admirable designing of the heads or figures. We see from an American review that three copies of Dr. Loubat's book were printed before the lettering was added, and this makes us rather regret (always from the artistic point of view) that the lettering was ever added at all. Here was a good opportunity of surpassing the photograph by a judicious omission. For historical purposes the inscriptions might have been printed in the text.

The text consists of 460 pages of original documents, interspersed with short explanatory notes, the whole being of the greatest interest to every student of American history. There is also a most interesting Introduction, in which Franklin appears in his character of economist.

'Where only one medal of a kind is wanted, it seems an unthrifty way to form dies of it in steel to strike the two sides of it, the whole expense of the dies resting on that medal.'

'It was by this means that the medal voted by Congress for M. de Fleury cost one hundred guineas, when an engraving of the same figures and inscriptions might have been beautifully done on a plate of silver of the same size for two guineas.'

Dr. Loubat's work is printed as well as it possibly can be by Messrs. Hart & Co., of New York, but we think that he has a fair right to find fault with his paper-makers, Blanchet and Kleber, of Rives, who though they are said to have made the paper on purpose for the work, have supplied it of different tints, as if the reams were residues of former *cuvées*. On the whole, however, it is a magnificent and valuable publication.

M. Jacquemart has lately been elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna.

THE Garrick Club has purchased the portrait of the late Mr. Phelps, by Mr. Johnson Forbes Robertson, who, besides being a painter, is a well-known actor.

At the New Continental Galleries, 168 New Bond Street, is an exhibition which includes works by well-known foreign artists. The picture by Corot, *Returning Home*, is not one of the best specimens of this master, being deficient in the dreamy character which was his principal charm. *The Repose* and other works, by Eugène Verboeckhoven, exhibit the painter's usual skill in sheep. A picture of *Cottages near the Seine*, by E. Lambinet, is charming, radiant with light and atmosphere, and fresh with the freshness of nature. *Calm in Holland—Evening*, by P. J. Clays: boats with sails. The colour is luminous, and the impression of calm well rendered. *On the Mælar Lake—Sweden*, by A. Wahlberg, is full of poetry, with a clear, grey sky, and with touches of rippling light on the water, and an old boat lying in the foreground. But perhaps M. Wahlberg has done still better in *A View of Moonlight near Stockholm*. The clouds are powerfully painted, the moon breaking through them and lighting up the water—the whole effect being singularly impressive. *Fishermen on the Adriatic*, by A. Vertanni, is a picture which, on close inspection, does not realise the high opinion a first impression might suggest. *The Forest of Fontainebleau*, by Theodore Rousseau, is a gem worthy of the painter; and so is *The Pool in the Forest of Fontainebleau*, almost a monochrome study of trees and water, but finished delicately. *Near Auvers, Seine et Oise*, by R. Daubigny, is a little heavy in tone. *A Sketch near Tangiers* bears the famous name of Fortuny, but has none of the wonderful *brío* of colour in which this master is unrivalled. In figure-painting, the two pictures which strike the eye on entering the Gallery are *Difficultly surmounted* and *The Successful Young Angler*, by Jan Van Beers, the former representing a boy, almost life-size, walking on stilts and clad in a light yellow suit. The other picture is a girl in light green, tossing in her hand a minute fish which she has just caught. There may be technical skill in these two pictures, but there is little else. *Before the Tournament*, by Marchetti, which, according to the catalogue, is one of the most important works from the Italian department of the Universal Exhibition at Paris, 1878, is a brilliant scene so far as ladies and cavaliers can make it with their bright costumes, in a grand mediæval hall, surrounded by pages and a jester. *The Young Widow*, by Alfred Stevens, a lady in black standing in a park, with a white pigeon on her shoulder, is painted with refinement and feeling. *Une Parisienne*, by the same painter, is only a small study; but the *chiffonnée* face is touched with much spirit and character. *The Poachers*, by J. F. Millet, though only a slight incident (two men poaching in a snow landscape), is imbued with all the artist's well-known poetry and depth of feeling. *An Interior in Auvergne*, by E. Frère, represents an old woman in a dark kitchen by a red fire with a cat by her side. *The Gipsy Fortune-Teller*, by F. Willems, is painted with his usual finish and delicacy. *Donkeys outside a Stable*, by Domingo, is a little gem. This artist's other picture, *The Cardplayers*, reminds one

of Meissonnier. It is on a very small scale, hardly bigger than the palm of one's hand ; but every figure and face has a distinct character, and all the details are broadly painted. *The Breakfast*, by M. Munkacsy (the painter who won the grand medal of honour for his picture of *Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters*), represents a young mother with her two children, one in her arms, the other at her feet, all watching some small dogs feeding greedily. The picture is painted in the broad, vigorous style that distinguishes Munkacsy's works. *Sheep reposing*, by Rosa Bonheur, is a small, highly-finished study. *The Caravan*, by Gérôme, is a poor example of this artist's work. *Meditation*, by V. Palmaroli, a lady dreaming over her music-book, is very cleverly painted.

Among the water-colour sketches we must specially notice *Avenue du Bois de Boulogne* and *Boulevard Haussmann*, by de Nittis, both full of colour and movement. There are also several excellent water-colours by T. Tapiro and Simone, and twenty-six drawings by the late J. B. Madou of Brussels. Altogether this is an interesting exhibition.

THE Fifteenth Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings, at the Dudley Gallery, held its private view on Saturday, March the 1st. The walls are crowded to overflowing, and display much clever work, but little that is specially striking. *A Southerly Breeze*, by Henry Moore, hangs in the place of honour, and deservedly so ; it is a very exhilarating picture, one feels that a strong breeze is blowing. The clouds and waves are full of motion, and interpreted with much technical skill. *Security*, by H. Stacey Marks, R.A., is a carefully finished drawing, representing a man in a mediæval costume, probably a lawyer with deeds in his hand and a bunch of keys, evidently going to lock up some important document. *Curiosity*, by G. D. Leslie, R.A., is a careful study of a healthy, handsome girl, in a white garment, peeping into a cupboard. *On the Cornish Coast, near Tintagel*, by Charles Davidson, jun., is bold and powerful. The blue sea and the rich green of the foreground are striking. *Asphalters at work in the Strand*, by Herbert C. Marshall, is an imaginative and even poetic treatment of an everyday subject. Here is the mystery of the Strand, with its smoke and grimy darkness, the phantom figures of the workmen appearing in a vapour of smoke. *Evening, Berkshire*, by Ernest Waterlow, is a pleasant little pastoral. There is an evening sky and an old homestead, also a pool, with ducks ; a country woman plods homeward. *The Rear Guard of the Flock*, by the same artist, represents a country girl, with an urchin on her back ; a dog follows ; the sheep are in front, straggling homeward. The landscape is attractive, the trees well studied, and the calm evening light very poetical. *Hardrow Sear*, by E. J. Poynter, R.A., displays a large waterfall and rocks ; the foreground is rather hard. *After the Storm*, by Joseph Knight, is an impressive landscape, true to nature ; the muggy, marshy ground is well suggested. *Storiths near Bolton Abbey*, by G. Sheffield, is very true to nature and carefully worked out. Mr. Arthur Severn's *The Thames at Battersea* is full of charm ; also Walter Severn's *Trevalga Rocks, near Tintagel*, deserves notice for the colouring of the water and

rocks. Mr. Walter Crane's *Rievaulx Abbey* and *Study at Hanger Hill*, and *Cockglode*, are very careful and fine in tone and feeling, though perhaps a little stiff. *The Hour of Recreation*, by V. Cabianca, represents some nuns, or rather *sœurs de charité*, in big flapping caps, in a delicious convent garden, with a deep blue sea in the distance. This is a very suggestive picture ; the colouring is vigorous and full of depth. Mr. Moore's *Margaret Cornish* is a very charming portrait. *Three merry men are we*, by Mr. Dadd, is very clever ; and so is *The Tender Passion*, by J. C. Dollman, which represents a young huntsman so desperately in love as not to be able to go out to hunt ; he is sitting on a wooden bench ; his hat and whip have fallen on the ground ; his three dogs are lying close to him, keenly eyeing their young master, wondering, evidently, what can be the matter with him. In the background are the park gates, a couple of wood-pigeons are cooing on the wall. This little picture is exquisite in colour and well composed. The young man and the dogs are full of character and life. *Japanese Interior*, by Frank Dillon, is effective and clever in execution. *Judas*, by Mrs. Sparkes, is full of fancy, and the general effect is vigorous. There is a great amount of clever 'still life' and flower-painting by ladies, Miss Edith Martineau and Miss Angell especially bear off the palm in that line. We must give a word of praise to Kate Greenaway, Constance Phillott, Helen Thornycroft, Dorothy Tennant, who sends her first little picture, No. 564, *The Dead Mer-Baby*, representing two graceful children (nude) discovering a dead mer-child on the sea-shore. There are fancy and colour in this sketch. Mary Godsal's portrait of *Glady's, daughter of Henry Herbert, Esq., M.P.*, is a pretty picture of a little girl in a mobcap, holding up her skirt, in which there is a bunch of wild flowers.

MR. C. T. NEWTON, Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, delivered a lecture, on Friday, the 28th of February, at the Royal Academy, on the Sculptures of the Parthenon. Mr. Newton, who was listened to with great interest, began his lecture by stating that he did not propose to offer a criticism on the technical excellences of the sculptures of the Parthenon, but to explain the whole scheme and motive of these sculptures, so far as it would be made out from the study of such mutilated and imperfect remains. The archaeologist in these attempts had to work like the scholars after the revival of learning, who had to edit and comment on the texts of the classics. What we possess of the sculptures of the Parthenon may be called the torn and tattered fragments of a great sculptured poem. The title of this poem may be gathered from the word Parthenon, 'the house of the Virgin Goddess, Athens,' in which she dwelt on the Athenian Akropolis. The sculptures of the Parthenon were designed to commemorate the life and exploits of the goddess,—in the eastern pediment, her birth from the brain of Zeus ; in the western pediment, her contest with Poseidon for the soil of Attica ; in the metopes of the eastern front, her exploits in the Gigantomachia ; in the other metopes we find represented the exploits of Attic heroes. But this was not all that was comprised in the design of the Parthenon. The frieze round the

cella contained a representation of the procession in honour of Athene, which took place at the Panathenaic festival, when a new veil was offered to the goddess. This gave the sculptor the opportunity of celebrating the glory of the Athenian people by making their presence as worshippers so marked a feature in the composition. The lecturer then explained the composition of the frieze; showing, with the aid of drawings, how the procession, starting from the west end of the temple, proceeded in two parallel lines along the north and south sides, turning round at the south-east and north-east angles towards the centre of the eastern front. In this centre, exactly over the eastern door of the temple, was a group representing the delivery of the peplos, on either side of which were six seated figures, whom we must suppose to be Olympic deities, who have come down as the guests of Athene, to share the banquet offered to her at her festival. The victims for the sacrifices, the wine for the libations, the sacred vessels used in the offerings, are all represented on the frieze, in a certain order at the head of the procession. Behind these groups follow the musicians, the chariots of agonistic victors, and a great escort of cavalry, who are mounting their horses, and preparing to start on the west side of the temple. When we compare the representation of the procession on the frieze with the description of the same procession as given us by ancient writers, we do not find a literal correspondence, but just such differences as might be expected, when the facts of real life have to be adapted by an artist as part of a poetic composition.

The lecturer then noticed the sculptures in the eastern pediment; here, as we know from Pausanias, was a composition representing the birth of Athene from the Brain of Zeus. In the two angles of this pediment, the horses' heads undoubtedly symbolised Day and Night: Helios on one side rising from the waves, Selene on the other fading out of the dawn. These two symbols served as the boundaries of Olympus, where the scene took place, and they might further indicate the actual hour of the birth, which, according to the legend, was at sunrise. In the central part of the pediment now destroyed must have been Zeus, Hephaistos, and other Olympic deities, and probably Eilythia, the Goddess of Birth. Of the other extant figures one is certainly Iris, but no certain attributions have yet been found for the other figures, though upwards of twenty different schemes of interpretation have been proposed. One of the latest theories is that of Professor Brunn, by which the so-called Theseus is converted into the mountain Olympus. The two seated figures next to him are called the Hours, and the three figures on the opposite side are supposed to be the clouds gathering in the evening. With regard to the western pediment, which represented the contest of Athene and Poseidon, our chief authority is the drawing of Currey, made in 1674. Of the figures then drawn very few fragments now remain. In the two angles were the river-gods of Attica. In the centre Athene and Poseidon. Behind each of those deities was a retinue of

local deities, supporting the two antagonists. The central group has been remarkably illustrated by a vase recently discovered at Kertch, which represents the same subject.

The lecturer finally described the chryselephantine statue of Athene, which stood in the Temple. This was thirty-two feet high; the flesh was represented by plates of ivory laid on a core of wood and clay, the drapery by gold plates, the weight of which was 44 talents, equal to a value of nearly 160,000*l.* sterling. This gold was, in fact, a sacred deposit, to be used for purposes of the State only in cases of extreme emergency, after all the other treasure of the State had been exhausted; a sort of metallic reserve forming part of the ultimate assets of the State.

In conclusion, the lecturer remarked that the main motive which animated the art of Pheidias was the deep religious feeling which pervaded the generation in which he lived, and to which he, as an artist, gave utterance and embodiment. There were two other special circumstances which contributed to the development of Athenian art in the time of Pericles, such as the great wealth gathered from the tributaries of Athens, and above all the genius of Pheidias himself. It seems not probable that religious feeling will again be so intimately associated with national art as it was in the time of Pericles, but it would be unphilosophical therefore to predict that there never could be great art again springing out of some noble motive, and exhibiting some phase as unlike the art of the Greeks as a play of Shakespeare is unlike a Greek tragedy; and such art of the future is no more to be judged by canons of criticism derived from classical art than a play of Shakespeare is to be judged by Aristotle's definition of the conditions of dramatic art.

Sir F. Leighton, who was in the chair, in returning thanks, expressed a hope that Mr. Newton, on his return from Cyprus, would give a lecture on Olympia.

WHAT used to be known as the Lycian Gallery in the British Museum has just been converted into a place for archaic sculptures, the greater part of the Lycian sculptures having been removed from it to a new room situated between the entrance hall and the Reading Room. In this new room are placed—first, two large tombs which show how their construction had been derived from an older manner of building with wood, and secondly, the sculptures of the Nereid monument, the statues of which in particular are deserving of more attention than they usually receive. Of the four friezes with bas-reliefs which belong to this monument the two narrow ones are very poor and uninteresting; but the contrary is true of the others, in spite of a good deal of clumsiness in the execution of the border of the two, due perhaps, as has been suggested, to the work having been carried out on the spot by Lycian artists who could not always render faithfully the design placed in their hands, possibly by an Athenian sculptor. There is no doubt but that the spirit of the sculpture in this monument is Athenian, and belongs to the early half of the fourth century B.C.



ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XV.—CAROLUS DURAN.

Rose de Mai.

ETCHED BY A. LURAT.

M. CAROLUS DURAN is an eminent French portrait-painter, who, being unwilling to confine himself strictly within the limits of that branch of art, has occasionally gone beyond them with very happy results. He was born at Lille, and became a pupil of Souchon; he won medals in 1866, 1869, and 1870, and the cross of the Legion of Honour in 1872. At the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878 he was represented by ten pictures, seven of which were portraits. Amongst the remaining three may be mentioned a beautiful study of a nude figure called *Dans la Rosée*, which had already won much attention at the Salon of 1874, and was engraved in that year for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* by M. Waltner with a perfection of texture which has seldom been equalled. This figure was painted with the most perfect taste and a chastity of conception not always found in pictures of that class. In the Salon of 1878 M. Duran exhibited a *plafond*, entitled *Gloria Mariæ Medicis*, which drew forth many unfavourable comments from writers in the French press, and some of them even pretended to be alarmed at it. We can only observe that there is no telling how a *plafond* may look till it is seen in its destined place. It is much easier to see the merits of the portrait which M. Lurat has etched for the present number of the PORTFOLIO. It is, we think, a thoroughly good example of firm and intelligent representation. The little girl really lives upon the canvas, and we may also say upon the copper, for M. Lurat has done full justice to the original.

OXFORD.

V.—*Some Scholars of the Restoration.*

IN Merton Chapel a little mural tablet bears the crest, the name, and the dates of the birth and death, of Antony Wood. He has been our guide in these sketches of Oxford life, as he must be the guide of the gravest and most exact historians. No one who cares for the past of the University should think without pity and friendliness of this lonely scholar, who in his lifetime was unpitied and unbefriended. We have reached the period in which he lived and died, in the midst of changes of Church and State, and surrounded by more worldly scholars, whose letters remain to testify that, in the reign of the Second Charles, Oxford was modern Oxford. In the epistles of Humphrey Prideaux, student of Christ Church, we re-

cognise the foibles of the modern University; the love of gossip, the internecine criticism, the greatness of little men whom *rien ne peut plaire*.

Antony Wood was a scholar of a different sort, of a sort that has never been very common in Oxford. He was a perfect dungeon of books; but he wrote as well as read, which has never been a common practice in his University. Wood was born in 1632, in one of the old houses opposite Merton, perhaps in the curious ancient hall which has been called Beham, Bream, and *Bohemie Aula*, by various corruptions of the original spelling. As a boy, Wood must have seen the siege of Oxford, which he describes not without humour. As a young man, he watched the religious revolution which introduced Presbyterian Heads of Houses, and sent Puritanical captains of horse, like Captain James Wadsworth, to hunt for 'Papistical reliques' and 'massing stuffs' among the property of the President of C. C. C. and the Dean of Ch. Ch. (1646-1648). In 1650 he saw the Chancellorship of Oliver Cromwell; in 1659 he welcomed the Restoration, and rejoiced that 'the King had come to his own again.' The tastes of an antiquary combined, with the natural reaction against Puritanism, to make Antony Wood a High Churchman, and not averse to Rome, while he had sufficient breadth of mind to admire Thomas Hobbes, the patriarch of English learning. But Wood had little room in his heart or mind for any learning save that connected with the University. Oxford, the city, and the colleges, the remains of the old religious art, the customs, the dresses—these things he adored with a loverlike devotion, which was utterly unrewarded. He owed no office to the University, and he was even expelled (1693) for having written sharply against Clarendon. This did not abate his zeal, nor prevent him from passing all his days, and much of his nights, in the study and compilation of University history.

The author of Wood's biography has left a picture of his sombre and laborious old age. He rose at four o'clock every morning. He scarcely tasted food till supper-time. At the hour of the College dinner he visited the booksellers' shops, where he was sure not to be disturbed by the gossip of dons, young and old. After supper he would smoke his pipe and drink his pot of ale in a tavern. It was while he took this modest refreshment, before old age came upon him, that Antony once fell in, and fell out, with Dick Peers. This Dick was one of the men employed by Dr. Fell, the Dean of Ch. Ch., to translate Wood's 'History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford' into Latin. The translation gave rise to a number of literary quarrels. As Dean of Ch. Ch., Dr. Fell yielded to the besetting sin of deans, and fancied himself the absolute master of the University, if not something superior to mortal kind. An autocrat of this sort had no scruples about changing Wood's copy whenever he differed from Wood in political or religious opinion. Now Antony, as we said, had eyes to discern the greatness of Hobbes, whom the Dean considered no better than a Deist or an Atheist. He therefore calmly altered all that Wood had written of the Philosopher of Malmesbury, and so maligned Hobbes that the old man, meeting the King in Pall Mall, begged leave to reply in his own defence. Charles allowed the dispute to go on, and Hobbes hit Fell rather hard. The Dean retorted with the famous expression about *irritabile illud et vanissimum Malmesburiense animal*. This controversy amused Oxford, but bred bad feeling between Antony Wood and Dick Peers, the translator of his work, and the tool of the Dean of Ch. Ch. Prideaux ('Letters to John Ellis;' Camden Society, 1875) describes the battles in city taverns between author and translator.

'I suppose that you have heard of the continuall feuds, and often battles, between the author and the translator; they had a skirmish at Sol Hardeing [keeper of a tavern in All Saints' parish], another at the printeing house [the Sheldonian theatre], and several other places.'

From the record of these combats, we learn that the recluse Antony was a man of his hands:—

'As Peers always cometh off with a bloody nose or a black eye, he was a long time afraid to goe annywhere where he might chance to meet his too powerful adversary, for fear of another drub-

bing, till he was pro-proctor, and now Woods (*sic*) is as much afraid to meet him, least he should exercise his authority upon him. And although he be a good bowzeing blad, yet it hath been observed that never since his adversary hath been in office hath he dared to be out after nine, least he should meet him and exact the rigor of the statute upon him.*

The statute required all scholars to be in their rooms before Tom had ceased ringing. It was, perhaps, too rash to say that the Oxford of the Restoration was already modern Oxford. The manners of the students were, so to speak, more accentuated. However much the lecturer in Idolology may dislike the method and person of the Reader in the Mandingo language, these two learned men do not box in taverns, nor take off their coats if they meet each other at the Clarendon Press. People are careful not to pitch into each other in that way, though the temper which confounds opponents for their theory of irregular verbs is not at all abated. As Wood grew in years he did not increase in honours. 'He was a mere scholar, and consequently might expect from the greater number of men disrespect.' When he was but sixty-four, he looked eighty at least. His dress was not elegant, 'cleanliness being his chief object.' He rarely left his rooms, that were papered with MSS., and where every table and chair had its load of books and yellow parchments from the College muniment rooms. When strangers came to Oxford with letters of recommendation, the recluse would leave his study, and gladly lead them about the town, through Logic Lane to Queen's, which had not the sublimely classical front displayed in our etching, built by Hawksmoor, 'but suggested by Sir Christopher Wren.' It is worthy of his genius. Wood died in 1695, 'forgiving every one.' He could well afford to do so. In his 'Athenæ Oxonienses' he had written the lives of all his enemies. When Dr. South passed a coarse and unkind joke on him, Antony went home and wrote his biography. It is not a friendly biography.

Wood, 'being a mere scholar,' could, of course, expect nothing but disrespect in a place like Oxford. His younger contemporary, Humphrey Prideaux, was, in the Oxford manner, a man of the world. He was the son of a Cornish squire, was educated at Westminster under Busby (that awful pedagogue, whose birch seems so near a memory), got a studentship at Christ Church in 1668, and took his B.A. degree in 1672. Here it may be observed that men went up quite as late in life then as they do now, for Prideaux was twenty-four years old when he took his degree. Fell was dean of Christ Church, and was showing laudable zeal in working the University Press. He made Prideaux edit Lucius Florus, and publish the 'Marmora Oxoniensia,' which came out 1676. We must not suppose, however, that Prideaux was an enthusiastic archæologist. He did the 'Marmora' because the Dean commanded it, and because educated people were at that period not uninterested in Greek art. At the present hour one may live a lifetime in Oxford and only learn, by the accident of examining passmen in the Arundel Room, that the University possesses any marbles. In the walls of the Arundel Room (on the ground-floor in the school's quadrangle) these touching remains of Hellas are interred. There are the funereal stelæ, with their quiet expression of sorrow, of hope, of resignation. The young man, on his tombstone, is represented in the act of rising and taking the hand of a friend. He is bound on his latest journey.

'He goeth forth unto the unknown land,
Where wife nor child may follow; thus far tell
The lingering clasp of hand in faithful hand,
And that brief carven legend, *Friend, farewell.*

O pregnant sign, profound simplicity!
All passionate pain and fierce remonstrating
Being wholly purged, leave this mere memory,
Deep but not harsh, a sad and sacred thing.*

* Poems by Ernest Myers. London, 1877.

The lady chooses from a coffer a trinket, or a ribbon. It is her last toilette she is making, with no fear and no regret. Again, the long-severed souls are meeting with delight in the home of the just made perfect.

Even in the Schools, these scraps of Greek lapidary's work seem beautiful to us, in their sober and cheerful acceptance of life and death. We hope, in Oxford, that the study of ancient art, as well as of ancient literature, may soon be made possible. These tangible relics of the past bring us very near to the heart and the life of Greece, and waken a kindly enthusiasm in everyone who approaches them. In Humphrey Prideaux's letters there is not a trace of any such feeling. He does his business, but it is hack-work. In this he differs from the modern student, but in his caustic description of the rude and witless society of the place, he is modern enough. In his letters to his friend, John Ellis, of the State Paper Office, it is plain that Prideaux wants to get preferment. His taste and his ambition alike made him detest the heavy beer-drinking doctors, the fast 'All Souls gentlemen,' and the fossils of stupidity who are always plentifully imbedded in the soil of University life. Fellowships were then sold, at Magdalen and New, when they were not given by favour. Prideaux grumbles (July 28th, 1674) at the laxness of the Commissioners, who should have exposed this abuse: 'In town, one of their inquiries is whether any of the scholars weare pantaloons or periwigues, or keep dogs.' The great dispute about dogs, which raged of late in University College, had already begun to disturb dons and undergraduates. The choice language of Oxford contempt was even then extant, and Prideaux, like Grandison in 'Daniel Deronda,' spoke curtly of the people whom he did not like as 'brutes.' 'Pembroke—the fittest colledge in the town for brutes.' The University did not encourage certain 'players' who had paid the place a visit, and the players, in revenge, had gone about the town at night and broken the windows.

When the journey from London to Oxford is so easily performed, it is amusing to read of Prideaux's miserable adventures, in the diligence, between a lady of easy manners, a 'pitiful rogue,' and two undergraduates who 'sordidly affected debauchery.'

'This ill company made me very miserable all the way. Only once I could not but heartily laugh to see Fincher be sturdily belaboured by five or six carmen with whips and prong staves for provoking them with some of his extravagant frolics.'

The 'violent affection to vice' in the University, or in the country, was, of course, the reaction against the godliness of Puritan captains of horse. Another form of the reaction is discernible in the revived High Church sentiments of Prideaux, Wood, and most of the students of the time.

The manners of the undergraduates were not much better than those of the pot-house haunting seniors. Dr. Good, the Master of Balliol, 'a good old toast,' had much trouble with his students.

'There is, over against Balliol College, a dingy, horrid, scandalous ale-house, fit for none but draymen and tinkers, and such as, by going there, have made themselves equally scandalous. Here the Balliol men continually, and by perpetuall bubbling, add art to their natural stupidity, to make themselves perfect sots.'

The envy and jealousy of the inferior colleges, alas! have put about many things, in these latter days, to the discredit of the Balliol men, but not even Humphrey Prideaux, would, out of all his stock of epithets, choose 'sottish' and 'stupid.' In these old times, however, Dr. Good had to call the men together, and—

'Inform them of the mischiefs of that hellish liquor called ale, but one of them, not so tamely to be preached out of his beloved liquor, made answer that the Vice-Chancelour's men drank ale at the "Split Crow," and why should not they too?'

On this, old Dr. Good posted off to the Vice-Chancellor, who, 'being a lover of old ale' himself, returned a short answer to the head of Balliol. The old man went back to his



college, and informed his fellows, 'that he was assured there were no hurt in ale, so that now they may be sots by authority.' Christ Church men were not more sober. David Whitford, who had been the tutor of Shirley, the poet, was found lying dead in his bed: 'he had been going to take a dram for refreshment, but death came between the cup and the lips, and this is the end of Davy.' Prideaux records, in the same feeling style, that small-pox carried off many of the undergraduates, 'besides my brother,' a student at Corpus.

The University Press supplied Prideaux with gossip. They printed 'a book against Hobs,' written by Clarendon. Hobbes was the heresiarch of the time, and when an unhappy fellow of Merton hanged himself, the doctrines of Hobbes were said to have prompted him to the deed. To return to the Press. 'Our Christmas book will be Cornelius Nepos . . . Our marbles are now printing.' Prideaux, as has been said, took no interest in his own work.

'I coat (quote) a multitude of authors; if people think the better of me for that, I will think the worse of them for their judgement. It beeing soe easily a thinge to make this specious show, he must be a fool that cannot gain whatsoever repute is to be gotten by it. If people will admire him for this, they may; I shall admire such for nothing else but their good indexs. As long as books have these, on what subject may we not coat as many others as we please, and never have read one of them?'

It is not easy to gather from this confession, whether Prideaux had or had not read the books he 'coated.' It is certain that Dean Aldrich (and here again we recognise the eternal criticism of modern Oxford) held a poor opinion of Humphrey Prideaux. Aldrich said Prideaux was 'incorrect,' 'muddy-headed,' 'he would do little or nothing, besides heaping up notes;' 'as for MSS. he would not trouble himself about any, but rest wholly upon what had been done to his hands by former editors.' This habit of carping, this trick of collecting notes, this inability to put a work through, this dawdling erudition, this horror of manuscripts, every Oxford man knows them, and feels those temptations which seem to be in the air. Oxford is a discouraging place. College drudgery absorbs the hours of students in proportion to their conscientiousness. They have only the waste odds-and-ends of time for their own labours. They live in an atmosphere of criticism. They collect notes, they wait, they dream; their youth goes by, and the night comes when no man can work. The more praise to the tutors and lecturers who decipher the records of Assyria, or patiently collate the manuscripts of the Iliad, who not only teach what is already known, but add to the stock of knowledge, and advance the boundaries of scholarship and science.

One lesson may be learned from Prideaux's cynical letters, which is still worth the attention of every young Oxford student who is conscious of ambition, of power, and of real interest in letters. He can best serve his University by coming out of her, by declining college work, and by devoting himself to original study in some less exhausted air, in some less critical society.

Among the aversions of Humphrey Prideaux, were the 'gentlemen of All Souls.' They certainly showed extraordinary impudence when they secretly employed the University Press to print off copies of Marc Antonio's engravings after Giulio Romano's drawings. It chanced that Fell visited the press rather late one evening, and found 'his press working at such an employment. The prints and plates he hath seased, and threatened the owners of them with expulsion.' 'All Souls,' adds Prideaux, 'is a scandalous place.' Yet All Souls was the college of young Mr. Guise, an Arabic scholar, 'the greatest miracle in the knowledge of that I ever heard of.' Guise died of small-pox while still very young.

Thus Prideaux prattles on, about Admiral Van Tromp, 'a drunken greazy Dutchman,' whom Speed, of St. John's, conquered in boozing; of the disputes about races in Port Meadow; of the breaking into the Mermaid Tavern. 'We Christ Church men bear the blame of it, our ticks, as the noise of the town will have it, amounting to 1500!' Thus Christ Church had little cause to throw the first stone at Balliol. Prideaux shows

little interest in letters, little in the press, though he lived in palmy days of printing, in the time of the Elzevirs; none at all in the educational work of the place. He sneers at the Puritans, and at the controversy on 'The Foundations of Hell Torments shaken and removed.' He admits that Locke 'is a man of very good converse,' but is chiefly concerned to spy out the movements of the philosopher, suspected of sedition, and to report them to Ellis in town. About the new buildings, as of the beautiful western gateway, where Great Tom is hung, the work of Wren, Prideaux says little; St. Mary's was suffering restoration, and 'the old men,' including Wood, we may believe, 'exceedingly exclaim against it.' That is the way of Oxford, a college is constantly rebuilding amid the protests of the rest of the



PORCH OF ST. MARY'S, OXFORD.

University. There is no question more common, or less agreeable than this, 'What are you doing to your tower?' or 'What are you doing to your hall, library, or chapel?' We are always doing something, and working men for ever sit, and drink beer, on the venerable roofs.

Long intercourse with Prideaux's letters, and mournful memories of Oxford new buildings, tempt a writer to imitate Prideaux's spirit. Let us shut up his book, where he leaves Oxford, in 1686, to become rector of Saham-Tony, in Norfolk, and marry a wife, though, says he, 'I little thought I should ever come to this.'

A. LANG.

GOYA.

(Continued from page 72.)

I PASS for the present, intentionally, the years of Goya's life most complicated with politics and come to his old age. He was considered, after his conduct in the great political changes which disturbed Spain at the beginning of this century, as an incorrigible liberal, which was not a recommendation at the Spanish Court. Notwithstanding his abilities, his private character was too unreliable to win respect and esteem, and he himself began to feel that he had no longer a great position in Spain, except simply as an artist, and art had never filled more than half his life. King Ferdinand VII. did not like Goya, and mistrusted him with good reason; most of the painter's old friends had left the country; his wife was dead, most of his children were dead also, and his deafness made ordinary human intercourse impossible to him. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that life should have lost its savour for Goya, and that he should have looked to voluntary exile as a partial remedy against the sadness of an isolated old age. He had learned French at forty, and had so far mastered it that he could write correctly; so he chose France as the country of his retreat. The pretext he gave to the King, on asking permission to absent himself, was a desire to consult Parisian medical celebrities. He arrived in France in 1822; visited Paris first, and then went southwards to Bordeaux, where he lived with a lady called Weiss, and taught her daughter to draw. She afterwards became a clever lithographer. The reader is not to conclude that Goya was reduced to teaching drawing as a means of subsistence. He had saved a good fortune out of his earnings, and besides this he still enjoyed his pension from the Spanish Court; so that his old age was comfortable enough, so far as money matters were concerned. Its greatest enemies were his own irritable temper, which vented itself in many a crisis of violent exasperation; and his complete deafness—a deafness so complete, indeed, that when he played on a piano no sound whatever reached his ears. There was a little Spanish colony at Bordeaux, in the midst of which Goya lived out his life. He died on the 16th of April, 1828, at the age of eighty-two, after having led one of the most active and exciting lives in the history of art and artists. He had used and abused many of the best gifts of Nature and Fortune, had seen much of mankind, of the highest in rank and the lowest in morality, and had himself exercised a great influence upon his countrymen.

The career of Goya is, in many respects, one of the most extraordinary in all biographical history. It is especially remarkable for the manifest contradiction between his daily life and the nature of his political influence. He was at the same time a courtier, and a revolutionary satirist and propagandist. Though he was a productive artist, and very industrious and energetic in the pursuit of his profession, he does not owe his position to art alone; and it is impossible to say what his reputation might have been if he had depended exclusively upon art, as Turner did, without pushing himself at court and into political notoriety. He would not have been altogether unknown, but his fame might have been confined to his own country.

This violent agent of the Revolution not only held a place at court, and lived amongst great people, but he founded a fortune and a title, for his son was made a Marquis—the Marquis del Espinar—in honour of him. There is nothing in the history of art and political propagandism more curious than this.

Another very astonishing thing in Goya's life is the way in which the courtier in him protected the radical, and the artist protected both. The Inquisition had its eye on him from the beginning, recognising in his terrible powers as a satirist a dangerous influence against itself; and at length, after the publication of a set of his etchings, *The Caprices*, he was called upon to appear before the 'sacred' tribunal. The King interfered to protect him, although the Queen herself was severely satirised in one of the plates,* and he actually bought the

* It is supposed that Charles IV. did not see the reference to the Queen in the plate alluded to, and that he accepted some evasive explanation offered by Goya.

coppers, paying in exchange for them an annual pension of 125*l.* to Goya's son—a very handsome payment for a set of caricatures.

This sketch of Goya's life would be incomplete without a closer examination of his character. It was, as we have seen, far from being exemplary, but, at the same time, it had strong qualities. It was virile always, both in its virtues and its vices. Goya was not a 'half-man,' but really a man, full of masculine courage, energy, and resource. We of the North may be unfair to him simply because his nature was so very Southern in its ardent manifestations. An Englishman might have equal energy and do an equal amount of work, but he would scarcely throw himself into his work with the same forgetfulness of everything but his object. Byron is the only Englishman I can think of as comparable to Goya in ardour, yet even Byron remained the artist when most in earnest, and Goya sacrificed art to thought without hesitation, thinking nothing of the means, or the manner, when the moral or political purpose interested him, or even when an idea was urgent for immediate realisation. It has been said that Byron's energy was Satanic, but the word might be still better applied to Goya, who really does remind us of an infernal force. We have seen already how he delighted in frightful and diabolical subjects, and how he selected them for the decoration of his house. This is a mere nothing in comparison with the quantities of revolting subjects illustrated in his different etchings and other compositions. It is not easy to understand the exact condition of Goya's mind in reference to these horrors. He hated tyranny and cruelty with his whole soul, but, instead of shrinking from the visible evils which they produced, he would deliberately sit down to illustrate them in horrible detail. He looked upon human meanness, baseness, rapacity, violence, oppression, with a strange mixture of indignation and grim satisfaction, being really angry at these vices, and yet happy as a satirist to find such opportunities for the exercise of his talent. It was his pleasure to degrade humanity far below its own level by giving to his caricatures a degree of hideousness which no artist except himself could possibly have imagined. I am not forgetting the studied ugliness of some heads by Lionardo; but that is as nothing in comparison with the imaginations of Goya, for you see at once in Lionardo's ugliest drawings that the faces are only plain human faces whose defects have been dwelt upon and enlarged, whereas Goya's are real inventions of a diabolical genius, and they make you shudder as real demons would if you could see them. He had generally a moral purpose of some sort, and inculcated his lesson with a bitterness of temper which looks like snarling contempt for the human race. Bitter irony, mockery approaching to ferocity—these, and not tenderness or pity, are the prevailing attitudes of Goya's mind towards the suffering and the wretchedness of the world. His brain was full of scorn and incontinent of hatred. There are natures which must have somebody to hate as there are natures which must have somebody to love. Goya was a born hater and despiser, and as there was plenty in the world about him which was both hateful and despicable, his instincts had ample satisfaction. At the same time, there can have been few Spaniards more despicable than himself, notwithstanding all his manly qualities. The vices which he mercilessly lashed in others, with the exception of cruelty, were conspicuous in his own life. He stigmatised immorality, and was himself one of the most immoral men in Spain; he condemned political subservency, and was himself a political Vicar of Bray, paying court to anybody, Bonaparte or Bourbon, who sat on the Spanish throne, that he might keep his place and pension. He satirised his sovereign and accepted his protection at the same time—a protection without which he would have found himself in the claws of the Inquisition. Even his onslaughts against hypocrisy were accompanied by a certain degree of hypocrisy in his own case, for did he not conform to the religious usages of the Court, though he had no religious belief? and are not these usages at all times strict in Spain? and were they not especially strict under Charles III.—a sovereign of monastic piety, who maintained in religion as in morality the most rigorous etiquette?

The baseness of Goya's personal character did not prevent him from rendering real services to the cause of political liberalism and humanity in Spain. He did a work there which has been done in England and France by well-known caricaturists, whose productions,

in comparison with his, are as lemon-juice to pure vitriol. He is not alone in this work in Europe, but he was alone in it in the Spain of his time. There was still great need for a dissolving agency, for the old powers were still strong enough to be dangerous to human welfare. The Inquisition—which we too readily look upon as an evil now far behind us in the past—was in active operation in the latter part of the eighteenth century. In its last decade a woman was burnt alive for witchcraft by command of the Holy Office, and there was a real *auto-da-fé* at Seville, Goya being then nearly fifty years old. He himself had been on several different occasions so nearly within the grip of the Inquisition, that he felt the shadow of its occult power hanging over him, and he could realise the nature of its evil influence much more adequately than we can—we, who have never experienced it, and only read about it in books.

The really animating force in Goya's mind was hatred and not hope. He was not one of those enthusiasts who look forward to a blissful future for humanity; nevertheless, there is in one of his plates a gleam of anticipation of better things. 'In a plate,' says M. Yriarte, 'which is entirely unpublished, the copper having been probably confiscated by the Inquisition, or hidden from fear, the artist represents a symbolical figure in the form of a young woman, surrounded by radiance and kindly receiving an old man, exhausted, bent to the earth, overcome by weariness, and hardly able to endure the weight of his burden. She shows him the brightening sky, inundated with gleams of light, the future coming on, a future at once splendid and happy, with plenty, justice, peace, serenity, and strength. Flowers and children fall from the sky and flutter about in its symbolical irradiations. At the foot of the figure a lamb seeks refuge, and a child in a cradle is sheltered under the folds of her robe.' Evidently this design expresses a hope for the future of the common people, the people bent down with toil and having so little of the light, the grace, the beauty of life, in the immediate present. The set of plates on *The Disasters of War* are a consecutive series of denunciations against the cruelty of an invasion. They were suggested by the French invasion of Spain, and exhibit every imaginable evil which such a contest brings in its train. Some touches of a tenderer humanity may be found in other plates by Goya, but these are extremely rare. The most noticeable of them is a plate representing four women in a gloomy cell, who are lost to all sense of suffering in the happy forgetfulness of sleep. 'Do not wake them,' says the inscription under the drawing; 'sleep is often the only good of the unfortunate.' A set of plates, called *The Prisoners*, is a protest against the ill-usage to which prisoners are always subject in semi-barbarous states. Goya's inscriptions under these etchings are so many lessons to governments: 'If he is a criminal, judge him, and do not prolong his sufferings;' 'Get possession of his person, but do not torment him;' and so on: maxims which exactly express the doctrines of our own prison philanthropists.

The extreme courage exhibited by Goya at different times of his life belonged rather to a certain recklessness and effrontery of disposition than to elevation of mind; but in estimating his character we have to give him credit for it. He was remarkable, when a young man, for a temerity surpassing the ordinary follies of youth, and he became celebrated afterwards at Madrid for his physical prowess and address. There is a story of a thrashing administered by Goya to a gigantic water-carrier who had been beating an unfortunate humpback, and whenever he saw a mountebank he must needs endeavour to surpass him. He was an excellent fencer, and so well known in Madrid that the swordsmen who exhibited their talents publicly before the populace in the open streets and squares would hand the foils respectfully to Goya when he made his appearance, and the spectators would watch the contest with eager interest. Mere effrontery would not, of itself, have carried him through his adventures, and it was amply sustained by his personal strength and skill; but the effrontery was there always, and to what a degree he possessed it the following well-known anecdote is good evidence. One day, when the Court was in mourning, he so far forgot himself as to attempt to enter the presence of the sovereign in white stockings instead of black. He was stopped by the officials at the foot of the grand staircase, who refused to let him pass. On this he went at once to

the guard-room, got an inkstand and a pen, and adorned his legs with the portraits of various court officials, after which he forced his way into the throne-room, where the caricatures soon attracted attention. The king and queen asked what was the matter, and called Goya into their immediate presence, when they recognised the principal portrait, and laughed more heartily than any one. Place and circumstances being duly taken into account, we must, I think, admit that Goya here attained the high-water mark of impudence.

In the changes of government which succeeded each other in Spain, Goya remained faithful to nothing but his own interest. He had been treated with the most extreme kindness and indulgence by Charles IV., but when Joseph Bonaparte was set upon the throne of Spain the painter went and did him homage, and, in a word, became one of his courtiers. Then came Ferdinand VII., to whom Goya, of course, went and presented his respects, just as if nothing had happened. Ferdinand seems to have been the first Spanish sovereign who really understood Goya. He saw through the disguises of fictitious interpretations with which the ingenious etcher of *The Caprices* had hidden their meaning from his kind protector Charles IV. He clearly perceived the treacherous, ungrateful, disloyal nature of the man, and said to him plainly, 'In our absence you have deserved exile, and, worse than that, you have deserved to be strangled; but you are a great artist, and we forgive everything.' Another reason for the royal clemency may have been that Goya was getting old.

The artist's ingratitude was not limited to the royal house. One plate of *The Caprices* (No. 33) was understood [to be an attack upon the minister, Urquijo, the very same minister who in 1799 had got him appointed 'first painter of the chamber,' and written him a most kind and friendly letter to announce his nomination. No. 55 of the same series, entitled 'Until Death,' represents a horribly decrepit old woman seated before her dressing-table laden with perfumers' bottles, whilst she is trying on a head-dress. Her tire-woman hides her face to conceal her laughter. Now this lady, whose care of her person in old age Goya thus mercilessly ridiculed, was understood to be the Countess of Benavente, and she and her family had for twenty years been the artist's kindest patrons and friends. No one was safe from his attacks, not even those who had protected him by their kindness and made a brilliant career possible for him, and he spared neither sex nor age.

Of his conduct as a husband we know little, except that he lived in a constant succession of adulteries, and often with married women. One of these left home and children for him, and went to live with him for two months in his studio. His adulteries were, in fact, almost as much a part of his celebrity as his pictures, and he knew the value of them in an immoral city and age as a means of getting himself talked about. It was one of his characteristics to intrigue with women in all ranks of society, from the common people through the different ranks of the middle classes up to the highest nobility of Spain, and even to royalty itself, for he was an especial favourite of the dissolute Queen Maria Luisa, and we know what, for such a woman, a male favourite is. The *liaison* with the Duchess of Alba is historical, and adds immensely to the *éclat* of Goya's fame in Spain, where every one associates his name with hers. She was beautiful, high-spirited, imperious, and a duchess, and she does not seem to have concerned herself in the least about the publicity of their connexion. In a thoroughly immoral state of society such a conquest, so far from being a disgrace to a man, adds vastly to his reputation. Another of Goya's conquests was a well-known bookseller's wife in Madrid, and his popular celebrity was enhanced by *liaisons* with beautiful women in the lowest classes. What his wife thought of all this we are left to conjecture.

Something of his true character may be guessed from the following anecdote. Having to paint Saints Justina and Rufina for the cathedral of Seville, Goya simply made portraits of two common prostitutes in the town, and remarked to Cean Bermudez, who was a good Christian, that he would cause the faithful to worship vice. In all the religious compositions executed by him the angels are really and visibly nothing but women of an abandoned character.

(*To be continued.*)

P. G. HAMERTON.

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

VIII.—MARC ANTONIO.

'ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF POETRY,' *from a design by Raphael.*

ALLEGORICAL figures are out of fashion in these days, and have not at any time been favourite subjects with English artists, but it is as well that we should not close our minds by a mere prejudice against a form of art which has occupied the thoughts of some of the very greatest painters, sculptors, and designers, and which has an especial and undeniable utility in decoration. Nothing would be more suitable; in a library of some height and importance, than mural paintings of Poetry, History, and Philosophy. When such figures are well conceived they answer to a natural tendency in the human mind, the tendency to personification. We readily imagine that the Muse is favourable or unfavourable to us, that she smiles or frowns, according to the degree in which we succeed or fail in labours which need her patronage. There may even be a positive advantage to the literary or artistic workman in encouraging these fancies. It is a good thing for a painter to remember that the Muse of painting is of a very jealous disposition, and does not readily permit devotion to other pursuits; whilst the versifier may do well to bear in mind that unless this Muse of poetry, whom Raphael has here designed, looked kindly upon him at his very birth, all his labour in mere versification will be utterly thrown away. One would not have to complain of the Muses if they were entirely kind or cold enough to discourage from the very first. For example, the Muse before us has always made a pet of Mr. Tennyson, but she never would have anything to say to Turner, her conduct to both being intelligible, though unequal. But what are we to say about her dealings with hundreds of half-poets whom she allures only to deceive?

In Passavant's 'Life of Raphael' he gives the following description of the painted figure of Poetry:—

'Round painting on the ceiling on a gold ground, mosaic style.

'A female figure, with outspread wings and crossed legs, is seated on a block of marble covered with theatrical masks, emblematical of dramatic poetry. In the right hand she holds a book, and in the left a lyre. In the clouds rest two little spirits with tablets, on which are written, *Numine afflatur*.

'This figure, which is of supernatural beauty, is entirely from Raphael's own hand, and in his best manner. It has been engraved by Marc Antonio,* B. Audran, Raphael Morghen, and many others.'

Passavant says that the figure is 'of supernatural beauty.' It seems to us rather heavy for a Muse so imaginative, but Raphael may have intended to convey the idea that poetry was not a trifling pursuit, and indeed we know that it requires mental strength as well as grace and elevation. We think this figure would do very well for the robust Muse of Robert Browning. A critical friend, on learning that we had selected this plate for publication, said, 'Bartsch calls it *cette belle estampe*, and I think there is a great deal to admire in it—the grace of the attitudes, without affectation, the arrangement and lighting of the drapery, the pretty chubby *amorino* on the right, and the fine treatment of the lines and masses for decorative effect.'

* In the circular painting on the ceiling of the Stanza della Signatura in the Vatican, whilst the female figure is essentially the same as that in the engraving reproduced by us (with some not very important differences), the *amorini* are not at all the same, nor the tablets which they carry. In the round picture their attitudes are arranged so as to conform to the circle, whilst here they conform to the vertical sides of the design. The difference shows how carefully Raphael would subordinate a composition to circumstances, and how taste, in his mind, predominated over the kind of passion which adheres to a first inspiration.

The student of engraving will find it worth while to follow out Marc Antonio's simple yet learned execution, differing so widely in principle from modern engraving. In the days of Raphael engravers did not imitate drawings and paintings, but followed a severe art of their own, which had its own independent principles, and was in some respects, as in severity of line and rejection of texture and local colour, more closely allied to sculpture than to painting.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF OLD WARWICKSHIRE HOUSES, BY W. NIVEN.

WARWICKSHIRE is very rich in old country-houses. In this book Mr. Niven gives illustrations with descriptive letter-press of the chief of them. He does not claim for the etchings which form the illustrations any intrinsic merit as works of art, but having regarded the buildings rather from the point of view of the architect than the landscape-artist, he has given us faithful delineations of the characteristic domestic architecture of the Tudor, Elizabethan, and Jacobean periods, of which these old Warwickshire houses are excellent examples. Considering the small scale of the drawings, the architectural details are well shown, and the picturesque general effect of the buildings is at the same time rendered in a way which probably no other process than etching could have equalled. It is, perhaps, unfortunate, however, that in only one instance is any plan given. In the case of Aston Hall we are enabled to compare the perspective views and the description with the sketch-plan, and a much better notion of this house can thus be got than of the others illustrated. The descriptive portion of the work is well done. We have not only a general idea of the arrangement of the houses, the materials in which they are built, and their dates, but slight sketches of their histories and of any points of antiquarian interest contained in them.

The sketch which accompanies this notice is a reproduction of Mr. Niven's etching of *Pooley Hall, Polesworth*. This house was completed in the reign of Henry VIII., and is a good specimen of the architecture of the time when the fortified stronghold was being replaced by the more convenient dwelling-house of Tudor times. The battlemented turrets, which in this, as in most of the other houses in the district, seem rather clumsy and heavy, were, no doubt, intended as ornaments—surviving features of past architecture, which had become, in the Darwinian sense, 'rudimentary'—and not for any really defensive purpose. Mr. Niven quotes the epitaph at Ashbury, in Derbyshire, on the knight who built this house. It is as follows:—

'Here chested in this tombe and closed in this clay
Doth lie Sir Thomas Kokain Knight and must till judgment Day.
This martial man so bold and eke this warlike wight
At Tywin and at Turney siege was dubbed a worthy knight.
Three goodly houses did he build to his great praise and fame
With profits great and manifold belonging to the same.
Three parks did he impale, therein to chase the deere
The lofty lodge within this park he also builded here.'

In looking through a series of drawings like this, one cannot help feeling some sympathy with the owners of these old houses in the difficulties in which they find themselves when they want to alter or enlarge them. Everyone else's house in England is his castle, and he can pull down, rebuild, or restore and re-arrange it at will; but a house like one of these is in a way public property—everybody's castle except the owner's—and do what he will with it the unfortunate possessor is sure of a large measure of public censure. Antiquarian and anti-restoration societies are down on him as soon as he begins to touch it; reproaches and advice, confusing and contradictory, pour in on him from various opposing quarters,



and he is held up to execration because he wishes to adapt his own house to his own purposes. But what is he to do? Is he to abandon his grand old house to ruin and decay to suit the notions of those enthusiastic preservers of ancient monuments whose chief recipe for preservation is neglect, and build beside it for himself a new house with the modern improvements he requires? Shall the old one be pulled down and the fittings re-used in the new? or can it be judiciously and conservatively restored to meet the requirements of modern



POOLEY HALL, POLESWORTH.

life? Surely this is reasonable and practicable. These houses have come down to us with all the changes which the varying tasks and wants of successive generations have caused. They have become histories in stone and brick of all the times since they were built down to our own. But we are told we must transmit them to posterity intact, without any marks of our handiwork upon them. The volume is now to be closed, our handwriting is unworthy to appear in it.

HENRY COWELL BOYES.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE pictures which some of our leading artists send to the Academy this year are of remarkable interest. Mr. Millais has devoted his best powers to his portraits of Gladstone and Carlyle. Mr. Oulless contributes several portraits, one of the most remarkable being that of Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch. Besides a portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, in which the thoughtful refinement of the original is admirably rendered, Mr. G. W. Watts has two pictures which are likely to increase his reputation. In the one, we have a scene from the pathetic legend of 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' the moment taken being that at which she

is on her way from Hades to the light of day. Having looked back, and so failed to fulfil the terms of her release, she must break away from the side of her lover and return to the region of the dead. All the resistance of Orpheus is in vain. Mr. Watts is engaged upon a rendering of a familiar subject from Dante—Francesca da Rimini and Paolo floating in space. The conception is spiritual and pathetic. Francesca clings to her lover, and the expression of his face is finely imagined. The two figures are enveloped in drapery of a grey colour, which avoids the leaden, but is silvery and aerial.

The subject of Mr. Poynter's picture is *Nausicaa and her Maids*; Nausicaa is in the act of striking the ball which one of her companions, running backwards, is ready to catch. The picture contains ten figures, drawn with Mr. Poynter's usual accuracy and strength of expression. The faces will be recognised as belonging to notable beauties of the day.

Mr. Orchardson's picture represents three gamblers, in the costume of the last century, who evidently have been playing all night, as the floor is strewn with packs of cards. Two of them are sitting at the card-table, keenly eyeing the younger, who stands by the door in an attitude of sullen despair; he has been thoroughly fleeced. The heads are finely modelled and quite Hogarthian in character and life. There is much refinement in the treatment of every detail. The silvery tone of the wall contrasts well with the yellow furniture; the gold ornaments on the chimney-piece are broadly, and yet carefully painted. The picture is full of light, the colouring is harmonious, and the brushwork effective in style.

Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., sends four pictures. *Marat, 13th of July, 1793*, shows the interior of the real room which the artist sketched on the spot in the Rue de Cordeliers before it was demolished. Marat is seen writing in his bath. Charlotte Corday comes in at the door, ready to poniard him. In another of Mr. Crowe's pictures the Duc d'Enghien, previous to his execution, cuts off a lock of his hair and begs one of the firing party to forward it to the Princess Charlotte Rohan. The scene gives a fine night effect in the ditch of Vincennes.

Mr. R. Barrett Browning, whose first exhibited picture, *The Worker in Brass, Antwerp*, excited much interest in last year's Academy, has painted three pictures showing remarkable versatility and originality. The largest is a *Fish Stall in Antwerp*. In vigorous handling of the brush, solid colour, and mastery of the technical resources by which the texture of objects is wrought out, this picture reveals great power. There are abundant details all elaborately finished. In singular contrast is a small, thoughtfully-finished picture, by the same artist, of a monk standing at the entrance of a cavern, gazing at a skull with a scrutinising expression. The third picture is a view of *Dinant on the Meuse*, a picturesque old town, with houses of all colours and sizes. These, as well as the bridges and boats, and the solid cliffs with their delicate verdure, are reflected in the smooth river.

Mr. Val Prinsep has painted an admirable *Portrait of Mr. Hare*, the well-known actor. He is engaged on his great Indian picture, which will not be finished for some time.

Mr. Colin Hunter's three seascapes are likely to attract attention. They are faithful and vigorous sketches, full of movement and colour.

Mr. E. Long's two pictures of *Vashti* and *Esther* are sure to attract attention. Vashti, fair and beautiful, refuses to comply with King Ahasuerus' command to appear before the princes and people. The grouping is fine, the dark attendants contrasting with the splendid fair woman. Esther, the Jewess, is dark, and very beautiful, with a fine expression of determination on her pale, earnest face; she is about to intercede for her people; an attendant stands behind her, holding

a white mantle; Esther is seated. The interior of the room is magnificently painted.

Miss Jessie Macgregor, who carried off the gold medal for composition at the Royal Academy some years ago, sends to the Academy a picture which she calls the *May Queen*. The grouping of the figures is graceful and the landscape poetical.

Miss Osborne sends a picture, *Trust and Mistrust*. Two German children, a boy and a girl, plodding homewards in the snow under a large red umbrella: the little girl clings tenderly to him, evidently frightened at the flock of geese which surround them; the snow is admirably painted.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft sends to the Academy a sculpture group in white marble representing a young girl carrying her baby brother. *Stepping Stones* is the title of this graceful group. The arms and legs of the girl are admirably modelled, and the face, especially the profile, is very fine.

IN the Grosvenor Exhibition this year the principal contributor will again be Mr. Burne-Jones, with his series illustrating the story of 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' the description of which while they were on the artist's easel appeared in a former number of the PORTFOLIO. It need scarcely be added that the complete work quite justifies the high expectation formed of it. Mr. Hubert Herkomer exhibits at the Grosvenor Gallery his large water-colour picture, *Light, Life, Melody*, representing a group of Bavarian peasants seated beneath a wooden drinking-shed; the figures are nearly life-size, and the different types are rendered very vigorously. Through the open sides of the shed a sunny, picturesque landscape is seen. Mr. Herkomer also sends to the Grosvenor a striking and faithful portrait of Tennyson. Mr. Walter Crane's principal picture represents three sirens dancing on a strip of shore: the centre figure holds the right hand of the other two, one of whom has a lyre and the other a pomegranate. A ship is approaching, with drooping sails and languid oars, near enough for us to see the figures of the mariners. Beyond the ship on the horizon is seen the rising moon, though the light of day has not yet departed. The tone of the picture is light, the sea pale, and the sirens in semi-transparent draperies of opalescent and saffron tinge. Mr. Walter Crane will probably exhibit some decorative work in basso-relievo. Mr. W. G. Wills sends to the Grosvenor *Ophelia* and *Laertes*; and along with it *The Spirit of the Shell*, a pretty little nude form in soft shadow, relieved by the brilliant prismatic light of the shell in which she reposes; and, thirdly, *A Nymph*, who stands leaning thoughtfully against a marble pedestal, which is surmounted by the moss-stained bust of a laughing faun, while she listens to a satyr playing on a double flute. Mr. Cecil Lawson sends a number of landscapes. His most important contribution will be the *Hop Garden*, which has been already seen at the Royal Academy. Mr. Sandys will be represented at the Grosvenor by an admirable portrait of a man in a red hunting-coat. Miss Montalba's picture for the Grosvenor is the *Fête of St. Antonio*: a procession of priests coming down some stone steps. The tone of the colouring is clear and harmonious; the figures of the priests are admirable. Miss E.

Pickering, a young artist full of promise, niece of Mr. Stanhope, will contribute a very clever allegorical picture, *Light and Sleep*. The Grosvenor is likely to be a very attractive Exhibition.

THE Salon of 1879 promises to be very extensive, as the jury have announced their intention to be lenient in their judgments, and the administration has placed a very large portion of the Palace of Industry at the disposal of the hanging committee. The younger artists have contributed profusely, but many prominent names will be missing, or represented only by unimportant works. M. Meissonnier has not yet said that he will exhibit. M. Gérôme is absent on a sketching tour in Algeria. The large painting of *Diana and Acteon*, by M. Jules Lefebvre, is not finished. M. Cabanel has sent only portraits. M. Munkacz has on his easel a *genre* painting, the *Convalescent*. He has been tempted to linger too long on the accessories of his subject. The execution of the back-ground is charming, but the figures—a young mother, a babe, and a group of admiring lady friends—will require the labour of another month. M. Vibert has sold and sent to America his last painting.

M. Jean Paul Laurens will exhibit one of the principal pictures of the year. Its size, nearly five yards in height, the sensational subject, the *Rescue of Martyrs of the Inquisition*, the intense colouring and the vigorous handling, will all contribute to arrest attention in a public exhibition. The scene is laid in Carcassonne in 1303. The indignation of the populace at the long confinement of a company of prisoners had attained an irrepressible violence; pick-axe in hand, they began to demolish the stone walls of the prison. The consuls of the ancient city, in official costume, quietly witness an intervention which they are powerless to control. The central figure of the composition is the monk, Bernard le Déléicieux, who, with outstretched arms, represses the crowd, whom his former discourse has excited beyond his intention. He is surrounded by a group of the wives of the prisoners, many of them ladies of rank.

M. Bouguereau, who received one of the Medals of Honour at the Universal Exhibition, has not been resting since; he will exhibit the largest canvas he has yet painted, representing the *Birth of Venus*. The classic subject is rendered new by being treated with a modern love of Nature. Twenty-two life-size figures enter into the composition. The young goddess, erect on a silvery shell which rides over the waves, occupies the centre of the picture. She is surrounded by an escort of Tritons and Nymphs, who are sounding her triumph through big sea-shells and admiring her beauty. Two laughing Cupids, astride a dolphin, are driving her car. In a semi-circle above her head a crowd of other Cupids, in varied infantine attitudes of repose and movement, carry out the principal line of the composition. The sky, of the delicate tones of early morning, is lighter than the tender flesh-tints of the Venus, only a few vigorous notes of blue give relief near the horizon: a sparkling reflexion on the tips of the waves indicates approaching sunrise.

Among the best *genre* subjects will be the *Italians*, by M. Perrault; a *Duel*, by M. Berne-Bellecour; a *Lady in Costume of Louis XIV.*, by M. Jacquet; and a *Pastor's*

Visit, by M. Worms. M. Detaille will exhibit an important military subject.

The portrait-painters will be well represented. M. Bonnat's portrait of *Victor Hugo*; *Sarah Bernhardt*, painted by M. Bastien Le Page; *M. Alex. Dumas*, by M. Roll; M. Cabanel's likeness of *Mr. Mackey*, the American Ceresus; and a *Portrait of a Lady*, by M. Vollon, will all excite attention, praise, and criticism.

M. Van Marcke will lead the animal-painters with a vigorous group of cows on a sunlit farm in Normandy. M. Auguste Bonheur has contributed a scene with cattle in Auvergne; and his sister, M^{me}. Peyrol Bonheur, two delicately-rendered pictures of cows and sheep—one a grey morning effect, the other with the warm colouring of high noon.

M. François, the veteran of the landscape artists, will exhibit a small but masterly sketch from the valley of Rossillon—only a willow by a brook; but on it he has expended the results of a lifetime devoted to the study of nature.

M^{ms}. Bernier, Pelouse, and Busson will well sustain their high reputation.

THE Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street this year contains over 760 pictures, not all of which, it may well be supposed, can be masterpieces, still there is much to attract attention and to please, owing to this or that special combination of skill. Sir Frederick Leighton sends three very slight sketches, among which No. 68 is a charming study of a girl's head. Mr. Pettie, R.A., exhibits a portrait of a weather-beaten sailor (No. 84) *Looking Windward*, rich in colour and full of character. No. 69, *Rest*, by T. Faed, R.S.A., represents an old man reading, with a little girl at his feet. This is in nice tender feeling. No. 30, *Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim*, by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., is cleverly painted. *The Music Lesson*, by H. Caffieri, is a pleasant picture. The attitudes of the young ladies are very graceful, and the pretty *salon* is full of colour. *Monsieur Coulon's Dancing Class*, representing a number of ladies dressed in the fashions of the first French Empire, by A. Ludovici, jun., is in a foreign style of painting, and full of colour and sparkle. *Portrait of Miss Burr*, by Jas. Archer, R.S.A., is a charming portrait, life-like and nice in colour. *Summer*, by Carl Bauerle, is a very bright picture of a child with poppies in its hands. No. 651, *Miss Madeleine Charington*, by Edward Clifford, is a careful and refined portrait in water colours. No. 360, *Morning on the Alps*, by Sir Robert Collier, is effective. Miss Kate Amphlett's *Twilight*, and Mr. MacNab's *The Way Home*, also deserve mention.

MR. MADOX-BROWN'S first cartoon for the series of frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall promises well. The subject is the baptism of King Edwin of Northumbria and Deira, at the instance of his wife, Queen Ethelberga. With true archaeological taste and feeling the interior of the church, in which the baptismal ceremony is performed, is represented as of rude Saxon architecture with wooden columns. A railing, covered with tapestry, separates the king and priests from the people within. An effective feature of the cartoon is the view of the distant town caught through the narrow windows.

THE collection of Water-Colour Sketches and Drawings of the late Henry Dawson (he died Dec. 1878), exhibited at the Fine Arts Society, will raise the reputation of an artist whose works deserve to be widely known. They are 140 in number, and a large oil picture of *Durham Cathedral* is exhibited along with them. There are some fine studies of trees amongst the drawings. No. 111, *Lancaster and Morecambe Bay*, is one of the best specimens in the gallery, and we may mention a good sketch on the Wharfe, executed in two hours.

There is to be seen at the South Kensington Museum a Sarcophagus, lately discovered at Padua, which, although attributed by some good judges to no less a sculptor than Donatello, was actually at the time of discovery used as a drinking-trough for horses. It is of grey stone, carved at each end with the figure of an angel; at the top is a recumbent female figure. Happily, it is little injured.

The pervading fault of the Exhibition of Lady Artists in Great Marlborough Street is inaccuracy of drawing; nor are the subjects generally well chosen, being mostly of a common-place character. There are no less than 835 pictures, many of them not without artistic feeling. *The Five Sisters of York*, No. 278, *vide* 'Nicholas Nickleby,' by Mrs. Jopling, represents a group of five young ladies sitting in the open air, under the shade of trees, while a friar gives them a lecture. The faces of the girls are pretty, and their attitudes graceful. This is the cleverest picture in the present Exhibition. No. 296, *A Fiji Island Canoe*, by Hilda Montalba, is cleverly painted; and so is 422, *A Windy Day*, by the same lady. This represents a couple of sturdy young washerwomen carrying a basket of clothes, running down a steep road through a wood. There is a great deal of action in the figures, though they are slightly out of drawing. No. 308, *Far Away*, by Miss Linnie Watt, is clever and full of promise. No. 40, *Naatje*, by F. M. Roberts, a dark girl's head, is well modelled, and good in colour. No. 767, *The Coming Tide*, and No. 777, *Mullion Cove*, by Mrs. Val Bromley, are two carefully-painted little sea pictures. There is nice feeling for colour and sentiment in those two little studies. No. 252, *At the Well, Venice*, by Ellen Montalba, represents a number of country girls drawing water from a well in Venice. A flock of grey pigeons fly about; it is a well-composed picture. There are many clever studies of heads and still life, and careful bits of landscape. We must mention honourably Mrs. Bridell Fox, Miss Marrable, Miss M. Brooks, Miss E. Guinness, Julia Smith, No. 707, *Girl listening to a Shell*. No. 708, *A Head*, by Rebecca Coleman. Also many clever studies by Mrs. Paul Naftel.

ANTOINE CHINTREUIL, the landscape-painter, was born at Pont de Vaux, in the department of the Ain, on the 5th of May, 1814, and on the same day this

year the town council of the little place are going to give great *fêtes*, and inaugurate a monument in the painter's honour, surmounted by his bust. Chintreuil was a devoted student of nature, but we cannot consider him a great artist; and it seems to us that he was cruelly neglected during most of his life, and now, to make amends, over-praised since his death. A little place like Pont de Vaux (2500 inhabitants) may, however, be allowed the indulgence of some pride in its own artist. The bust of Chintreuil is by M. Baujault.

A VERY useful annual publication has just been commenced by the Paris printer and publisher, M. Quantin. It is entitled 'L'Année Artistique,' and is not confined to France, but includes some note of what passes in the art-world outside the French frontiers. M. Victor Champier is the compiler, and his work for this year forms a well-printed octavo volume of nearly 700 pages. We have noticed few errors of any consequence, but it would be well in future years to revise the names rather more carefully, and avoid such misprints as Canyns Carr for Comyns Carr, and Iteugh for Heugh, Hamilton for Hamerton, and Sceley for Seeley. These errors occur, however, much more rarely than might have been expected, and, considering the usual amazing inaccuracy of French publications when they deal with foreign matters, we look upon this new annual as a surprising step in advance. Many of its pages afford very interesting reading; the necrology is particularly well done, and M. Champier shows throughout a laudably anxious desire to be impartial and just. We are happy to see that Lambinet, whose merits we thought insufficiently acknowledged by the French press at the time of his death, gets better treatment here. He was really one of the best landscape-painters France ever produced; not so poetical as Corot, but greatly his superior in knowledge, and really more cultivated than Daubigny, though he had not a tithe of his fame. The articles on Courbet and Daubigny are ample. The notice of Mr. Paul Chalmers states incorrectly that 'il fit ses études en Angleterre,' the fact being that he studied at Edinburgh, under Scott Lauder, and others. It is said that he was a member of the Royal Society of Arts at Edinburgh, instead of the Royal Scottish Academy. No doubt it comes to much the same thing, but it might be as well to let French readers know that there is a Royal Academy in Scotland. On the whole, we can recommend this 'Année Artistique' as one of the best publications of its kind which have hitherto been attempted, and we have little doubt of its progressive improvement in the future.

MR. RICHARDSON-GARDNER has made a gift of a marble statue of the Prince Consort, which is to be executed in Rome, to the Albert Institute at Windsor, now being erected from designs by Mr. Ingress Bell. The Ladies' Reading Room in this building is to be decorated by M. Henri Henry, the director of the New Windsor Tapestry Works.



W. H. Miller

THE VANGUARD

1870

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XVI.—JOHN MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.

'The Vanguard.'

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY.

TOURISTS usually visit the Highlands of Scotland in the autumn, but a winter there has its own wild charms. Few scenes in Europe are more impressive than a Highland glen of the finer kind, all covered with deep winter snow, and under a leaden sky. Last winter was only too terrible in these sublimities, communication being rendered difficult, and in many places impossible, for weeks together. In the picture which Mr. Murray has etched, the cattle are being driven through one of those dreary, treeless glens so common in the Highlands, and one of those bold little bulls, which every painter admires, is acting as the 'Vanguard.' Mr. MacWhirter has detached him vigorously from the other animals, and set him, with his black hide, against a clear background of snow. Notwithstanding all his courage, the bull has anxieties of the animal nature, and cannot quite make out a little rocky hollow, darker than the surrounding snow. He is seized in the moment of hesitation, and represented with striking fidelity.

The subject was found in the West Highlands, and the picture painted at Bocastle, a small farmhouse near Callender, rented by Mr. MacWhirter for purposes of artistic study. The background was studied at Dalwhinnie, the highest point on the Highland railway, and in the month of February,—not a very delightful place or time for painting from nature.

Mr. MacWhirter was born at Inglis Green, near Edinburgh, on the 27th day of March, 1839, and 'educated after a fashion,' as he says, at a boarding-school at Peebles, on the banks of the Tweed. In very early life he made drawings of Needpath Castle and other picturesque bits in that pretty neighbourhood.

Young MacWhirter left school at thirteen or fourteen, and was apprenticed to a wholesale bookseller and publisher; but, after a few weeks' trial, ran off and began his artist life. He studied at the Art Schools, known as those of the Board of Manufactures, under Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., and John Ballantyne, R.S.A. Amongst his fellow-students were Orchardson, Pettie, P. and T. Graham, and others more or less known to fame. He worked from statues at the schools in the morning, and soon afterwards from life; but passed the rest of the day in the country, studying from nature amongst the Pentland Hills. Here Mr. MacWhirter began to make a series of studies of wild flowers, which he continued afterwards in Norway, the Tyrol, &c. Some of these were shown—without the artist's knowledge—to Professor Ruskin, who asked permission to take them to Oxford, as examples for his class of students there; and a few of these drawings remain in Mr. Ruskin's possession.

Mr. MacWhirter was elected Associate of the Scottish Academy in 1864, after returning from Rome and exhibiting a large picture of the Campagna and a highly-finished study of the

Arch of Titus. Soon after this he came to London, and has lived here ever since. In 1869, he exhibited *Loch Corruisk, Skye*, a picture which was followed by *Daybreak* and *The Depths of the Forest*. We may also mention a small picture of a donkey in a pelting storm on the seashore, with the title,—

‘A great while ago the world begun
With hey-ho, the wind and the rain.’

In the following year appeared a large landscape, entitled *The Isle of Skye and Out in the Cold* (a donkey in the deep snow before a closed stable-door). This was afterwards exhibited in the Paris Universal Exhibition, along with the *Depths of the Forest* and *The Fisherman's Haven*. To these succeeded two well-known sylvan pictures, both of birch-trees in autumn, *The Lady of the Woods* and *The Three Graces*. The *Vanguard* appeared in the same exhibition with the latter; and the success of these works led to Mr. MacWhirter's election as an Associate of the Royal Academy in January, 1879. He exhibits four pictures this year: *Looking Down a Valley*, *The Last Days of Autumn*, *A Highland Solitude*, and *A Highland Pastoral*.

This energetic and observant artist has travelled a good deal in Europe, amongst Italian and Tyrolese scenery. He has also spent some time amongst the wildest scenery in Norway. Last spring he crossed the Atlantic to visit Salt Lake City and San Francisco, when he made studies in the Yosemite Valley and amongst the colossal trees at Mariposa.

OXFORD.

VI.—*High Tory Oxford.*

THE name of her late Majesty Queen Anne has for some little time been a kind of party watch-word. Many harmless people have an innocent loyalty to this lady, make themselves her knights (as Mary Antoinette has still her sworn champions in France and Mary Stuart in Scotland), buy the plate of her serene period, and imitate the dress. To many moral critics in the press, however, Queen Anne is a kind of abomination. I know not how it is, but the terms ‘Queen Anne furniture and blue china’ have become words of almost slanderous railing. Any didactic journalist who uses them is certain at once to fall heavily on the artistic reputation of Mr. Burne Jones, to rebuke the philosophy of Mr. Pater, and to hint that the entrance-hall of the Grosvenor Gallery is that ‘by-way’ with which Bunyan has made us familiar. In the changes of things our admiration of the Augustan age of our literature, the age of Addison and Steele, of Marlborough and Aldrich, has become a sort of reproach. It may be that our modern preachers know but little of that which they traduce. At all events, the Oxford of Queen Anne's time was not what they call ‘un-English,’ but highly conservative, and as dull and beer-bemused as the most manly taste could wish it to be.

The ‘Spectator’ of the ingenious Sir Richard Steele gives us many a glimpse of non-juring Oxford. The old fashion of Sanctity (Mr. Addison says, in the ‘Spectator,’ No. 494) had passed away; nor were appearances of Mirth and Pleasure looked upon as the Marks of a Carnal Mind. Yet the Puritan Rule was not so far forgotten, but that Mr. Anthony Henley (a Gentleman of Property) could remember how he had stood for a Fellowship in a certain College whereof a great Independent Minister was Governor. As Oxford at this Moment is much vexed in her Mind about Examinations, wherein, indeed, her whole Force is presently expended, I make no scruple to repeat the account of Mr. Henley's Adventure.

‘The Youth, according to Custom, waited on the Governor of his College, to be examined. He was received at the Door by a Servant, who was one of that gloomy Generation that were then in

Fashion. He conducted him with great Silence and Seriousness to a long Gallery, which was darkened at Noon-day, and had only a single Candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy Apartment, he was led into a Chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a Taper, till at length the Head of the College came out to him from an inner Room, with half a dozen Night Caps upon his Head, and a religious Horror in his Countenance. The Young Man trembled; but his Fears increased when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in Learning, he was ask'd 'how he abounded in Grace?' His *Latin* and *Greek* stood him in little stead. He was to give an account only of the state of his Soul—whether he was of the Number of the Elect; what was the Occasion of his Conversion; upon what Day of the Month and Hour of the Day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole Examination was summed up in one short Question, namely, *Whether he was prepared for Death?* The Boy, who had been bred up by honest Parents, was frighted out of his wits by the solemnity of the Proceeding, and by the last dreadful Interrogatory, so that, upon making his Escape out of this



NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

House of Mourning, he could never be brought a second Time to the Examination, as not being able to go through the Terrors of it.'

By the year 1705, when Tom Hearne, of St. Edmund's Hall, began to keep his diary, the 'honest folk'—that is, the High Churchmen—had the better of the Independent Ministers. The Dissenters had some favour at Court, but in the University they were looked upon as utterly reprobate. From the 'Reliquiæ' of Hearne (an antiquarian successor of Antony Wood, a *bibliophile*, an archæologist, and as honest a man as Jacobitism could make him) let us quote an example of Heaven's wrath against Dissenters.

'Aug. 6, 1706. We have an account from Whitchurch, in Shropshire, that the Dissenters there having prepared a great quantity of bricks to erect a spacious conventicle, a destroying angel came by night and spoiled them all, and confounded their Babel in the beginning, to their great mortification.'

Hearne's common-place books are an amusing source of information about Oxford society in the years of Queen Anne, and of the Hanoverian usurper. Tom Hearne was a Master of Arts of St. Edmund's Hall, and at one time Deputy-Librarian of the Bodleian. He lost this post because he would not take 'the wicked oaths' required of him, but he did not therefore leave Oxford. His working hours were passed in preparing editions of antiquarian books, to be printed in very limited number, on ordinary and LARGE PAPER. It was the joy of Tom's existence to see his editions become first scarce, then VERY SCARCE, while the price augmented in proportion to the rarity. When he was not reading in his rooms he was taking long walks in the country, tracing Roman walls and roads, and exploring Woodstock Park for the remains of 'the labyrinth,' as he calls the Maze of Fair Rosamund. In these strolls he was sometimes accompanied by undergraduates, even gentlemen of noble family, 'which gave cause to some to envy our happiness.' Hearne was a social creature, and had a heart, as he shows by the entry about the death of his 'very dear friend, Mr. Thomas Cherry, A.M., of Eden Hall, to the great grief of all that knew him, being a gentleman of great beauty, singular modesty, of wonderful good nature, and most excellent principles.'

The friends of Hearne were chiefly, perhaps solely, what he calls 'honest men,' supporters of the Stuart family, and always ready to drink his Majesty's (King James') health. They would meet in 'Antiquity Hall,' an old house near Wadham, and smoke their honest pipes. They held certain of the opinions of 'the Hebdomadal Meeting,' satirised by Steele in the 'Spectator' (No. 43). 'We are much offended at the Act for importing *French* wines. A bottle or two of good solid Edifying Port, at honest *George's*, made a Night cheerful, and threw off Reserve. But this plaguy *French* Claret will not only cost us more Money but do us less good.' Hearne had a poor opinion of 'Captain Steele,' and of 'one Tickle: this Tickle is a pretender to poetry.' He admits that, though 'Queen's people are angry at the "Spectator," and the common-room say 'tis silly dull stuff, men that are indifferent commend it highly, as it deserves.' Some other satirist had a plate etched, representing Antiquity Hall—a caricature of Tom's antiquarian engravings. It may be seen in Skelton's book.

Thanks to Hearne it is easy to reproduce the common-room gossip, and the more treasonable talk of honest men at Antiquity Hall. The learned were much interested, as they usually are at Oxford, in theological discussion. Some one proved, by an ingenious syllogism, that all men are to be saved; but Hearne had the better of this Latitudinarian, easily demonstrating that the comfortable argument does not meet the case of madmen, and of deaf-mutes, whom Tom did not expect to meet in a future state. The ingenious, though depressing speculations of Mr. Dodwell, were also discussed:—'He makes the air the receptacle of all souls, good and bad, and that they are under the power of the D——I, he being prince of the air.' 'The less perfectly good' hang out, if we may say so, 'in the space between earth and the clouds,' all which is subtle, and creditable to Mr. Dodwell's invention, but not susceptible of exact demonstration. The whole controversy is an interesting specimen of Queen Anne philosophy, which, with all respect for the taste of the period, we need not wish to see revived. The Bishop of Worcester, for example, 'expects the end of the world about nine years hence.' While the theology of Oxford is being mentioned, the zeal of Dr. Miller, Regius Professor of Greek, must not be forgotten. The learned Professor endeavoured to convert, and even 'writ a Letter to Mrs. Brace-Girdle, giving her great encomiums (as having himself been often to see plays acted whilst they continued here), upon account of her excellent qualifications, and persuading her to give over this loose way of living, and betake herself to such a kind of life as was more innocent, and would gain her more credit.' The Professor's advice was wasted on 'Brace-girdle the brown.'

Politics were naturally much discussed in these doubtful years, when the Stuarts, it was thought, had still a chance to win their own again. In 1706, Tom says, 'The great health now is "The Cube of Three," which is the number 27, *i.e.* the number of the protesting Lords.'



The University was most devoted, as far as drinking toasts constitutes loyalty. In Hearne's common-place book is carefully copied out this 'Scotch Health to K. J.' :—

'He's o'er the seas and far awa',
He's o'er the seas and far awa';
Altho' his back be at the wa'
We'll drink his health that's far awa'.'

The words live, and ring strangely out of that dusty past. The song survives the throne, and sounds pathetically, somehow, as one has heard it chanted, in days as dead as the year 1711, at suppers that seem as ancient almost as the festivities of Thomas Hearne. It is not unpleasant to remember that the people who sang could also fight, and spilt their blood as well as their 'edifying port.' If the Southern 'honest men' had possessed hearts for anything but tipping, the history of England would have been different.

When 'the allies and the French fought a bloody battle near Mons' (1709, 'Malplaquet') the Oxford honest men, like Colonel Henry Esmond, thought 'there was not any the least reason of bragging.' The young King of England, under the character of the Chevalier St. George, 'shewed abundance of undaunted courage and resolution, led up his troupes with unspeakable bravery, appeared in the utmost dangers, and at last was wounded.' Marlborough's victories were sneered at, his new palace of Blenheim was said to be not only ill built, but haunted by signs of evil omen.

It was not always safe to say what one thought about politics at Oxford. One Mr. A. going to one Mr. Tonson, a barber, put the barber and his wife in a ferment (they being rascally Whigs) by maintaining that the hereditary right was in the P. of W. Tonson laid information against the gentleman; 'which may be a warning to honest men not to enter into topicks of this nature with barbers.' One would not willingly, even now, discuss the evacuation of Eastern Roumelia with the person who shaves one. There are opportunities and temptations to which no decent person should be wantonly exposed. The bad effect of Whiggery on the temper was evident in this, that 'the Mohocks are all of the Whiggish gang, and indeed all Whigs are looked upon as such Mohocks, their principles and doctrines leading thus to all manner of barbarity and inhumanity.' So true is it that Conservatives are all lovers of peace and quiet, that (May 29, 1715) 'last night a good part of the Presbyterian meeting-house in Oxford was pulled down. The people ran up and down the streets, crying, *King James the Third! The true king! No Usurper!* In the evening they pulled a good part of the Quakers' and Anabaptists' meeting-houses down. The heads of houses have represented that it was begun by the Whiggs.' Probably the heads of houses reasoned on *a priori* principles, when they arrived at this remarkable conclusion.

In consequence of the honesty, frankness, and consistency of his opinions, Mr. Hearne ran his head in danger, when King George came to the throne which has ever since been happily settled in the possession of the Hanoverian line. A Mr. Urry, a Non-juror, had to warn him, saying, 'Do you not know that they have a mind to hang you, if they can, and that you have many enemies who are very ready to do it?' In spite of this, Hearne, in his diaries, still calls George I. the Duke of Brunswick, and the Whigs 'that fanatical crew.' John, Duke of Marlborough, he styles 'that villain the Duke.' We have had enough, perhaps, of Oxford politics, which were not much more prejudiced in the days of the Duke than in those of Mr. Gladstone. Hearne's allusions to the contemporary state of buildings and of college manners are often rather instructive. In All Souls the Whigs had a feast on the day of King Charles's martyrdom. They had a dinner dressed of woodcock, 'whose heads they cut off, in contempt of the memory of the blessed martyr.' These men were 'low Churchmen, more shame to them.' The All Souls men had already given up the custom of wandering about the College on the night of January 14th, with sticks and poles, in quest

of the mallard. That 'swopping' bird, still justly respected, was thought, for many ages, to linger in the College of which he is the protector. But now all hope of recovering him alive is lost, and it is reserved for the excavator of the future to marvel over the fossil bones of the 'swopping, swopping mallard.'

As an example of the paganism of Queen Anne's reign—quite a different thing from the 'Neo-paganism' which now causes so much anxiety to the moral press-man—let us note the affecting instance of Geffery Ammon. 'He was a merry companion, and his conversation was much courted.' Geffery had but little sense of religion. He is now buried on the



OLD HOUSES IN CASTLE STREET.

west side of Binsey churchyard, near St. Margaret's well. Geffery selected Binsey for the place of his sepulchre, because he was partial to the spot, having often shot snipe there. In order to moisten his clay, he desired his friend Will Gardner, a boatman of Oxford, who was accustomed to row him down the river, to put now and then a bottle of ale by his grave when he came that way, an injunction which was punctually complied with.

Oxford lost in Hearn's time many of her old buildings. It is said, with a dreadful appearance of truth, that Oxford is now to lose some of the few that are left. Corpus and Merton, if they are not belied, mean to pull down the old houses opposite Merton, halls and houses consecrated to the memory of Antony Wood, and to build lecture-rooms *and houses for married dons* on the site. The topic, especially for one who is especially bound

to pray for Merton (and who now does so with unusual fervour), is most painful. In the same spirit Hearne says (March 28, 1671), 'It always grieves me when I go through Queen's College, to see the ruins of the old chapell next to High Street, the area of which now lies open (the building being most of it pulled down) and trampled upon by dogs, &c., as if the ground had never been consecrated. Nor do the Queen's Coll. people take any care, but rather laught at it when 'tis mentioned.' In 1722 'the famous postern-gate called the *Turl* Gate (a corruption for *Thorold* Gate) was pulled down by one Dr. Walker, who lived by it, and pretended that it was a detriment to his house. As long ago as 1705, they had pulled down the building of Peck-water quadrangle, in Ch. Ch.' Queen's also 'pulled down the old refectory, which was on the west side of the old quadrangle, and was a fine old structure that I used to admire much.' It appears that the College was also anxious to pull down the chamber of King Henry V. This is a strange craze for destruction, that some time ago endangered the beautiful library of Merton, a place where one can fancy that Chaucer or Wyclif may have studied. Oxford will soon have little left of the beauty and antiquity of *Patey's Quad* in Merton, as represented in our etching. What the next generation will think of the multitudinous new buildings, it is not hard to conjecture. Imitative experiments, without style or fancy in structure or decoration, and often more than mediævally uncomfortable, they will seem but evidences of Oxford's love of destruction. People of Hearne's way of thinking, people who respect antiquity, protest in vain, and, like Hearne, must be content sadly to enjoy what is left of grace and dignity. He died before Oxford had quite become the Oxford of Gibbon's autobiography.

A. LANG.

GOYA.

(Concluded from page 86.)

THE excessive irritability of Goya in his old age may be due, in some measure, to the physical effects of the life which he had led from his youth. He had fits of furious senile rage against people who did all that the most delicate kindness could devise in order to be agreeable to him. He became so irritable that on one occasion when a sitter, who was a friend of his, said, 'Be careful, you are going to paint before Frenchmen,' Goya, not liking the remark, kicked a hole in the canvas. He was so irritable with his sitters, and so domineering, that they became downright martyrs. He would not tolerate the presence of any one but the sitter himself, except when, by chance, an old and intimate friend happened to be in the studio, and then the unwelcome witness had to go and sit motionless in a corner. As for the sitter, he was not allowed to stir, nor to stretch a leg; he might hardly even wink: in a word, he had to sit as if for a photograph, but a hundred times as long. If the wretched victim transgressed, Goya flung down his palette in a rage. He was rude even to ladies, he who owed more than half of his position in the world to their weakness. The rank and reputation of the sitter had no effect in controlling the irascible old man. The Duke of Wellington sat to him in Spain, and being rather astonished, as he well might, at Goya's manner of painting, ventured to make some remark upon it; on which the artist, infuriated, seized a rapier that was hanging on the wall and made a thrust at the Duke, as if with intent to murder him. Fortunately, Wellington was an active man, and sprang aside in time to avoid the fate of Polonius. A pleasant painter to have to deal with, was he not?

The reader now understands clearly the character of the man. He was a monster of immorality, impudence, and ingratitude; he had a violent temper, entirely uncontrolled by any sense of what was becoming; he stigmatised in others the vices which he practised himself; and, though claimed in these latter days by the Continental radicals as an Apostle

of Liberty (a nice Apostle, truly!), he was the parasite of four sovereigns and the—what may I call it?—of a shameless Queen. He has been compared to Don Juan, but does not deserve the compliment; the Don Juan of Byron, dissolute as he is, is still a more decent and respectable character than Goya: for there are degrees in infamy, and Goya realised an existence below the sinkings of fiction.

We have now done with the man, leaving him to such immortality as he may have deserved, but the artist remains to be considered. There is a certain difficulty for me here, which may be stated frankly, as a critic should never pretend to more knowledge than that which is really his. I have never been in Spain, and only know Goya as an artist through his etchings, through the engravings from his works, and the 'frescoes' from his country-house, which now belong to Baron Erlanger. This is comparatively little, because Goya was an immense producer, and left hundreds of pictures behind him which are only to be seen in Spain. There is, however, a way of forming opinions which are likely, on the whole, to be fairly correct, even when the materials are not complete. You may judge, in a great degree, from the known to the unknown, and you may learn something from others about that which is unknown to yourself. For example: a man who knew intimately one manufacturing town in Lancashire—let us say, Rochdale—would have a fairly correct idea of another town, such as Oldham, in the same region, if it were described to him by an intelligent observer. To make use of another person's eyes we need, however, to know what an astronomer would call his personal equation. If I knew Rochdale and did not know Oldham, and wanted to know Oldham through another person, I should first ask him what he thought of Rochdale; and if he told me that it was clean, handsome, and abounding in fine examples of street architecture, then I should know how to estimate the same expressions when he applied them to Oldham, and judge of the place accordingly. Again, I should take into consideration all his general ways of thinking which might affect his estimate. If the development of modern industry was a delight to him, a manufacturing town would find him very favourably disposed to appreciate its long chimneys. Applying the same method to the French admirers of Goya, who praise what is known to me like what is unknown, and making the necessary deductions for their political sympathies, I have arrived at certain conclusions which shall be at the reader's service if they have any interest for him.

The first is, that the modern French admiration for Goya is not artistic in its origin but political, and that if Goya had not been regarded by French writers as an agent of liberalism they would not have studied or written about him at all. M. Yriarte says, for himself at least, what is equivalent to this, quite plainly. Again, between the political satirist and the real artist in Goya there is a third person who excites interest, the *man*—the hero of so many strange and scandalous adventures. If his life could be fully narrated it would be as entertaining, though at the same time as far from edifying, as Gil Blas. If he had lived in modest retirement his works would have attracted less attention, and without their courtly subjects and the conspicuous life of the painter his oil-pictures (I do not say his etchings, to which we shall come presently) might have remained uncelebrated by criticism.

The mere fact that Goya often drew and painted hideous people and things does not of itself prove that he was not an artist, and we must remember, in this instance, the dictum that the beautiful and the ugly are both tolerable in the fine arts, the pretty alone being intolerable. Lionardo, Rembrandt, and many other artists of note, have studied ugliness with a curious interest, and the most revolting descriptions may be found in some of the most delightful poets—in our own Spenser, for example. I should not, therefore, condemn Goya for hideousness in itself, but there is something wanting in his temperament, and that something is the delicate æsthetic sense. He was coarse-minded, essentially vulgar; and how could he be otherwise with such a soul-degrading life as his, in the midst of such

an intensely corrupt society? In all his works which are directly or indirectly known to me I am unable to detect any evidence of that sweet enjoyment of natural beauty which is given only to the pure in heart. You often find him working energetically out of hatred, often as a matter of business, hardly ever out of an artist's love for a subject which has won his affection. Again, not only did Goya work without affection for his subjects, but it seems to me that he had little delight in the exercise of the arts which he practised. I am quite certain that he never felt the real pleasures of an etcher: he uses the etching-needle merely for his political purpose, as so many people use the pen in writing, without any idea of the artistic capabilities of the instrument and the art. M. Yriarte praises his etchings to the skies, declares that he is 'universellement admiré comme aquafortiste,' that he had 'dompté le cuivre,' that 'tous ceux qui s'occupent de l'art l'exaltent:' to all which wild laudations I give this plain and simple answer, that Goya was to a really cultivated etcher what a peasant fiddling in an ale-house is to Joachim interpreting Beethoven. Of the resources of etching—its pianos and its fortes, its harmonies and oppositions, its tender cadences and its notes of triumphant energy—Goya lived in Philistine ignorance. If his etchings had been good, he would never have endured to spoil them by heavy aquatint. He was as unskilful in aquatint as in etching proper, but he could lay a coarse, flat shade, which served in some measure to hide the poverty of his performance with the needle. For examples of his power in both the reader has nothing to do but procure four back numbers of 'L'Art,'* in which impressions are given from Goya's original coppers (not copies in any way, but real originals). The four plates given are important in size and quite characteristic of the master. We have—1. *A Rain of Bulls* (as we say, 'It rains cats and dogs,' and the French say, '*Il pleut des hallebardes*'); 2. *Other Laws for the People* (in which the People is represented by an elephant); 3. *What a Warrior!* (a man brandishing a sword close by a scarecrow, as if to defend it); 4. *A Circus Queen* (a woman displaying her agility on a horse which is standing on a slack-rope). Far from blaming our contemporary for publishing these things, I think we ought to be very grateful for the opportunity thus afforded us of judging for ourselves. The plates are interesting as documents in the history of art, and, therefore, valuable; but if they had been executed, say, in the year 1876, by some unknown Frenchman, would our friend and contributor, M. Gaucherel, who is the artistic director of 'L'Art,' have accepted them? I should like to hear what M. Gaucherel, or any other director of a respectable artistic magazine, would say to a young artist who presented to him a performance of that quality.

The difficulty of criticising such work is that it lies so far beneath criticism. In the first plate there is no drawing. Look at the heads of the bulls: try to see what sort of a skull there is under the skin. They are such bulls' heads as children make out of paste. Look at the ear and the nostril. You see that the artist knew nothing about the construction and setting on of a bull's ear, and as little about the shaping of his nostril. And this is not accidental carelessness. The same ignorance is displayed in all the series of plates illustrating bull-fights. Again, the animals are wooden; they have neither suppleness nor texture, they look like ill-cut toys flung together into the air. The sky is simply represented by one flat dark shade of aquatint.

In No. 2 (*Other Laws for the People*), the elephant is scarcely better studied than the bulls. The ear is not an elephant's ear at all, and the attitude is that of a cat. The shading is unintelligent and meaningless throughout, but it is partly hidden under the usual flat wash of aquatint. The figures are so covered up with clothing (showing no forms beneath it) that they escape criticism but the hands are not drawn, though visible. In No. 4 (*What a Warrior!*), most of the figures are hidden in the same way, but the one in knee-breeches, capering on one leg, exhibits the other leg very plainly, and it is drawn abominably, with as much calf before as behind. Anything more empty and unintelligent than the shading

* Nos. 118, 119, 120, and 121, all published in April 1877.

of the 'Warrior's' trousers it is not possible to imagine. As to the fourth plate, the *Queen of the Circus*, I have never yet been able to make out to my own satisfaction whether the horse was intended to represent a living animal or a wooden one; but though it looks wooden, I incline to the belief that a similitude of the living creature was intended. The spectators are first sketched in very meagre outline and then shaded indiscriminately with perpendicular lines, without any distinction between their faces and dresses. The ground area of the circus itself and the tent above the spectators are both shaded with flat, dark aquatint, which means no more than a house-painter's flat paint upon a door, and requires much less manual skill for its application. I say that these plates, considered as etchings, are absolutely destitute of all technical merits and qualities whatsoever, and if they are to be estimated simply as caricature drawings, without reference to the special quality of etching, I do not see how their admirers can maintain that there is anything in them at all comparable to the keen observation and subtle characterization which distinguish all eminent caricaturists.* Criticism equally severe may be fairly applied to the whole series of *The Caprices*. I had intended to analyse some of these, but after what has just been written it is not necessary, as the plates which we have been examining are in the same manner as *The Caprices*, though on a larger scale. In their production the artist appears to have been animated simply by the desire to stir the public mind in reference to some social or political subject which interested him for the moment, and to have experienced no æsthetic pleasure. He certainly communicates none.

Of Goya as a painter I cannot speak quite so decidedly, because his admirers would tell me that he can only be studied in Spain. They say that he has some good qualities of rapid execution and light, agreeable colour, which in some instances, as in *The Family of Charles IV.*, *La Maja*, and *Manolas in a Balcony*, reach exquisite and original harmonies. Of this I cannot say anything more than that Goya's rapidity with the brush would of itself tend to preserve a pleasant freshness in his tints, if at any time his perceptions were healthy enough for freshness of colouring. Such colouring as I have seen of his is foul and filthy to the last degree, and I have a difficulty in understanding how a man so restless, so irritable, and so degraded by mental and physical vice, could at any time colour tenderly, delicately, and purely. I have believed hitherto that the power of fair colouring was reserved for serene and elevated natures, but there may be exceptions to the rule, if it is a rule. One technical detail is known, which is that Goya laid in all his later pictures with printers' ink, which is scarcely a colourist's preparation. The so-called 'frescoes' look as if they had been painted with a mixture of soot, mud, whitening, and candle-grease.

The admirers of Goya have made him a reputation as a chiaroscuroist. M. Yriarte says of him, 'On ne va pas beaucoup plus loin dans la science de l'effet et de la lumière.' This assertion is clearly contradicted by the etchings. They are violent, coarsely and crudely violent, in their oppositions of light and dark, but they are not learned. Either Goya knew little about chiaroscuro or he despised the science. He was too rough and rude in his practice to have patience for a study which requires the most careful observation of fine distinctions of light and dark.† Goya in all his practice scorned the refinements of execution and everything which belongs to the technical business of the artist. He expressed his thought as directly as possible without taking technical conditions into account, and it is, perhaps, this very eagerness and haste to express himself that have won for him the sympathies of literary men who value the thought, the idea, as he did, and care as little as he cared about the arts of painting, etching, and lithography. The means, to him mattered nothing; artistic excellence very little: what he really cared about was to get his

* When they depend upon their qualities of design for their reputation and influence. It sometimes happens that a caricaturist rises into celebrity by the wit of the few words which he writes under each of his sketches. Cham, for example, is great by his endless invention of witty bits of literature, the drawing being merely an accompaniment, of the slightest possible value in itself.

† His rude way of lithographing is an example of this. Nobody ever used a lithographic stone so barbarously.

idea expressed whilst it was still hot from his volcanic brain. It is narrated, that when in the fervour of composing a pen-and-ink drawing he would daub about the ink with his fingers if the pen could not do the work fast enough. He toiled always in a rage, and gave himself no time for the precautions of a careful workman. He did not try to please people; his art was the result of a need in his nature, an imperious need of utterance at all costs.

The frescoes in the church of San Antonio de la Florida are curious examples of religious subjects, as dealt with by a man who had no religious conceptions. In the dome is a large fresco of *Saint Anthony of Padua recalling a dead man to life, to make him reveal the name of his murderer*. To show how little the painter has imagined the scene it is only necessary to mention a single detail. He has painted a railing all round the cupola, and represented two boys playing on this railing quite close to the resuscitated man, as if such incidents happened too frequently to attract their attention. The object is to break the tiresome long line of the rail; and for the same reason other figures are leaning upon it in quiet conversation, or looking down into the church below; but there was no necessity for putting the rail there at all. Goya's painted angels in this church are fat and vulgar Spanish women, or worse. In the picture of *Saint Francis by the bedside of a man dying impenitent*, the figure of the dying man is very strongly conceived and full of horror, but that of the saint is awkward and primitive. There is a picture of *St. Joseph of Calasanz taking the Sacrament*, which M. Yriarte praises as being 'full of unction.' The priest is certainly fulfilling his duty in the usual manner, and the saint is conducting himself with propriety, whilst the congregation maintain a becoming gravity.

M. Yriarte justly defines the peculiar nature of Goya when he says of him that he was an ardent satirist, who attacked everything and everybody, always ready to bite, and that his bite was venomous. We may add that he is powerful by terror, horror, and antipathy, and seldom reaches the heart by any kind of tenderness or charm. He is said to have preferred general to particular ideas, and there is much truth in this if the assertion is rightly understood; but does it not imply that he was more a philosopher than an artist? Ought not graphic art to deal with the concrete, the particular instance and example? Be this as it may, it is the thinker, in Goya, and not the artist, who has made himself especially memorable in the history of his country, and has taken a place in the history of liberal ideas in Europe. The PORTFOLIO does not profess to deal with politics, but we shall not hurt the feelings of any party by observing that such a character as Goya can do no credit to any cause.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

IX.—ALBERT DÜRER.—'THE KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL.'

THIS is one of the most celebrated of Albert Dürer's engravings, and the reproduction which we present to our readers is the closest in existence. We shall have more to say about the art of reproducing engravings at the close of this note, but the inventor of the design claims our attention first.

Many interpretations of this well-known print have been offered by different thinkers, and some of them are quoted at length in Mrs. Heaton's life of Dürer. Very opposite views are taken of the character of the Knight. Heller supposed him to be of a bad character threatened by Death, who tells him that in a short time he will belong to the Devil, whom we see just behind. Most critics, however, take a favourable view of the Knight's character. Dr. von Eye looks upon it from a national point of view, and thinks

that it represents the 'upright German man,' with his stalwart attachment to principle. Kugler sees only a brave and solitary knight pestered by a 'delusive dream,' which does not make him swerve from his chosen path. Mrs. Heaton suggests that the meaning may have been plainer.

'Are not Death and the Devil,' she asks, 'the constant companions of every man in his journey through life? The sand in the hour-glass of our lives,—is it not ever flowing, and does not Death await us at every turn in our road? Evil thoughts, likewise, animal desires, and selfish aims,—are they not perpetually rising in our minds, so that we need every instant to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan?" and is not the victory to him who goes on steadily in the path of duty, nor swerves to the right hand nor to the left in his course through the narrow pass of life?'

Mr. William B. Scott is very decided about his interpretation. 'We are convinced,' he says, 'it is a damnatory epitaph on the private right of plunder:' the free lance and robber knight, up to that time, infested and vexed Upper Germany and the Rhine. There is a sketch of an armed rider, exactly resembling the Knight in our subject, in the collection of the Archduke Albert, Vienna. On the top is written, in Dürer's hand, '*Das ist die Rustung zu der Zeit, in Deutschland gewist*' (This is the armour of the time, in Germany to wit).

The Baron de la Motte Fouqué wrote, it is said, his remarkable story of Sintram in consequence of a suggestion received from the print. The imaginative author of 'Undine' interpreted it as the course of a brave man sorely beset by terrors and temptations.

Nobody knows exactly what Dürer intended, but he probably went no farther in his own mind than a general allegory of noble manhood which should go forth well armed and dauntless through the threatening dangers and difficulties of existence.

In a word, the plate seems to me simply an illustration of heroism, which would, of course, include Christian heroism, yet does not here, except from the presence of the Devil, appear to be in any special sense theological. The best commentary on the plate might be an extract from one of Emerson's Essays:—

'Our culture, therefore, must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth, and his own well-being, require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace; but warned, self-collected, and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and, with perfect urbanity, dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech and the rectitude of his behaviour.'

'Towards all the external evil, the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-handed with the infinite army of enemies. To this military attitude of the soul we give the name of Heroism.'

The knight and horse in Dürer's plate are as magnificent as they could be in his style of work, and the whole plate is wonderfully rich and decorative; but if the demon is really intended for Satan, and not for some nameless hobgoblin, we can only say that he is infinitely inferior to the Satan of Milton, or Byron's Lucifer, or Goethe's Mephistopheles. Dürer's Devil is really nothing but a popular conception—the sort of creation which haunts the excited fancy of a belated rustic, a compound of pig, and ram, and goat, in which the natures are no more blended than were those of the monkey and fish in Barnum's mermaid. The King of Terrors is a finer conception, though even he loses much through the excessive clearness of Dürer's style: a more vague and shadowy presence would have been incomparably more awful.

Independently of the moral or intellectual motive, there is always an artistic motive in every genuine work of art. It is probable that one great inducement to the execution of this plate was the artistic purpose of getting together a quantity of picturesque and weird material, so as to offer difficulties of execution which it was an amusement for Dürer to overcome, and present one of those strange combinations which rivet the attention and stimulate the imagination of the spectator.

The art of Dürer is considered realistic; but it is only true to objects, and takes little note of appearances, as they affect the eye. If this scene were rendered with fidelity to natural

appearances the Düreresque quality of the plate would instantly disappear. If some modern artist painted the subject in accordance with an advanced modern science of effect we should scarcely recognise it. The remarkable decorative richness of the plate is mainly due to the serene impartiality with which Dürer engraved details all over it, without in the least considering the visual aspect of things, or their mutual relation. I would not have the plate other than what it is; but, in justice to modern artists, let us always remember that the strikingly original qualities of Dürer's art are due to a liberty of choice which is denied to the living, in whom it would be repressed either as ignorance or affectation. Dürer rejected everything which would have interfered with his exhibition of dexterities with the burin, and, by constant practice, he trained his hand to an astonishing degree of skill.

If we admire the skill of the old masters, it is well that our contemporaries should have the acknowledgment which is their due. Many people imagine that M. Amand Durand is simply the head of an establishment in which a mechanical or chemical process is carried on. The truth is, that the excellence of the copies which bear his name is due to his own personal skill, which, in its way, is unique in Europe. All the difficult manipulations of héliogravure are done with M. Amand Durand's own hands, the photographic negative only being executed by his assistants; and when the plate is slightly bitten he himself finishes it with the burin, of which he is an accomplished master: or else, in the case of etchings, by frequent rebittings and work with an etcher's dry point. The truth is, that these plates are *copies* in which photographic processes are only used up to a certain point, and the only secret of M. Amand Durand's superiority is that he is, at the same time, a singularly skilful photographic manipulator, and a very highly-trained etcher and engraver.*

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Academy has confirmed the anticipation we formed in our visits to the studios, that the display this season at Burlington House would reach a higher level of interest than it had attained for some years past. There is, of course, as usual, a percentage of abortive pictures—simple subjects deprived of all pathos by the artificiality of their treatment, heroic themes made tame by triviality of conception and chilly colouring; but if we cannot altogether escape the depression produced by obvious failures, we find a compensation in a sufficiency of better work.

We have already described *The Return of a Penitent*, by Mr. Fildes. Since we saw the picture in the artist's studio, an effective addition has been made to it in a group of children standing in the late sunlight and gazing with innocent inquisitiveness on the girlish figure crouching in the shadow of her deserted home. The picture is painted in a minor key, with a broad and sober arrangement of light and shade. Opposite to it hangs *The Waning of the Year*, by Mr. Ernest Parton, a singularly pleasant landscape, representing silver ashes by the side of a stream. The delicate tracery of stem and boughs against the sky, and the broad rendering of plants in the foreground, are remarkable for a living fidelity to nature. The scene is steeped in a grey haze, peculiar to autumn when the

light is cool and there is rain in the air. We are glad that this picture has been purchased by the Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. An interesting contrast in the handling of an identical subject is the *Last Days of Autumn*, by Mr. J. MacWhirter, whose work will be looked at this year with more than usual interest on account of his recent election to the Associateship. In this picture silver birches are growing on the banks of a river. We admire the force of treatment and colour here, but miss the dreamy poetry which invests Mr. Parton's *Waning Year*.

Mr. Alfred Hunt's *Norwegian Midnight* is a romantic and impressive scene. There is a ghostly effect in the tall brown sail of the Norwegian craft coming forward against the rosy and amber tints of the midnight sun. In another picture, *Leafy June*, Mr. Hunt has grappled with, and fairly overcome, the difficulty of painting sunlight upon green. There is a limpidity, a sense of stillness, of both warmth and coolness in the green nook, that carry the memory back to summer afternoons spent under leafy boughs. The golden transparency of the water is singularly delightful in tone. Every detail of pebble and overhanging bough is painted with that loving care and truth which make Mr. Hunt the leader of the naturalist landscape-painters.

* The process of héliogravure involves difficulties of biting, in comparison with which those of the ordinary etcher are facility itself; and M. Amand Durand, in addition to these, has had to overcome all the usual technical difficulties of artistic etching. His works may surprise those who know nothing about technical processes, but they are ten times more astonishing to those who thoroughly understand them.

Mr. Henry Moore's *Calming Down* is another entirely satisfactory picture. A gush of golden light bursts over the sea, still troubled by a late storm, and gladdens it like a laugh.

Mr. Edwin Long's *Esther* is successful in some important respects. The pale, girlish face and figure of the Jewish queen are very lovely. There is a look of melancholy contemplation in the dark eyes, and the clasp of the delicate hands expresses resolve; yet, as a whole, the conception lacks intensity. There is too little light and shade, and a too jarring predominance of detail. It is an interesting, even a pathetic picture, but it lacks the stamp of an original and intense conception. Mr. Long's other picture, *Vashti*, tells its story better, but with the same fulness of detail.

Nothing can exceed the daintiness of the painting in Sir Frederick Leighton's Italian heads. *Catarina*, in this room, has a charming melancholy interest in the face itself, with its sensuous yet delicate features and pale complexion.

The portrait of Mr. Gladstone, by Millais, is in the painter's best style. The ardent, sensitive, intellectual countenance of the great statesman is rendered with that vividness of touch, that felicitous use of detail, which make some portraits by Mr. Millais unsurpassed examples of life-like individuality.

The portrait of Mrs. Andrew Hitchens, by Mr. Watts, is a graceful and refined head, studied with that insight which distinguishes the artist from all ordinary portrait-painters.

The Poacher's Widow, by Mr. Briton Rivière, is broadly painted, and tells its story with force and directness. A poor, darkly-clad woman crouches at the foot of a wooded hill; a field stretches before her crowded with pheasants, hares, and rabbits, which pay no heed to the brooding figure behind the bush of gorse. She is thinking of the wasteful abundance of animal life before her, and of the fate which befell her husband for having ventured to lessen it.

The portrait of Mr. Bright, by Mr. Oulless, is interesting, and gives something of the expression of massive intelligence and benevolence which characterise Mr. Bright, but it does not show that grasp of individuality which marks the portrait of Mr. Gladstone by Millais.

One of the most important pictures in the Academy is *The Death Warrant*, by Mr. Pettie. A boy-king, surrounded by his ministers and all the paraphernalia of royalty, shrinks from signing the death-warrant of a state prisoner. The anguish of the pale face, looking wistfully out of the picture, is in fine contrast with the stern countenances of the councillors. Every detail in the composition is skillfully placed to help the story. The tone of the picture is sober and the painting substantial.

The clever lady, so well known as Miss Thompson, now Mrs. Butler, still remains faithful to military subjects, and exhibits *Listed for the Connaught Rangers, Recruiting in Ireland*. The affected devil-may-care expression and gait of the young fellow, smoking his pipe, as he steps along between the recruiting sergeants, and the regret betrayed in his glance, are skillfully combined. The sky and landscape strike us as somewhat garish in colour, but there is delicate drawing, not to be overlooked.

In *Alice in Wonderland* Mr. Leslie has departed

from his usual custom of painting such children only as are almost too lovely for this world, and the present picture depends a good deal on the expression of puzzled wonder on the face of the child who listens to the reading of the delightful story. *Little to earn and many to keep* and *Mushroom Gatherers*, by Mr. J. C. Hook, are both masterpieces of vivid sea-painting, in which the breezy effects and deep local colour of the sea are forcibly rendered. In *Hard Hit*, by Mr. Orchardson, a young man, ruined at cards, is leaving the room at break of day, whilst the sharpers who have undone him watch him furtively. The floor is strewn with packs of cards. The picture is painted throughout in a light key, which has a tender warmth of colour. Unpleasant as the subject is, the work attracts by the charm of visibly dexterous handling of the brush throughout and much delicacy of tone.

There had been so much said, and expectation was so much raised by reports of Mr. Poynter's picture *Nausicaa and her Maids*, that perhaps the sense of disappointment which it produced in us at the Royal Academy may have been partly due to overwrought anticipation. The picture does not seem finished in all its parts. *Nausicaa*, owing to the distance at which she stands, is a small figure, and rather an accessory than the centre of interest. There is a pretty grace in her tip-toe attitude, and in the flutter of her garments. The landscape, too, has a certain classic charm. The diploma picture of the newly-elected Academician, Mr. Marks, *Science is Measurement*, represents a man of science, whose books and instruments are around him, whilst he looks dubitatively at a huge skeleton of some antediluvian bird. There is in the picture that sense of humour which, with excellent drawing, generally distinguishes the artist. Perhaps no picture in the present exhibition leaves an impression of more masculine handling, or of a more broad and rugged pathos, than Mr. Colin Hunter's *Their only Harvest*, a picture of fishermen dredging for seaweed. We would especially note the metallic colour of the sea, perfectly true under the circumstances. The Council of the Royal Academy have done well to acquire this picture for the national collection now being made under the terms of the Chantrey bequest.

The Remnants of an Army—Jellalabad, by Mrs. Butler (Miss Thompson), is an affecting picture, the subject being good and treated with force and simplicity. The jaded horse, the wan and weary rider, the solitary survivor of a host of sixteen thousand men, afford a good theme for a painter. The attitude of the rider, whose figure detaches itself against the setting light, and the exhaustion of the animal, tell the story with touching directness. *A Stall in the Fish-market, Antwerp*, by R. Barrett Browning, is a vigorous picture, good in colour, and largely painted throughout. The pose of the young woman, turning round as she holds out her load of fish, is striking for its originality. The continental training of this young artist might be guessed from his love of a bold relief of light and shade, which is usually less cared for by Englishmen. We shall, of course, have to recur to this exhibition in the next number.

THE first thing we have to say about the Grosvenor Gallery is to protest energetically against the abuse

of glass over the oil-pictures. The well-known fact that a glass will give a finished look to an unfinished picture is, no doubt, a temptation; but a true master should never yield to it. Glass is a great leveller, which gives a false impression by a half disguise. It diminishes the force of really strong work in oil, reducing it to the effect of water-colour, and at the same time destroys the ensemble of the composition, when the picture is of any considerable size, by preventing the spectator from seeing more than a portion of it at once. At the Paris Universal Exhibition it was remarked, that English artists alone had recourse to glass over their oil-pictures, and the result was not considered encouraging, as it produced an effect of weakness.

Mr. W. B. Richmond's *Sarpedon* is an effective and suggestive picture; the dead warrior is borne through the night air by Sleep and Death; the drapery is especially good. Close to this picture are two fine works by Mr. Cecil Lawson: '*Twixt Sun and Moon*, a golden level light on a marshy soil. *Kent*, a scene in the hop-gardens, has already been exhibited at the Academy. The leafy hops and red roofs are boldly rendered, but there is a want of atmosphere. Mr. Herkomer's *Light, Life, and Melody*, is a marvel of water colour, giving a strong impression of knowledge and power. The figures in this picture, Bavarian peasants drinking, are nearly life-size, but water colour seems scarcely suitable for a subject of that importance. Mr. W. G. Wills, the painter and dramatist, contributes three pictures—*Ophelia and Laertes*, *The Spirit of the Shell*, and *Nymph and Young Satyrs*, which hold their place well, displaying imagination and a feeling for colour. *Shipbuilding*, by Mr. P. R. Morris, represents a number of men hard at work on a big ship, with a sort of rhythmic movement. They are all on the point of delivering their blows simultaneously. *The Widow's Acre*, by Mr. G. H. Boughton, is a striking picture; the landscape, which includes the sea, though low in tone, is harmonious and full of atmosphere; it is painted in that key of colour which Mr. Boughton has made his own. The two women in the foreground are rather plain. The portrait of *Mrs. Stibbard*, by Millais, is an admirable likeness; the head is finely modelled; there is a splendid sweep of the brush in the broad and simple treatment of the dress and accessories, which have both soberness and solidity of colour. A picture by Mr. Albert Moore is enigmatically called *A Study of Drapery for Birds—Head put on later*. This is a figure of a girl enveloped in tender-coloured and well-studied drapery. *Paolo and Francesca*, by Mr. G. F. Watts, and *Orpheus and Eurydice*, by the same master (already mentioned in the PORTFOLIO), are works of genius. Orpheus is more powerfully drawn than Eurydice, but the sudden piteous collapse of her figure is touching and almost terrible in its poetic realism. Mr. Whistler's *Arrangement in Brown and Black*, in which black predominates, is a portrait of Miss Rose Corder, and a worthy pendant of his celebrated White Lady. The figure is not without grandeur in its *pose*, and though the treatment is simple there is more finish than in anything we remember by the same artist. *Harmony in Green and Gold—the Pacific*, is a suggestive study; but we

enter a protest against the admission of *The Gold Girl*, with such badly drawn legs.

The austere vigour and simplicity of M. Legros are seen to advantage in *Jacob's Dream*. The patriarch is represented as an elderly man, the torso and arms bare; the lower half of the figure is enveloped in dark blue drapery. The head is resting on a rock, open-mouthed, and fast asleep; and the whole conception is, perhaps, too realistic, but it is full of muscular breadth, and very pure and severe in treatment. The same artist exhibits a study of a female head, executed before the students of the Slade school.

Mr. R. Barrett Browning's picture, *The Unanswered Question*, represents an old man sitting in a cave, and peering earnestly at a skull; the expression of his face explains the title of the picture, which is powerfully drawn.

M. Tissot's works are cleverly executed, but vulgar. In his picture of *The Rivals*, two elderly men are doing their best to charm their hostess, a pretty young woman, at her five o'clock tea; and the work shows M. Tissot's superlative skill in painting: the conservatory with its different plants, the tea-table, the chairs, the tiger-skin, are rendered with great skill.

Mr. J. D. Linton contributes six pictures, excellent for thorough execution and concentration of effect; an early scene from Gil Blas is especially good, telling the story capitally. It may be regretted that all these cabinet pictures should be so dark in tone.

The President of the Royal Academy contributes a few sketches, slight but beautiful. Those numbered 103 and 104 are two exquisite little heads.

Amongst the portraits in the West Gallery which deserve mention is the grand water-colour of the Poet-Laureate, by Mr. Herkomer, an extremely vivid likeness. The portrait of Signor Piatti, by Lady Linde'say, of Balcarres, is very like, though we miss the familiar spectacles.

The Athlete, a life-size statue in bronze, by W. B. Richmond, is well balanced, except that the left arm seems extended too far for the action of a runner.

We must reserve the contents of the East Gallery for another notice.

IN the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colour, Pall Mall East, Mr. Alma Tadema exhibits two small pictures, *Wine Lovers*, and *Strigils and Sponges*. The first is a Roman scene, and represents a lover offering wine to his mistress. The drawing is perfect, and the archaeology such as may be expected from the well-known learning of the painter; but the colour seems rather heavy and brown. *Strigils and Sponges* represents three nude female figures in a bath, to which the water pours from a bronze dolphin. The ladies seem to be enjoying themselves, but the pleasure of the critical spectator is a little interfered with by an inadvertence of composition, by which the figure of the woman holding the strigil is cut in two.

Two drawings, by Mr. G. P. Boyce, *The Bourgoins Road, near Crémieu, Dauphiné*, and *The Church and Cours des Tilleuls at Crémieu*, are exquisite for finish, delicacy, charm of colour, and minute truthfulness. The latter picture represents some old-fashioned French houses, the colouring is very true, and so is

the alley of trees with their rich autumnal tints reflected in the water, where two women are washing linen. The foreground is admirable.

The Clothes Line, by Mrs. Allingham, represents a graceful young woman hanging out linen to dry in a field, whilst a baby sits in the grass. There are eight water-colours by this gifted artist, one of the most striking being the *Harvest Moon*, with the figure of a young reaper, very admirably drawn, even to the hands, and a poetical distant landscape; but Mrs. Allingham's foregrounds are generally rather weak.

Miss Clara Montalba exhibits eight studies executed at Venice, some of which are remarkable for light and colour. *Crab-pots, Venice*, is very rich in colour, with its brilliant sails, &c.

Mr. Holman Hunt's study of moonlight effect from Berne seems theatrical, and the two small figures in the foreground are in impossible attitudes.

Mr. Henry Wallis contributes a clever composition from the 'Merchant of Venice,'—*Antonio receiving the congratulations of his friend. An Opera*, by the same artist, is interesting; it depicts a theatrical representation at the beginning of the Revolution; the Royalist prisoners attired in velvet and lace are amusing themselves, whilst the turnkeys stand at the open door.

The Orphan, Easedale Tarn, Westmoreland, by Basil Bradley, represents an old shepherd on horseback carrying a lamb in his arms, whilst a fine dog looks up inquisitively; there is no straining at effect. In the distance, sheep are seen coming down a hill.

A Garden Invaded, by Norman Taylor, cleverly represents a country girl driving away a flock of black pigs from an old-fashioned garden.

The Convent Raven, by Mr. Marks, shows his usual agreeable humour. *The Port of Algiers*, by Mr. North, is noticeable for its bright atmosphere. Mr. Alfred Hunt's *Whitby Churchyard*, is one of the most poetical drawings in the gallery, and both true and tender in colour. *Sunrise on Broad Sanctuary, Westminster Abbey*, by H. M. Marshall, is a very poetical rendering of Westminster Abbey against a grey sky. *Barley*, by Tom Lloyd, is a singularly clever rendering of a barley field in strong light, a very difficult subject to paint. *Eaves-dropping*, by N. Taylor, reminds us of Frederick Walker. A couple of rustic lovers are seated on the trunk of a tree, whilst country children in a wood are listening to the lovers' talk. There are some clever studies by R. Thorne, Paul Naftel, and S. P. Jackson, as well as some excellent fruit and flower painting by Mrs. Helen Angell.

THE Institute of Painters in Water-colours is not very rich in noteworthy productions, but we feel bound to mention Mr. Hine's contributions, *An Autumn Evening on the South Downs, Near Lindfield*, and *Adrift*. The last is especially remarkable for the strong impression of the grandeur and power of nature which it conveys. Mr. E. H. Fahey's *Pond in Sussex* is a masterly study in greens of foliage and herbage growing on the banks of a smooth pool, in which they are reflected. Mr. Gow's *Requisition* has for its subject a French artilleryman presenting a billet to an old miller who is unable to furnish supplies. *Bartholomew Fair*, by C. Green, is a very

clever picture: though the scene is crowded, there is no confusion, and it is full of movement. In the centre and background are the booths of acrobats and showmen, a fight is going on, oysters find purchasers, and there is the attraction of a merry-go-round on the whirl. This picture is likely to be popular. *Levens Hall, Westmoreland*, by Mr. John Fulleylove, represents an old garden with yews and tall old-fashioned flowers in box hedges, a grey stone statue, a sundial, and an old house. It is quaint, but lacks atmosphere. *A Midsummer Night*, by Mr. Poole, is poetical; the subject is moonlight on the sea, and a shepherd sleeping on a cliff. Mr. Herkomer's *Under the Midday Sun* is a vigorous and effective sketch of a Bavarian girl on a mountain road. Mr. Mogford contributes *Rosy Morn*, a castle on a cliff at daybreak in summer, also *Walderswick Ferry and An Estuary, Westmoreland*, all three charming specimens of his work. *Rothenburg*, by Mr. Wood, is an effective sketch of an old German town. There are some clever sketches by Mr. Walter May, and a glowing *Distant View of Venice* (from the Adriatic), by Mr. William Wyld.

THE fifth annual exhibition of high-class Continental pictures at the Fine Art Galleries of Messrs. Goupil and Co. is now open to the public. The present well-selected collection is quite on a par with its predecessors. There are three good examples of Corot, marked by all his exquisite feeling for certain limited aspects of nature, and painted in his most careful manner. De Neuville's famous *Le Bourget* occupies a conspicuous place. Another picture by the same master—*The Departure of the Battalion*—stands out from amongst its peaceful idyllic companions. The battalion is in all the confusion of its first start and leave-taking, winding its way through the long vista of an Alsatian street, with its gabled roofs, wooden verandahs, and church spire. Gérôme is represented by a small picture—*A Bonapartist after the Restoration of the Monarchy*. If the monarchy condemned the man to wear the hideous costume M. Gérôme has so carefully painted, no wonder he should present so sulky and surly a countenance. *The Two Van der Veldes*, by Meissonier, is a fine example of this master's work. On a tall easel in the centre of a studio is a canvas, which the artists are closely scrutinising. One, in a scarlet cloak, yellow hat, and flounced breeches, is seated before it; the other, the worker, is standing brushes in hand. All the accessories and details of a studio-interior are painted with Meissonier's habitual exquisite minuteness. J. Breton's *Fishing near Antibes* presents us to two or three groups of fisher-folk on a broad, sweeping, curved beach by the deep blue Mediterranean. One of the groups is hauling in a fishing-boat; the attitudes and action are forcible. *Waiting for the Fishing-boats and The Share of the Poor*, by Sadée, are simple, pathetic, and delicately painted. *The Spinner's Child*, by Perrault, introduces us to a beautifully-painted nude fat child, lying on a purple pillow, its serious blue eyes wide open. *La Fête de la Madonna* and *The Mergellina*, by Dalbono, are two Neapolitan sea pieces; one with the Virgin's shrine in the mast of a boat encircled with flowers, and girls in bright colours reclining on

cushions. *The Little Helpmates*, by Knaus, stands out in simple, solid relief. On the top of a boldly-outlined hill a mower stands sharpening his scythe; at the foot is a graceful little peasant girl raking grass, and a boy in ragged clothes. Charnay's *Trout Fishing* is a skilful piece of harmonious colouring. J. Maris has nine pictures, for the most part views in Holland, of small dimensions, displaying rare mastery of the various effects of a moist climate. Mr. Wyld's *View near Dresden* is painted with his usual refinement. We must not overlook Israel's *Her only Companion*—an old woman in very humble gear opening her shop-door to an old cat. The look, and action, and air of loneliness, are expressed with deep pathos; and the quiet, almost solemn, tone of the painting is in keeping with the sentiment. In this collection are some touching drawings in water colour by the same master. *A Turkish Convoy on the March*, by Schreyer, represents a pair of old, toil-worn horses, with eyes expressing an almost human agony as they are driven by unfeeling masters up a steep and rugged hill. *An Autumnal Sunset*, by L. Apol, is one of the finest pictures in the collection.

THE twenty-seventh annual exhibition at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall, includes rather more than two hundred pictures. One of the most striking works in the room is Wahlberg's *Moonlight at Waxholm*, with its quaint picturesque little port, and broad effect of moonlight on clouds and water. This picture will be remembered by many as one of the most important in the Swedish gallery at the Paris Universal Exhibition. Next to this, the most important landscape is that by E. Hallatz—*On the Seine, Normandy*. This picture is full of atmosphere and movement. The dark, lowering sky indicates a storm, white birds fly before a boat, horses are rushing to seek shelter under a tree which is bent by the fury of the wind. There are several charming landscapes by Heffner, and of these *An Old Château* is especially fine in tone and feeling. *In the Studio*, by R. de Madrazo, represents a young woman in a pompadour dress painting her own portrait from the looking-glass in pastel. The colouring, though rather gaudy, is pleasant, and the hands especially are well painted. The gem of the collection is a small picture by J. Jimenez, very cleverly executed and good in colour. It represents an old man in a cocked hat peering amongst old books; the hands are remarkable, and there is much thoroughness in the whole work. *The Critics*, by G. Kuhl, represents critics, in the costume of the last century, examining a picture in the studio of an artist, who stands behind them, palette in hand. This is a very skilful work, full of brilliant object-painting. *Homeless*, by M. Schmid, represents some poor peasants, in the Bavarian Tyrol, dragging a cart which contains their goods, whilst a lean priest and a very fat monk are watching the wretched procession. The spectator receives the uncomfortable impression that the cart is in danger either of falling over the precipice or going over the toes of the priest; but the picture is clever. There are several heads by F. A. Kaulbach, refined in treatment, but too like painting on china. *A German Lady of the 18th Century* is his most important contribution. *La Glaneuse*, by Jules Breton, is

interesting as the germ of the magnificent picture now in the Luxembourg. The figure is the same, and so is the *pose*, though the colours of the apron and petticoat are changed. It is curious that from such an embryo the grand *Glaneuse* should have been developed. M. de Neuville contributes several important pictures. One of them, *Intercepted Despatches*, represents an episode of the Franco-German war, when a letter-carrier has to give up his bag. *The Market Place, Cairo*, by Professor L. C. Müller, has plenty of animation and colour, but the composition is overcrowded. *Der Lieblingspage*, by H. Makart, is a rich piece of colour, representing a lady in a gorgeous crimson gown, with rich auburn hair, listening to the music of a guitar, played by a fair being clad in gold and white. Makart is evidently much influenced by Rubens. Professor Knaus exhibits *Spring Blossoms*, a German peasant child picking wild flowers in a field. Henriette Brown is represented by one study, *Spring*, a girl's head, well modelled. *A Cavalry Encounter*, by C. Sell, though a tiny picture, is admirably painted; the horses are full of action. *A Winter's Eve*, by L. Munthe, is a true rendering of a winter scene, and has the usual qualities of the artist. *Le Favori*, by Meissonier, did not strike us as a very favourable example of the master, being rather wooden in treatment. Several landscapes, interesting at the present time for reasons unconnected with art, are the views of Cyprus, done on the spot by Corrodi, the most important being Larnaca, Nicosia, and Famagosta.

The German Archæological Institute in Rome celebrated on the 21st April its semi-secular anniversary under circumstances of a peculiarly gratifying kind. The German Government, which founded the Institute fifty years ago, and has liberally supported it since, is entirely satisfied with what has been done, while it may be safely said that there is no one in Europe who has seriously studied classical archæology, who does not feel a deep debt of gratitude to the publications of the Institute. These publications consist of an annual issue of plates ('*Monumenti Inediti*'); a volume of essays ('*Annali*'), on subjects of paramount interest, by the ablest archæologists of the day; and a volume of records of the proceedings of the Institute, accounts of excavations and reviews ('*Bullettino*'). It will readily be believed that a series of these works, extending over the past fifty years, must form a rich mine for the student. But besides these, the Institute has undertaken other publications, and has always carried them out with complete success. It has extended itself in recent years to Athens, where it has a school of young archæologists, presided over by a scholar of high reputation, under whose editorship a monthly publication appears, dealing with the material supplied by daily excavations in Greece. It must be the wish of all who are interested in classical archæology that the German Institute in Rome should long continue to uphold the fame which it has earned during the past half century.

THE French Minister of Public Instruction decided early in the present year that an inquiry into the condition of the provincial Art Museums should take

place throughout France. This is just about to be carried into execution, as the provincial commissioners are appointed. It is high time for a measure of this kind, as the French local galleries in many cases generally need rearrangement. It would be highly desirable that the Government should be audacious enough to clear away the rubbish which encumbers many of these galleries, but local municipal power and the prejudices of townspeople ignorant of art would in many cases be too much for the central authority. We remember the narrow-minded opposition to a general exhibition of art treasures from the provincial museums proposed by the Government a few years ago. Local art museums are most desirable, but those in France, from want of better management, offer a minimum of utility.

M. FRANÇOIS FLAMENG, a contributor to the *PORTFOLIO*, and son of the eminent etcher and engraver, M. Léopold Flameng, exhibits in this year's Salon a large picture, entitled, *L'Appel des Girondins*. This picture has already been purchased for the nation by the Minister of Fine Arts.

THE most important French newspapers have been reviewing favourably of late a work in two volumes, entitled *Esthétique et Archéologie*, by M. Pierre Trabaud. The author is a lover of art and antiquity, who has travelled much and observed much, but his book suffers from the immensity of its subjects. It is true that the book is rather a large one, for it consists of no less than 778 pages, and yet the author is perpetually hampered by want of space for necessary details and developments. The subjects are so numerous that they can only be touched upon. The tone is exactly that of conversation in good society, when people pass over every topic lightly for fear of boring others. M. Trabaud carries this to a wonderful extreme; for example, in the chapter on the public collections of England he only just thinks it necessary to mention the National Gallery three times. The first allusion to it is to say to the reader, '*Allez au palais de Trafalgar Square*;' the second is to speak, in passing, of '*la bourgeoisie colonnade de Trafalgar*;' and the third is as follows:—'*L'édifice de Trafalgar Square offre plus de huit cents tableaux choisis avec un vrai discernement; et je considère l'adjonction des peintures flamandes et hollandaises ayant appartenu à Sir Robert Peel comme une affaire intelligente et courante*.' M. Trabaud's French readers will not learn very much about our National Gallery from this. Private galleries are disposed of by simply giving, first a list of the numbers of pictures by celebrated artists to be found in them, and next a dry list of the houses which possess such galleries. Now and then comes an allusion to some particular work of art, but so brief that it looks as if copied from a note-book. For example:—

'A Warwick Castle, le fameux vase de marbre blanc, ayant six pieds onze pouces de diamètre. On croit que ce vase grandiose, orné de masques, avec ses anses entourées de feuilles de vigne, trouvé à la villa d'Adrien près Tivoli, est la copie antique d'un plus ancien. On lui compare quelquefois le vase de Woburn Abbey, placé dans une galerie noblement disposée, mais celui-ci est plus petit et généralement réparé.'

The above is rather a long disquisition for so brief

a writer as M. Trabaud. His general system of treatment for works of art is better exemplified in the following:—'*Les dessins des œuvres de Reynolds, de Lawrence, et de Wilkie, m'ont vivement intéressé,—Joshua Reynolds, anglais, reste anglais*.' He passes over the magnificent collection in the print-room of the British Museum by describing it simply as '*un choix élégant de gravures dans un cabinet*.' All the time he seems to write for a public which is not aware that there are any works of art in England.

Italy is described in letters written in the following style:—

'Suivez un instant mes pérégrinations à peine esquissées.'

'Turin n'est qu'un musée bien tenu.'

'Gênes se dresse au contraire comme un comptoir, traitant avec les caprices de la fortune aveugle; ce qu'il faut pour fonder une noblesse princière, des palais, des galeries ornées.'

The Pinacothek of Munich is treated more at length than other galleries. Eight pages are devoted to it, chiefly consisting of a catalogue of selected pictures. The more thoughtful portions of the two volumes are occupied by '*conférences sur l'harmonie*,' and other short essays on such subjects as '*God and Nature*,' '*The Soul and the Works*,' '*The Voice and the Instrument*,' '*The Mirror of the Arts*.' This last title suggests a good comparison for M. Trabaud's book. It is like a mirror broken into a thousand fragments, each reflecting some little bit of the world of art.

BEFORE adopting the present '*Art Chronicle*' we were frequently obliged to pass in silence works which deserved recommendation. M. Trabaud's book reminds us of Miss Kate Thompson's '*Handbook to the Public Picture Galleries of Europe*,' published by Messrs. Macmillan, a little work remarkable for method and for the art of presenting a great quantity of material in a highly concentrated form. Miss Thompson took notes on the Continent during five annual excursions, and from these accumulated materials wrote a sort of artistic guide for tourists, with catalogues of the most important works in public galleries, and essays on the '*Rise and Progress of Painting in Italy, Flanders, Holland, Germany, Spain, France, and England*.' The essays contain a great quantity of information which has no pretension to novelty, but is presented in a most convenient form. The volume is printed just as it ought to be for tourists, and will be of use at home for reference. The matters treated of are kept in very good proportion, which is the chief difficulty in a publication of this class.

MADAME CADART'S '*Annual Portfolio of Etchings*' appeared as usual early in the year, but want of space compelled us to postpone our notices. It is preceded by an essay on Painters' Etching, by M. Emile Cardon, in which he remarks that '*L'effort du peintre est surtout indiscrète; elle livre à l'amateur les secrets du maître, son tempérament, ses aspirations, ses tendances, ses pensées, ou ses rêves*.' Unluckily, beyond this, the etched work of painters often reveals, as may be expected, their ignorance of the art of etching, so that a good painter will sometimes produce a bad plate. In the portfolio before us the etchings are, however, more nearly equal to the paintings of the same artists

than is generally the case. *La Pouparde*, by Jean-Paul Laurens, the head of a girl with disordered hair and the expression of an idiot, is an extremely clever sketch, though unpleasant. Another clever etching is by Pasini, the well-known Italian painter, and here, again, the subject is disagreeable, *Abbruttimento*—brutishness; a Turk at Constantinople leaning against a wall as if he were drunk. Casanova contributes a study of a monk drinking coffee, with an expression of ineffable satisfaction, under the title *Fin Gourmet*. Nothing can be cleverer, in its own way, than Casanova's touch in etching. He renders everything with short lines, intended to imitate the dabs of the brush, and he is so skilful as to be able to rely upon very faint and delicate indications, as, for example, in the eye of the monk, in this plate. *A Miracle*, by Mosé Bianchi, represents the vast shady arched portal of some southern church, where a resuscitated dead man is rising from his bier, to the consternation of the witnesses. The plate, though strange and not easily read, is a good specimen of the impressionist school. Pagliano contributes a *Smoker*, a gorgeous Italian domestic in a big ornate chair enjoying his tobacco immensely. Gonzales shows two gentlemen in the costume of the eighteenth century, performing music seriously in a splendid interior. This is from a picture, and is clever. M. Applan contributes a scene on the Lagoon of Venice; and M. Lalanne, a picturesque old French street at Vitré, with many gables, which, to say the least, is equal to his best work of former years, and superior to what he has been doing recently. M. Martial contributes a woodland scene with a stream running under trees, extremely true, full of conscientious study, and clearly executed, but too photographic to be really artistic. On the whole, we shall give a fair idea of this album by saying that it is very much on the same level as a select exhibition of modern pictures. This series of annual portfolios will, in course of time, represent the progress of Continental etching very faithfully so far as painters' etching is concerned; and this is generally more interesting than that of engravers, though it may not always be quite so sound from the technical point of view. We are not aware that the painter-etchers are so well represented in any publication as in this annual 'Album,' which has our best wishes for its continuance.

THE LIFE OF MRS. JAMESON.*—This is one of the most interesting biographies we ever read; the life itself is interesting, and the story of it is well told by one who knew Mrs. Jameson well. Before speaking of Mrs. Jameson, we owe a few words to her biographer, Mrs. Macpherson.

'She was the eldest of two children, who were the only members of Mrs. Jameson's family in the second generation, and was, from her birth to her marriage at eighteen, one of the chief objects of her aunt's care and tenderness. At that early age, Geradine Bate married Robert Macpherson, and settled in Rome. He was a true Highlander, of good descent, the nearest male relative of James Macpherson, who made or translated "Ossian," a man of marked and headstrong

character, with all the qualities, both good and evil, of his race.'

This Mr. Macpherson was an artist, but his sight became impaired early in life, and he turned his attention to photography, in which his wife greatly assisted him. Their life was prosperous for some years, but he died in 1873, 'leaving his wife to struggle as she could through a sad entanglement of debts and distress, with two young children dependent on her.' The account of Mrs. Macpherson's heroism in her widowhood is most touching. She suffered both from acute rheumatism and heart disease, yet she struggled on with the utmost courage till the end came. One detail we cannot omit. Mrs. Macpherson acted as deputy to a journalist, during the deadly season, year after year, in Rome, when he left the city for his own safety. This life of courage and suffering ended in May, 1878.

Mrs. Jameson was born in 1794, in Dublin. Her father was a popular miniature-painter named Murphy, and at the same time a member of the revolutionary band called 'United Irishmen.' His wife was an Englishwoman, and he had four daughters. From Dublin he went to Whitehaven, in 1798, and he remained four years in Cumberland. The girls had, as Mrs. Jameson afterwards said, 'a very strict and very accomplished governess, one of the very cleverest women I have ever met with in my life.' In the winter of 1820-21, Anne Murphy was introduced to a young barrister named Robert Jameson, whom she afterwards married. In the interval, she travelled for about a year to Italy, as governess to a beautiful young English lady, and soon after she became governess in another English family. After her marriage she was soon temporarily separated from her husband by his appointment as district judge to Dominica, and at a later period he obtained a judicial position in Canada, where he rose to the office of Chancellor. The marriage was not a happy one, and after some ineffectual attempts to live together in England and Canada, the ill-assorted pair finally decided to let the Atlantic roll between them. Mr. Jameson allowed his wife 300*l.* a-year, and behaved to her in a perfectly irreproachable manner, but his cold propriety vexed his wife's warmer and more enthusiastic temperament. The account of their married life is passed over somewhat hastily by the biographer, who seems to have thought it too unsatisfactory to dwell upon; but it is really of the greatest importance to an understanding of Mrs. Jameson's character. She says in a letter, 'I think differently from Mr. Jameson on every subject which can occupy a thinking mind.' He, on his part, assured her to the last that she had his affection and esteem. The truth seems to be that she wanted congenial society, and could not find it with her husband, or in Canada. She liked her friend, Major Noel (whom she wrote to as, 'My dear Noel,') much better than she liked her husband. Her letters to him are full of cordial ease and charm, and he is called, 'Dear Noel,' over and over again. 'I wish you were here,' she writes to him from the Gmündense, in Upper Salzburg, where she lived alone in a poetic fashion. 'You might be at Gmünden, at the little inn there, and we might have had some pleasure together. Fate owed it to us, and I did half hope it; but now it is too late.' We quite believe in the perfect innocence of this warm friendship. Mrs. Jameson was an Irish-

* 'Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson,' author of 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' &c. By her Niece, Geradine Macpherson. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1878.

woman, and like many of her countrywomen could, no doubt, combine the free expression of a hearty affection with perfect purity of thought and conduct; but it is clear that Major Noel was 'her knight,' as the biographer calls him. We have not materials for understanding Mr. Jameson, but we cannot help being rather sorry for him.

Amongst women, Mrs. Jameson's warmest friendship appears to have been for Lady Byron, whom she knew intimately and loved for twenty years, but this friendship came to a close about the year 1853 or 1854, when Mrs. Jameson declared that Lady Byron had 'broken her heart.'

'Mrs. Jameson had become, partially by accident, acquainted with some private particulars affecting a member of Lady Byron's family, which had not been revealed to Lady Byron herself. When these facts were finally made known at the death of the person chiefly concerned, Lady Byron became aware at the same time of Mrs. Jameson's previous acquaintance with them.' This, with her ladyship's intensely jealous disposition, was enough.

It is impossible to read this biography without coming to the conclusion that a great part of Mrs. Jameson's success as a writer was due to the misfortune of her domestic life. Had she been happily married, with children to occupy her and attach her to home duties, she would not have travelled so much or seen so much of Art and of society. Much of her literary labour was caused, too, by the poverty of her own family, after her father ceased to be able to provide for it. She accepted, cheerfully, the duty which in such cases often falls so heavily on the cleverest member of a family, and worked with the utmost energy. Altogether, she led a vigorous and well-occupied life; and she had her pleasures, too, especially in travelling and in society. Like most clever people, she had a strong dislike to uncultivated society, and this broke out rather vehemently in her short colonial existence. She enjoyed the friendship of many eminent people, and saw much of the world in England, Germany, and Rome. France appears to have been a closed book to her, though she often passed through it. She was quite unable to perceive the real significance of that stage of French political development which she witnessed. We have not space to attempt an estimate of Mrs. Jameson as a writer upon Art, but render a willing tribute to the unceasing industry with which she always endeavoured to acquire the necessary knowledge.

AMONG recent alterations in the arrangement of the sculptures in the British Museum, it may be noticed that two marble Sarcophagi, which formerly stood in the sepulchral basement, and on that account were not visible to the public generally, have been placed in the First Roman Gallery. The one was brought from Crete by Admiral Spratt, and has on its sides bas-reliefs representing four stages in the life of Achilles, beginning with the scene of his youth when the Centaur Chiron taught him the use of the bow. This is on one of the ends. Next, on one of the sides occurs the episode in the Island of Scyros, where Achilles, still a youth, had been placed by his mother Thetis to escape having to join the expedition against Troy. There he lived with King Lycimedes and his family of daughters, he being disguised as a girl. When the leaders of the Trojan expedition came to demand his presence, Lycimedes denied that he was with him, and allowed search to be made in the palace. Ulysses and his companions then spread out attractive wares before the king's daughters, and among them a suit of armour. While they were examining the armour Ulysses sounded a war-horn, and suddenly the daughters of the king fled in terror: but Achilles instinctively seized the armour and was discovered. This is the moment of the scene on the front of the Sarcophagus. The next scene is that of Hephaestus making the new armour of Achilles, and Thetis conveying it to him; along the back of the Sarcophagus is Achilles dragging the body of Hector behind his war-chariot. The sculpture is very much defaced, but in places where it is more or less entire it will be seen to have been a fair specimen of Greek relief in what is called the Macedonian period, that is the period succeeding the death of Alexander the Great. The other Sarcophagus, placed in the same room, is a piece of Roman work representing the labours of Hercules. It was found in 1866 at Genzano, beside the palace Lapri-Cellani, near the Via Appia and is engraved in the *Annali* of the German Institute at Rome (xl. pl. F. and G.). The various labours of Hercules are rendered according to the traditional types, but there is a special interest attaching to the one in which he brings the dog Cerberus from the lower regions, because of the unusual representation of that locality, which in the Sarcophagus appears as a rocky cavern with a diminutive figure hiding in the clefts. This figure is no doubt one of the shades of the dead, and the act of hiding shows the consternation produced at the appearance and the deed of Hercules.



ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XVII.—SAM. BOUGH, R.S.A.

Cellardyke Harbour, Firth of Forth.—Sunset.

ETCHED BY T. CHAUVEL.

THE drawing which, by the kind permission of the owner, Thomas Chapman, Esq., of Edinburgh, has been etched for us by M. Chauvel, measures $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $13\frac{1}{2}$, and is boldly and broadly washed on paper, with a coarse grain which, when seen near, shows as diagonal stripes from right to left, but does not injure the effect of the drawing at a little distance. The paper itself seems to have been nearly white, but so broadly washed with water-colour, after the manner of some of Turner's Alpine studies, as to have the appearance of warmly-tinted paper. The first wash secured the yellow lights upon the clouds which were reserved when the shaded sides were added, and the blue of the sky was evidently washed over the yellow. The dark cloud was put in last of the details of the sky, and the high lights were got by scraping and washing out. It is a grand sky, and painted with the most consummate technical knowledge and decision. The water, too, is excellent as a study of near ripple and distant breezes. The sails of the boats are red (reflected in the water), and there is a fine play of colour between the purple grey of the houses, the red sails, and the bluish smoke which rises from the fishing-boats. The stones of the jetty are greenish towards the foreground, and the sailor who is leaning on the parapet has blue trousers and a red cap. The figures are sketchy in the extreme, but keep their places well. There is no attempt in this work to push drawing to the point of refinement; provided things come in tolerably good relative proportion it is all that the artist appears to care about: but the colour and poetic effect of the scene are admirable, and it is a merit rather than a defect that the painter should have made no attempt to get beyond the easy and natural expression of the simple water-colour wash. Bough's mind was essentially synthetic; he did not see things one by one, but in their mutual relations, so that they all blended together in artistic unity, and this is what distinguishes, *par excellence*, the real artist from the student. In all synthetic work there is, however, a tendency to suppress or sacrifice minute knowledge, though it may be fully possessed, and the reader would do wrong to conclude that Bough was ignorant of the refinements of form merely because he aimed at something else. In the brief biography which appears in our present number, Mr. Fraser tells us that Bough, when a student, was 'very precise in the drawing of forms and detail.' So was Corot, and so have been many other artists whose work was remarkable for breadth in their maturity. As for uniting the qualities of Bough's mature water-colours with those of a minute draughtsman like John Lewis, it is simply impossible. Art expresses one mood or another, one way of seeing

nature or another way of seeing nature; it can express opposite moods, but never at the same time. Bough made his choice manfully, and knew perfectly what he was about. One advantage of his broad and rapid method was that it enabled him to produce much, and so express himself adequately in the years of work allotted to him.

Cellardyke is one of the quaint fishing villages on the Fife coast which have afforded subjects to many artists. Bough especially delighted in them, and some of his largest and best oil-paintings represent these very picturesque little harbours.

P. G. HAMERTON.

SAM. BOUGH, R.S.A.

THE northern counties of England, Cumberland and Northumberland, have given to the Scottish Academy two of its most popular members—John Ewbank, a native of Newcastle, and Samuel Bough, born in Carlisle in January 1822, according to the date upon his coffin, though there are reasons for believing that the year of his birth was 1817. Bough was the son of a well-to-do tradesman, and was originally intended for the law, but after two years in a lawyer's office it became evident that legal business was not his vocation. He, therefore, ventured upon an explanation with his master, confessing frankly that he desired to leave his employment for the purpose of turning artist. Mr. Nanson gave Bough his liberty, quietly disburdening his own conscience by the uncomplimentary observation, 'You are the biggest fool I ever set eyes on!' Such was the estimation in which the artistic profession was then held in the north of England. Being now his own master, Bough devoted the whole of his time to sketching from nature, working with the lead-pencil and water-colour to such good purpose that at a very early date he was able to execute the illustrations to Mr. Jefferson's 'History of the County of Cumberland.' It has sometimes been said that there never was such a thing as a self-taught artist, yet Bough might almost be spoken of as self-taught in the ordinary sense of the expression, as the only lessons he ever received in his life were from a house-painter named Dobson, who had started an evening class for drawing and painting in Carlisle. Of Dobson's work, the one specimen known to have survived him was the sign-board of the 'Malt and Shovel' public-house in Rickergate, from which may be estimated the value of the art-instruction with which Bough set out on his career. In his seventeenth year he visited London, and by the kindness of Mr. Aglionby, at that time Member of Parliament for Cocker mouth, who gave him the use of his chamber in the Temple, he was enabled to spend some time in studying the old masters in the National Gallery. The landscapes of Rubens and Poussin especially attracted his attention, and these dead masters became his teachers, the instruction he received by copying their works being all that he ever got in the way of truly artistic training. On returning to Carlisle, Bough resumed his old habit of sketching perseveringly from nature, but added the practice of oil-painting to his former practice in water-colour. From the first his work in water-colour had been delicate, shewing much appreciation of the beauties of air and space. He gave much attention to skies, and was very precise in the drawing of forms and detail.

About the year 1845 Sam. Bough accepted the situation of assistant scene-painter in the Theatre Royal at Manchester, and also began to exhibit at the Manchester Institute, where the Heywood Gold Medal was awarded to him for his drawing of *Asham Mill on the Lowther*. The marked superiority of his scenery soon attracted attention, and when the late Edmund Glover assumed the management of the Theatre Royal at Glasgow, in 1848, he engaged Bough as his principal scene-painter. From some mutual misunderstanding the engagement soon terminated; and although for some short time longer Bough did paint scenery in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and in some other houses, the success he achieved

by his first important oil - picture, *The Baggage Wagons*, induced him to devote himself exclusively to landscape-painting. For some years the young artist had to fight the usual up-hill battle, but his talent was so unmistakable, and his energy so untiring, that he soon attained to a secure position and mastered the difficulties of his profession. After several changes of residence, Bough settled in Edinburgh about five-and-twenty years ago, and his life was henceforth that of an artist enjoying an enviable popularity, and for whose works there was an unceasing demand. He was heartily welcomed to Edinburgh by the leading members of the Scottish Academy, and elected an Associate of that body shortly after his arrival. Unfortunately, however, the sunshine and serene atmosphere which attended Bough's arrival in Edinburgh was soon overclouded and disturbed, and his election to the full honours of the Academy was delayed until a few years before his death. If, however, his outspoken manner made some enemies, he possessed the faculty of winning friendship which so often belongs to men of genius. His circle of acquaintances was large, and included men of all professions and of all ranks. Amongst the number he attached to himself many friends who were both devoted and influential. He was himself a lively member of society, having some wit and much humour, and his mental activity was not confined to his own art, for he was a man of great general information and had read much curious, out-of-the-way literature.

Sam. Bough was both mentally and physically a robust man, but about two years ago his health began to fail him. He sought to recover it by foreign travel, but in vain. As of old, *'the Shadow feared of man was found in Arcadia as well as in the streets of plague-stricken Athens.'* The end had come, and Bough died at his residence in Edinburgh on the 20th of November, 1878.

ALEXANDER FRASER.

OXFORD.

VII.—*Georgian Oxford.*

OXFORD has usually been described either by her lovers or her malcontents. She has suffered the extremes of filial ingratitude and affection. There is something in the place that makes all her children either adore or detest her; and it is difficult, indeed, to pick out the truth concerning her past social condition from the satires and the encomiums. Nor is it easy to say what qualities in Oxford, and what answering characteristics in any of her sons, will beget the favourable or the unfavourable verdict. Gibbon, one might have thought, saw the sunny, and Johnson the shady, side of the University. With youth, and wealth, and liberty, with a set of three beautiful rooms in that 'stately pile, the new building of Magdalen College,' Gibbon found nothing in Oxford to please him—nothing to admire, nothing to love. From his poor and lofty rooms in Pembroke Gate-tower the hypochondriac Johnson—rugged, anxious, and conscious of his great unemployed power—looked down on a much more pleasant Oxford, on a city and on schools that he never ceased to regard with affection. This contrast is found in the opinions of our contemporaries. One man will pass his time in sneering at his tutors and his companions, in turning listlessly from study to study, in following false tendencies, and picking up scraps of knowledge which he despises, and in later life he will detest his University. There are wiser and more successful students, who yet bear away a grudge against the stately mother of us all, who so easily can disregard our petty spleens and ungrateful rancour. The most bitter congratulatory addresses to the 'happy Civil Engineers,' and Mr. Lowe's unkindest cuts at ancient history, and at the old philosophies which 'on the Argive heights divinely sung,' move her not at all. Meanwhile, the majority of men are more kindly compact, and have more natural affections, and on

them the memory of their earliest friendships, and of that beautiful environment which Oxford gave to their years of youth, is not wholly wasted.

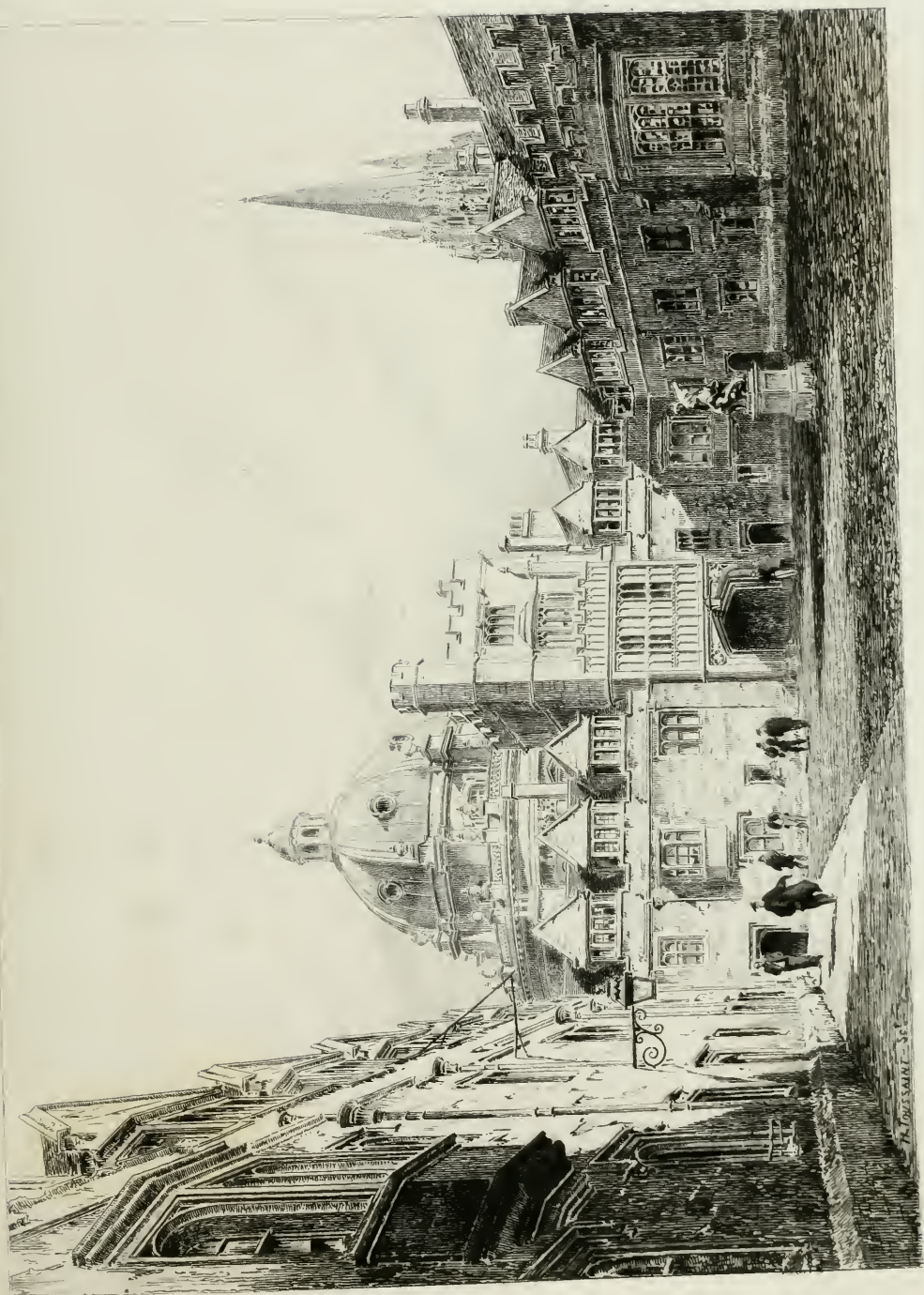
There are more Johnsons, happily, in this matter, than Gibbons. There is little need to repeat the familiar story of Johnson's life at Pembroke. He went up in the October term of 1728, being then nineteen years of age, and already full of that wide and miscellaneous classical reading which the Oxford course, then as now, somewhat discouraged. 'His figure and manner appeared strange' to the company in which he found himself; and when he broke silence it was with a quotation from Macrobius. To his tutor's lectures, as a later poet says, 'with freshman zeal he went;' but his zeal did not last out the discovery that the tutor was 'a heavy man,' and the fact that there was 'sliding on Christ Church Meadow.' Have any of the artists who repeat, with perseverance, the most famous scenes in the Doctor's life, —drawn him sliding on Christ Church meadows, sliding in these worn and clouted shoes of his, and with that figure which even the exercise of skating could not have made 'swan-like,' to quote the young lady in 'Pickwick?' Johnson was 'sconced' in the sum of twopence for cutting lecture; and it is rather curious that the amount of the fine was the same four hundred years earlier, when Master Stokes, of Cats' Hall (whose career we touched on in the second of these sketches—*PORTFOLIO*, 1879, p. 31), deserted his lessons. It was when he was thus sconced that Johnson made that reply which Boswell preserves 'as a specimen of the antithetical character of his wit'—'Sir, you have sconced me twopence for non-attendance on a lecture not worth a penny.'

Sconcing seems to have been the penalty for offences very various in degree. 'A young fellow of Baliol College having, upon some discontent, cut his throat very dangerously, the Master of his College sent his servitor to the buttery-book to sconce him five shillings; "and," says the Doctor, "tell him that the next time he cuts his throat I'll sconce him ten!"' This prosaic punishment might perhaps deter some Werthers from playing with edged tools.

From Boswell's meagre account of Johnson's Oxford career we gather some facts which supplement the description of Gibbon. The future historian went into residence twenty-three years after Johnson departed without taking his degree. Gibbon was a gentleman commoner, and was permitted by the easy discipline of Magdalen to behave just as he pleased. He 'eloped,' as he says, from Oxford, as often as he chose, and went up to town, where he was by no means the ideal of 'the Manly Oxonian in London.' The fellows of Magdalen, possessing a revenue which private avarice might easily have raised to 30,000*l.*, took no interest in their pupils. Gibbon's tutor read a few Latin plays with his pupil, in a style of dry and literal translation. The other fellows, less conscientious, passed their lives in tipling and tattling, discussing the 'Oxford Toasts,' and drinking other toasts to the king over the water. 'Some duties,' says Gibbon, 'may possibly have been imposed on the poor scholars,' but 'the velvet cap was the cap of liberty,' and the gentleman commoner consulted only his own pleasure. Johnson was a poor scholar, and on him duties were imposed. He was requested to write an ode on the Gunpowder Plot, and Boswell thinks 'his vivacity of imagination must have produced something fine.' He neglected, however, with his usual indolence, this opportunity of producing something fine. Another exercise imposed on the poor was the translation of Mr. Pope's 'Messiah,' in which the young Pembroke man succeeded so well that, by Mr. Pope's own generous confession, future ages would doubt whether the English or the Latin piece was the original. Johnson complained that no man could be properly inspired by the Pembroke 'coll,' or college beer, which was then commonly drunk by undergraduates, still guiltless of Rhine wines, and of collecting Chinese monsters.

*Carmina vis nostri scribant meliora poetæ
Ingenium jubeas purior haustus alai.*

In spite of the muddy beer, the poverty, and the 'bitterness mistaken for frolic,' with which Johnson entertained the other undergraduates round Pembroke Gate, he never ceased



to respect his College. 'His love and regard for Pembroke he entertained to the last,' while of his old tutor he said, 'a man who becomes Jorden's pupil becomes his son.' Gibbon's sneer is a foil to Johnson's kindness. 'I applaud the filial piety which it is impossible for me to imitate. To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligations, and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother.'

Johnson was a man who could take the rough with the smooth, and, to judge by all accounts, the Oxford of the earlier half of the eighteenth century was excessively rough. 'Manners were rather primitive: a big fire burned in the centre of Balliol Hall, and round this fire, one night in every year, it is said that all the world was welcome to a feast of ale and bread and cheese. Every guest paid his shot by singing a song or telling a story; and one can fancy Johnson sharing in this barbaric hospitality.' 'What learning can they have who are destitute of all principles of civil behaviour,' says a writer



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

from whose journal (printed in 1746) Southey has made some extracts. The diarist was a Puritan of the old leaven, who visited Oxford shortly before Johnson's period, and who speaks of 'a power of gross darkness that may be felt constantly prevailing in that place of wisdom and of subtlety, but not of God. In this wicked place the scholars are the rudest, most giddy, and unruly rabble, and most mischievous.' But this strange and unfriendly critic was a Nonconformist, in times when good Churchmen showed their piety by wrecking chapels and 'rabbling' ministers. In our days only the Davenport Brothers and similar professors of strange creeds suffer from the manly piety of the undergraduates.

Of all the carping, cross-grained, scandal-loving, Whiggish assailants of *Alma Mater*, the author of 'Terræ Filius' was the most persistent. The first little volume which contains the numbers of this bi-weekly periodical (printed for R. Franklin, under Tom's Coffee-house, in

Russell Street, Covent Garden, MDCCXXVI.) is not at all rare, and is well worth a desultory reading. What strikes one most in 'Terræ Filius' is the religious discontent of the bilious author. One thinks, foolishly of course, of even Georgian Whigs as orthodox men, at least in their undergraduate days. The mere aspect of Mr. Leslie Stephen's work on the philosophers of the eighteenth century is enough to banish this pleasing delusion. The Deists and Free-thinkers had their followers in Johnson's day among the undergraduates, though scepticism, like Whiggery, was unpopular, and might be punished. Johnson says, that when he was a boy he was a lax *talker*, rather than a lax *thinker*, against religion; 'but lax talking against religion at Oxford would not be suffered.' The author of 'Terræ Filius,' however, never omits a chance of sneering at our faith, and at the Church of England as by law established. In his description of the exercises of the Club of Wits, only one respectably clever epigram is quoted, beginning,—

'Since in religion all men disagree,
And some one God believe, some thirty, and some three.'

This production 'was voted heretical,' and burned by the hands of the small-beer drawer, while the author was expelled. In the author's advice to freshmen, he gives a not uninteresting sketch of these rudimentary creatures. The chrysalis in the University sermon 'never, in his wildest moments, dreamed of being a butterfly;' but the public schoolboy of the last century sometimes came up in what he conceived to be gorgeous attire. 'I observe, in the first place, that you no sooner shake off the authority of the birch but you affect to distinguish yourselves from your dirty schoolfellows by a new drugget, a pair of prim ruffles, a new bob-wig, and a brazen-hilted sword.' As soon as they arrived in Oxford, these youths were hospitably received 'amongst a parcel of honest, merry fellows, who think themselves obliged, in honour and common civility, to make you *damnable drunk*, and carry you, as they call it, a CORPSE to bed.' When this period of jollity is ended, the freshman must declare his views. He must see that he is in the fashion; 'and let your declarations be, that you are *Churchmen*, and that you believe as the *Church* believes. For instance, you have subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles; but never venture to explain the sense in which you subscribed them, because there are various senses; so many, indeed, that scarce two men understand them in the same, and no *true Churchman* in that which the words bear, and in that which they were written.'

This is pretty plain speaking, and 'Terræ Filius' enforces, by an historical example, the dangers of even political freethought. In 1714 the Constitution Club kept King George's birthday. The Constitutional Party was then the name which the Whigs took to themselves, though, thanks to the advance of civilisation, the Tories have fallen back upon the same. The Conservative undergraduates attacked the club, sallying forth from their Jacobite stronghold in Brazenose (illustrated by our etching), where the 'silly statue,' as Hearne calls it, was about that time erected. The Whigs took refuge in Oriel, the Tories assaulted the gates, and an Oriel man, firing out of his window, wounded a gownsmen of Brazenose. The Tories, 'under terror of this dangerous and unexpected resistance, retreated from Oriel.' Yet such was the academic strength of the Jacobites and the Churchmen, that a Free-thinker, or a 'Constitutioner,' could scarcely take his degree.

'Terræ Filius,' who lashes the dons for covetousness, greed, dissipation, rudeness, and stupidity, often corroborates the Puritan's report about the bad manners of the undergraduates. Yet Oxford, then as now, did not lack her exquisites, and her admirers of the fair. 'Terræ Filius' thus describes a 'smart,' as these dandies were called—Mr. Frippery:—

'He is one of those who come in their academical undress, every morning between ten and eleven, to Lyne's Coffee-house; after which he takes a turn or two upon the park, or under Merton Wall, whilst the dull *regulars* are at dinner in their hall, according to statute; about one he dines alone in his chamber upon a boiled chicken or some pettitoes; after which he allows himself an hour at least to dress in, to make his afternoon appearance at Lyne's; from whence he adjourns to

Hamilton's about five; from whence (after strutting about the room for a while, and drinking a dram of citron), he goes to chapel, to show how genteelly he dresses, and how well he can chaunt. After prayers he drinks tea with some celebrated toast, and then waits upon her to Magdalen Grove or Paradise Garden, and back again. He seldom eats any supper, and never reads anything but novels and romances.'

The dress of this hero and his friends must have made the streets more gay than do the bright-coloured flannel coats of our boating men.

'He is easily distinguished by a stiff silk gown, which rustles in the wind as he struts along; a flax tie-wig, or sometimes a long natural one, which reaches down below his [well, say below his waist]; a broad bully-cock'd hat, or a square cap of above twice the usual size; white stockings; thin Spanish leather shoes. His clothes lined with tawdry silk, and his shirt ruffled down the bosom as well as at the wrists.'

These 'smarts' cut no such gallant figure when they first arrived in Oxford, with their fathers (rusty old country farmers), in linsey-woolsey coats, greasy, sun-burnt heads of hair, clouted shoes, yarn stockings, flapping hats, with silver hatbands, and long muslin neck-cloths run with red at the bottom.

After this satire of the undergraduates we may look at the contemporary account-book of a Proctor. In 1752 Gilbert White of Selborne was Proctor, and may have fined young Gibbon of Magdalen, who little thought that Oxford boasted an official who was to become

English classic. White paid some attention to dress, and got a feather-topp'd, grizzled wig from London; cost him 2*l.* 5*s.* He bought 'mountain wine, very old and good,' and had his crest engraved on his teaspoons, that everything might be handsome about him. When he treated the Masters of Arts in Oriel Hall they ate a hundred pounds weight of biscuits—not, we trust, without marmalade. 'A bowl of rum-punch from Horsman's' cost half-a-crown. Fancy a jolly proctor sending out for bowls of rum-punch, and that in April! Eggs cost a penny each, and 'three oranges and a mouse-trap' ninepence.

White, a generous man, gave the Vice-Chancellor 'seven pounds of double-refined white sugar.' I like to fancy my learned friend, the Proctor, going to the present Vice-Chancellor's with a donation of white sugar! Manners have certainly changed in the direction of severity. 'Share of the expense for Mr. Butcher's release' came to ten and sixpence. What had Mr. Butcher been doing? The Proctor went 'to Blenheim with Nan,' and it cost him fifteen and sixpence. Perhaps she was one of the 'Oxford Toasts' of a contemporary satire. Strawberries were fourpence a basket on the ninth of June; and on November 6, White lost one shilling 'at cards, in common room.' He went from Selborne to Oxford, this festive proctor, 'in a post-chaise with Jenny Croke;' and he gave Jenny a 'round China-turene.' Tea cost eight shillings a-pound in 1752, while rum punch was but half-a-crown a bowl. White's highest terminal battles were but 12*l.*, though he was a hospitable man, and would readily treat the other Proctor to a bowl of punch. It is well to remember White and Johnson when the Gibbon of that or any other day bewails the intellectual poverty of Oxford.

A. LANG.

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

X.—PAUL POTTER.

'THE FRIESLAND HORSE.'

THIS etching was executed in the full maturity of Paul Potter's art, so far as an artist who died before middle age can be said to have reached maturity. He died in January 1654, and this etching is dated 1652, at which date the young painter had already been a master for several years, since he painted the famous *Bull* in 1647. Nevertheless, we do not find in the

Friesland Horse any seeking after new developments in art. The painter of the *Bull* had but the simple purpose of setting an animal before the spectator in vivid reality—the draughtsman of the *Friesland Horse* has exactly the same object. The strength of the work before us lies entirely in its clear delineation of an animal; the design is without composition, and there is hardly any exercise of aesthetic taste. The motive for the dark and heavy sky is obviously to give relief to the animal; the bit of landscape, with the church, windmill, and houses, is simple craft indeed in comparison with the distances of Rembrandt; and pray observe with what primitive artifice the two little stones are introduced just over the signature. When you come to the horse itself, the real power of the artist displays itself very effectually. See how firmly he draws his outline, and with what resolute skill he brings out the rounded forms. His treatment of the hide is very characteristic, and very different from modern work of the same relative excellence. He maps out the spots of white very conscientiously, so that you may count them, but he does not try much for delicacy of texture, such as a modern etcher would have got with faint bitings or the dry point. Even the tail and the free part of the mane, where there was a temptation to employ delicate technical methods, are both done with rather strong lines. If the reader will observe the firm and decided outlines of the legs he will perceive that the work is really, in principle, the well-known combination of organic line with shading, in which it differs absolutely from such very recent work as the cleverest-looking Spanish pen-sketching, which often leaves the outline to be imagined, and indicates form by little patches of shading. Paul Potter's system of etching included some acknowledgment of effects of light, but its fundamental principles were delineation and modelling, and he gave only just as much local colour as suited his convenience. Such an etching as the one before us would not be a bad model for wood-engraving, except that a wood-cutter might wisely avoid the cross-hatching in the sky.

P. G. H.

NOTES ON AESTHETICS.

I.

THE first question which many readers will feel disposed to ask on seeing the title of these Notes is, whether there is any use in studying such a science as aesthetics, since the most eminent artists of past generations have generally troubled themselves but little about it, whilst their clever and prosperous successors in the present day seldom hesitate to express a hearty contempt for all who concern themselves with this science as idle dilettants who make phrases about what they do not understand?

The answer to any such question about aesthetics is that, like all the true sciences, it does not pretend to be practical, though practical results may sometimes follow its investigations. The only object of aesthetics is to form a true theory about the nature of art. Whether the possession of such a theory, supposing it to be fully attained, would answer any useful purpose, as utility is commonly understood, is a question foreign to the purposes of science. The scientific spirit wants to have sound aesthetics simply because it desires to think accurately. The intellect finds itself confronted by art as an enormous fact which can no more be denied than commerce and navigation. The intellect is impatient of erroneous ideas, and its own spirit of curiosity does not permit it to remain contentedly ignorant. Consequently, when it meets with some obviously important manifestation of the human mind, it forms theories about it which may not be absolutely true, but which tend more or less directly towards absolute truth. The satisfaction which aesthetics promises to its followers is nothing more than the simple satisfaction of attaining to approximately accurate ideas about certain matters in which all civilised peoples take some degree of interest.

Paulus Potter. f. 1652.



Aesthetics, as a science, is as yet but little developed, and this may be accounted for by the rarity of persons prepared by their studies for its advancement. It requires the union of artistic with intellectual tastes, and it happens too frequently that these are found in different persons, some of whom become artists and others philosophers. The pure and perfect artist is made for production rather than thought; the philosopher has in most cases too little practical experience of the conditions of art to be able to take them fairly into account; and the consequence is that a field of study which requires a double equipment for its successful exploration is hardly explored at all.

There must always be some presumption in attacking subjects so difficult as this, and although during the last twenty-five years the problems of aesthetics have certainly never been absent from the present writer's mind for the space of a single day, he would not, even now, have the temerity to attempt a systematic treatise. The following notes are simply intended as an informal contribution to a science still in its infancy.

It will be a convenience, both to the writer and the reader, that these notes should be presented in the shape of propositions, some of which may be capable of proof, whilst others offer themselves as suggestions and hypotheses which, from their nature, can only be recommended for consideration. Some attempt will be made to keep these propositions in a kind of order, but this order will not be so rigid as to exclude propositions which may occur to the writer out of their proper connexion. It is one of the great advantages of a magazine to permit this kind of recurrence.

1. *The word AESTHETICS, its origin and signification.*—The word is modern, having been first used in Germany by Baumgarten, a disciple of Wolf. He felt the need of some special term for the science of the Beautiful, and took the Greek adjective *αἰσθητικός*, *perceptive*, or *belonging to perception*, from *αἰσθάνομαι*, *to perceive by the senses*, most especially by the sense of hearing. The word which comes nearest to *αἰσθάνομαι* in modern languages is probably the Italian verb *sentire*, which has its general meaning of knowing by means of different senses, such as touch, taste, &c., and its special meaning of hearing, as well as the intellectual meaning of apprehending by the tact and taste of the mind. We are thus brought to our own word *sentiment*, which, although too restricted by custom to embrace the entire field of aesthetics, still occupies a part of it. Every other science treats artistic sentiment as if it did not exist. Aesthetics not only takes sentiment into consideration, but gives especial study to its influence in the production of works of art, and endeavours to ascertain its laws, in the perfect conviction that it cannot be outside the reign of law, however apparently irregular may be its manifestations.

Before leaving the philological part of our subject we may observe that the word aesthetics has generally been written in English with the united diphthong. The original German form was Aesthetik, abridged to Ästhetik; the French form is esthétique, in obedience to the usual rule of the language, which turns the Greek *ai* into *e*. The Roman custom was to turn the Greek *ai* into *ae*, as *αἰσάλων* into *aesalon*, *αἴθηρ* into *aether*, and *Αἰθίοψ* into *Aethiops*, but the ancient Romans did not write the vowels together in one compound letter; they never wrote *Cæsar*, but always *Caesar*; and if they had used the word *aestheticus* (which they did not) they would certainly have written the vowels separately. We would conform to the English usage of the united diphthong if it were likely to endure, but it is disappearing so rapidly from scholarly English literature that the time may be easily foreseen when it will have become obsolete, and it is better to be somewhat in advance of a good reform than to lag behind it.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that aesthetics, like ethics, mathematics, metaphysics, &c., is treated as singular, according to the present usage of the learned.

2. *That artistic Aesthetics is inseparable from human personality.*—The perceptions and feelings, not merely of men in general but of individual men, must always enter into the speculations of artistic aesthetics, and this necessity for constantly considering the faculties

of so variable a creature as man is at the same time the greatest element of interest in aesthetics and its greatest difficulty. This is probably the reason why, like sociology, it comes late amongst the sciences. Mathematics, in which abstract truths are undisturbed by any interference of human nature, could offer results worth having at a very early stage of human development. The truths that two parallel lines, though infinitely prolonged, will never meet, and that all the parts of a circle are equally distant from its centre, have nothing to do with human faculties; but the qualities of lines drawn by artists are always human and personal, so that the faculties of the draughtsman can never be out of consideration whilst we estimate them. Hence aesthetics belongs essentially to the *humanities*, and in a more advanced and more complete condition of culture will probably always be taught along with them.

The difficulty caused by the interference of a human element is much enhanced by the fact that in art-criticism the human element is generally double, and sometimes even triple or quadruple. Suppose that a critic is writing about a picture, you have first the humanity of the artist between you and nature, and secondly the humanity of the critic, who cannot get rid of his own personal self whilst estimating the work of the painter. But what if the critic is writing about an engraving? Here three idiosyncrasies affect the result, those of the painter, the engraver, and the critic. Finally, the result is tinged by the mental peculiarities of the reader of the criticism, whose human interests and feelings are no more to be stifled than those of the artist and writer. Still, it might be asked, Might not these personal elements of disturbance be eliminated by careful discipline?—could not the painter suppress in himself whatever prevented him from seeing the simple truth?—could not the engraver sacrifice his own fancies to the prime virtue of fidelity?—might not the critic simply appreciate what is in the work of art without addition or deduction?—and, in a word, might not these various human agencies transmit the original truth, as postmen transmit letters, without any loss or alteration? The answer is, that the personality of the painter is absolutely essential to the interest of the painting, that no good engraving was ever simply a piece of copyism, that no art-criticism worth reading was ever written by a man independent of the bias of personal feeling; and, finally, that nobody ever understood art-criticism who had not feelings of his own about the fine arts.

The partiality due to human feeling is ineradicable from all aesthetic occupations, and all philosophy which refuses to take feeling into account is impotent with reference to Art.

3. *The origin of the Aesthetic sensibilities.*—The attempt to distinguish clearly between what we call the aesthetic perceptions and the perceptions which we do not call aesthetic, leads inevitably to the conclusion that they are not distinguishable in their first beginnings, however widely they may become differentiated at a later stage of their development.

The beginning of the artistic aesthesis, or of that aesthesis which ultimately becomes artistic, is simply animal sensation, though by a process of gradual elevation and refinement it attains such subtlety and delicacy, as well as such a vast compass of variable emotion, that it answers to our spiritual needs, and we forget the physical origin.

It may be convenient to take the lowest of aesthetic perceptions first, as an example. Only the most ignorant criticism would deny that, in quite a serious and artistic sense, there is an aesthetic element in the pleasures of eating and drinking. The difficulty is, to define the exact point where the pleasures of the table cease to be simply animal and begin to be what intelligent criticism would call aesthetic. It might be argued that so soon as we pass beyond the simple desire to satisfy the cravings of hunger we enter upon a range of sensation within the domain of the higher aesthesis. The very use of the word 'taste' in art-criticism is a clear recognition of the analogy between aesthetic perception and the sensations of the palate; but besides this familiar use of a single word both poetry and criticism continually recur to gastronomic experience as a source of expression, so that the language which both creative and critical genius find it convenient to use is frequently borrowed from the kitchen or the dinner-table. A poet or a novelist will say that a man has been *soured* by misfortune or by 'a little grain of

conscience,' he will speak of 'a *bitter* jest,' of 'a *sweet* nature.' There is oil in one man's disposition, and vinegar in that of another. A certain kind of jest is said in French to be 'salted,' and conversation may be 'seasoned' with epigrams. A critic will say that painting is sweet or acrid, luscious or dry; that the colouring of one painter is delicious, whilst that of another sets the teeth on edge; and familiar French criticism goes still farther in the culinary direction when it talks about a man's work as being '*savoureux*,' and of a painter as putting too much '*sauce*' into his pictures.

This frequent reference to gastronomic experience in illustration of aesthetic subjects would of itself be enough to prove a remarkable closeness of analogy between the gastronomic and the artistic aesthesis; but there is more than mere analogy, there is essential identity. The sensations of the palate have conditions of harmony and contrast, of succession and interruption, of expectation excited, as in music, with a view to satisfaction. The pleasures derived from these changes are recognised in music as aesthetic pleasures, and serious criticism would recognise them with the same frankness in gastronomy if there were not the fear of being accused of *gourmandise*. The plain truth is, that in music, painting, and poetry, even of the most elevated kind, the essentially artistic qualities (as distinguished from the moral and intellectual) have their exact counterparts in eating and drinking.

It will even be found in studying any series of physical sensations, as for example those presented by cold and heat, or by light and darkness, that they have a property which is recognised by the aesthetic sense as of the utmost importance in the fine arts, the property, namely, of passing through infinite gradations—from one end of a scale to another. These graduated scales of physical sensation are constantly resorted to by literary artists to produce effects on the artistically aesthetic sense of the reader, on whose imagination they operate, by reminding him of sensations which he has experienced. The suggestions of heat and cold, in all gradations between the fiery and the frozen hells of Dante, are used constantly by poets to convey artistically aesthetic impressions, whilst the gradations and oppositions between light and dark are the especial means by which the chiaroscuroist plays upon the very deepest feelings of those who are impressionable by his art. The reader who cares to follow out this suggestion for himself will soon admit that hardly anything which possesses the property of gradation between two opposite extremes is disdained by Art (using the word in the widest sense) as a means of influencing the feelings. Calm and storm, smoothness and ruggedness, fixity and mobility, slowness and speed, these are contrasts which, with their intermediaries, are perpetually resorted to by literary or pictorial artists, and any one of these scales between opposite extremes of sensation is in itself an instrument on which the artist may perform so as to awaken emotion.

It is easy to show that the artistic aesthesis is rooted in physical sensation, but how are we to determine when the physical sensation becomes elevated into artistic aesthesis? What is the precise nature of the development which takes place when the common feelings of heat and cold, of light and darkness, pass into the aesthesis of the poet and the painter, of Dante and Rembrandt, when the sensuousness of the hungry ploughman enjoying his slice of bacon is sublimated into the poetic rapture of Keats with a ripe peach melting in his mouth? It is quite possible to feel the physical sensations produced by sounds and odours without any poetical emotion, but from the artistic point of view the aesthesis which really interests us is that of the poet, the generic title which includes Milton, Titian, and Beethoven. The sensations of animals, and our own animal sensations, are interesting from the artistic point of view only as the foundation of that higher aesthesis. But these are subjects which require some space for any adequate investigation.

P. G. HAMERTON.

CLARKSON STANFIELD.

STANFIELD has been characterised by Ruskin as 'the leader of the English realists;' and in truth a plain, honest realism, is the chief quality of his art. He never attempts to poetise about nature, or to set the facts he tells us in a subjective light, but is content to note

'The beauty, and the wonder, and the power;
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises ——'

without endeavouring to

'Add soul and heighten them threefold.'

He did not trouble much about soul, indeed; nor, as Goethe puts it, 'think much about thinking.' He was not oppressed, like Turner, by the sadness and mystery of the earth; its painful riddles did not perplex him, nor its beauty fill him with soft delight. But though he did not regard Nature in the self-centred mood that poets mostly delight in, and that has, perhaps, found its highest expression in Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' he nevertheless loved her with a genuine, hearty love, full of obedience and simple faith, but entirely unreasoning and unsentimental. His pictures affect us in much the same manner as do the blithe old sea-songs of former days. We hear the winds roar and the waters dash in them, and as we watch the well-rigged ships tossing on the billows or entering the peaceful harbour, we feel animated by the proud British sentiment that 'Britannia rules the waves.' For Stanfield's art, although by no means confined to British scenes—he having painted foreign shores and foreign seas more often perhaps than English ones—is yet intensely national and patriotic.

His early training had probably much to do with this. He was born at Sunderland, in Durham, in 1793. His father, James Stanfield, was the author of an 'Essay on Biography,' and also a writer of verse; but he brought up his son, who was named Clarkson after Thomas Clarkson the Negro Emancipist, as a sailor; and the young lad made several voyages to China and back before it was discovered that painting the sea and not navigating it was his true vocation.

So little is known of Stanfield's early life that I cannot find whether a taste for painting had been developed in him before he went to sea; but a fall from the rigging, by which the young sailor severely injured his foot, first led him to turn his attention to painting as a means of support.

Before this time, however, it would seem that he had distinguished himself by his nautical sketches, for in the Life of Douglas Jerrold it is stated, that when Jerrold was serving on board the 'Namur' guard-ship, then lying at the Nore, young Stanfield was also there, and his artistic powers were constantly put to service in painting scenes for the numerous theatrical entertainments got up by the officers on board,—entertainments at which the fair-haired young middy and future play-writer, Douglas Jerrold, usually acted as managing director.

Probably it was this theatrical employment while he was still a sailor that led Stanfield to adopt this style of art when he quitted the service. Like his friend Roberts, his first efforts were devoted to scene-painting, and we find him, about 1818, busily engaged in painting nautical views at the old Royalty Theatre, a favourite resort of sailors. From thence he went to the 'Coburg,' and in 1821 journeyed to Edinburgh, where he first made the acquaintance of David Roberts. Roberts was then painting for Mr. Murray at the Theatre Royal, and Stanfield got engaged at a rival theatre, the Pantheon, then under the management of Barrymore. The two young men—Stanfield was twenty-seven at the time and Roberts three years younger—engaged in such similar pursuits, soon struck up a friendship, which was continued without any break throughout life. Stanfield's superior attainments in painting were viewed

with the deepest admiration, unmixed with any feeling of jealousy, by Roberts, who at this time had no thought of becoming anything greater than a successful scene-painter. Stanfield, however, had already aspired, having sent, in 1821, a picture to the Royal Academy called *A River Scene*, being a view of the White Mill at Thames Bank. He now encouraged Roberts to similar attempts, and they both sent several small oil-pictures to the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1822.

After a short sojourn at Edinburgh, Stanfield returned to London and entered upon an engagement at Drury Lane, where for some time he and his friend Roberts, who, strange to say, had likewise received an engagement at the same theatre, continued working for some years, producing splendid panoramic views and Christmas pantomimes that deserved a more lasting glory than to serve merely for a season's display at a theatre. Among other scenes that he painted at this time may be mentioned those to his former shipmate's popular play of the 'Rent-day,' which again brought him into contact with Douglas Jerrold. In all his scenes the effects lay in the beautiful landscape or seascape backgrounds that he loved to introduce; and he did more, perhaps, by these admired scenes towards educating the taste of the British public to appreciate landscape than even by the more strictly artistic works that he afterwards produced. It is said that while thus employed at the theatre he created, and afterwards painted out, more scenic masterpieces than any other painter ever produced. His energy was something prodigious. When any scenery was wanted at short notice, he would live whole days in his painting-room, working incessantly. Numerous stories are told of his marvellous rapidity and ease of execution, and the London theatres certainly lost valuable adjuncts when he and David Roberts retired from them. This they did at about the same time—indeed, the careers of these two artists are so closely connected and so similar in success during their early London experiences that it is difficult to regard them apart. One of their achievements was painting conjointly two immense panoramas, that were exhibited, I believe, at the old Colosseum. They were both married men at this time, and Stanfield was beginning to have a family springing up around him, therefore doubtless anything that brought grist to the mill was acceptable. But commissions for pictures do not seem ever to have been lacking. Stanfield was one of the earliest members of the Society of British Artists, then just formed in Suffolk Street. He contributed to its very first exhibition, held in 1824, and continued for some years to send some of his works there. In 1826, however, he exhibited a noteworthy picture, called *Market Boats on the Scheldt*, at the British Institution, and this was followed in 1827 by his well-known *Wreckers off Fort Rouge*, a picture that won for him the premium of fifty pounds from the Institution. The success of these works, and of one called *The Calm*, exhibited in 1827 at the Royal Academy, made him feel that he ought to work for a more permanent fame than the theatre was likely to afford, and about 1829 he gave up scene-painting as a profession, merely resuming his old practice now and then, as we shall see, to please his friends.

In 1830, in which year he exhibited his splendid picture of Mount St. Michael, Cornwall, he greatly enlarged his experience by going abroad. He probably had visited the Continent before this, for, as before stated, we find as subjects for his pictures in 1826 and 1827 two foreign scenes; but now he appears to have made a more lengthy tour, though all record of it is wanting except that which can be found in his painted works. From these we learn that he must have journeyed into Italy, for besides a view of Strasburg and two paintings called *A Storm* and *The Fisherman of Honfleur*, a *View of Venice* appeared in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1831. In 1832 he exhibited at the Academy (for which he had now deserted the British Artists) two pictures that had been commissioned by William IV., *The Opening of New London Bridge* and *Portsmouth Harbour*, and this same year (1832) he was made an Associate, and in 1835 a full Academician.

(To be continued.)

ART CHRONICLE.

IT is hard on Londoners not to be able to see a cast of the famous Hermes, by Praxiteles, without going so far as Cambridge, where such a cast may be seen now, thanks to the energy of Professor Colvin. It is to be regretted that neither the South Kensington nor the British Museum should have one also. The proposed Museum of Casts appears necessary, when existing institutions do not provide casts of the most important specimens of ancient sculpture.

RUGEY is setting an excellent example to all the public schools in the kingdom. It has established an Art Museum, not so much to contain original works of art as the best available reproductions of great works in painting, drawing, or sculpture. Side by side with these is to be a library of standard publications on art. To give the movement an impetus at starting, the South Kensington Museum has been liberal in sending a loan collection.

M. FRANÇOIS FLAMENG'S picture, *l'Appel des Girondins*, which we mentioned in our last number as having been purchased by the French Government, has won a medal for its author, and also the *prix du Salon*, which entitles him to stay for three years in Rome, Spain, and the Netherlands. The prize is analogous to the well-known *prix de Rome*, but is intended to give a young artist opportunities for a more extended culture.

MR. BASIL VERESCHAGIN'S description of his works as 'An Artist's Impressions of Northern India,' hardly prepares the visitor for the picture of *The Prince of Wales in India—Jeypur*. This painting, which measures 25 feet by 20 feet, and the large picture of *The Great Mogul in the Mosque at Delhi*, occupy each end of the so-called French Court at South Kensington, whilst the walls on both sides present no less than 169 pictures, showing the result of two years' work in India. So great, indeed, were the artist's labours that his health broke down, and he was obliged to return to Europe in 1875 before completing his intended series in illustration of Indian history, the whole constituting, in his own language, a pictorial poem. If each canto of the poem is to be on the scale of the two great works above named the whole will be vast indeed. The principal picture shows the Prince of Wales mounted upon an elephant, which is adorned with sumptuous trappings, and leading a procession of elephants, the one immediately following that of the Prince being ridden by Sir Bartle Frere. The material is well arranged; for, although the canvas is filled with soldiers and attendants in a rich variety of costumes, it does not seem crowded. A balcony in the background is filled with spectators, whose costumes are sober in colour; whilst the large building by which the procession passes is of that silvery white so characteristic of Indian architecture, with a slight flush as if from the reflection of the

richly-coloured procession. The picture of *The Great Mogul in the Mosque of Delhi* presents the general appearance of a broad sheet of silvery white. The Grand Mogul is visible through the arch of a dividing-screen, absorbed in prayer, in a mysterious loneliness. Kneeling in front, also with their backs to the spectator, are a few figures, whose costumes give some richness to the picture, notwithstanding the generally quiet tone of the interior. Amongst the small pictures are many of an interesting character, both for subjects and execution. We may mention a view of a lake in Cashmere under a morning effect, the sky and water all one light blue, which might be taken for an arrangement by Mr. Whistler. On the other hand, there are interiors almost Dutch in their accuracy. There are two striking pictures on each side of the Mosque: one represents a dark night in the mountains, with a crackling wood-fire shooting sparks in all directions, while the face of a man glows with the light from the flame; the other picture, *The Man-eater*, shows a tiger crouching over his victim. The enthusiasm of the artist for some of his subjects may be gathered from the descriptions in the Catalogue, especially that of the famous Taj, perhaps the most exquisite building in the world.

THERE is an interesting collection of pictures in the new Continental Galleries, 168 New Bond Street. The chief attraction is Munkacsy's famous picture of *Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters*, which won a great medal of honour at the Paris Universal Exhibition. The blind poet is seated in a high-backed chair, close to a window. He wears a suit of black velvet, and a broad white collar. His head is slightly bowed, and the eyes closed, but evidently shrunken and blind: the figure is emaciated. The three daughters are beautifully grouped in the reference to the principal personage. One is embroidering, another stands near the table, and a third is writing to Milton's dictation; all are gazing upon him with pathetic admiration. The room, with its tapestries and antique-carved furniture, is kept in quiet neutral tones, and the whole picture is painted with a broad and vigorous style of execution. Six other pictures by the same artist are exhibited, the most recent of which, called *The Visit to the Baby*, represents a young mother in a pale-blue dressing-gown, seated in an arm-chair, her hand resting on a table with a pink velvet cover. She is watching with interest two fashionably dressed ladies who are examining the baby (a very ugly one) in the arms of a French nurse. The interior of the room is vigorously painted, and although every colour is represented there is nothing garish. The brightness and sparkle of the picture remind us of Fortuny and Madrazo. Amongst the four pictures by Pettenkofen, may be mentioned a carriage with Hungarian recruits; the horses are galloping furiously, raising a cloud of dust: there is much animation in the faces and figures of the recruits. We

may mention the nine pictures painted by a very young artist, Camille Müller, of Tréport, who is only eighteen years of age, and entirely self-taught. *Copper Pan and Fish*, painted when Müller was only fifteen, certainly does him credit. His *Port of Tréport—Moonlight*, is clever, and so is the *Bouquet of Pinks*, whilst the *Portrait of the Artist's Father* proves the artist's versatility and his sense of colour. Altogether the collection is interesting and worth a visit, though want of space prevents us from speaking about several pictures which deserve special mention.

THE Trustees of the British Museum have transferred their valuable collection of National Portraits, sixty-three in number, to the South Kensington Gallery. A private view of this exhibition took place on May 31st, and was numerously attended. The present list is provisional, so we may hope that a better classification and order may, at some future day, be adopted. There is an elaborate portrait of Queen Elizabeth in this newly-acquired collection. If it had ever been a faithful likeness, or if the painting of the face had survived as well as that of the dress, ruff, and jewels, we should look upon it with interest; but it is faded, and has lost its significance. Not so the noble and impressive portrait of Sir Isaac Newton. There is a small full-length portrait of Chaucer, and there are others of Pope, Prior, Andrew Marvell, Locke, and Oliver Cromwell, the last a striking picture, with a resolute but sad expression. We have also a fine picture of Charles II., much less manly than the Cromwell, notwithstanding its royal trappings.

MR. HEAD, Assistant Keeper of Coins and Medals in the British Museum, has drawn up a Catalogue of Greek Coins, now published by order of the Trustees; and to this he has prefixed an introductory chapter illustrative of the political and other historical facts connected with the early coinage of Macedonia, the Thracio-Macedonian tribes, and Paeonia. Amongst the many interesting things mentioned by Mr. Head is a coin struck in the sixth century B.C., at the town of Aenia, representing Aeneas carrying Anchises on his shoulders, and following Creusa, who similarly carries their son, Ascanius. This coin is in the Berlin Museum; for Mr. Head, whilst cataloguing the Greek coins of the British Museum, points to other collections bearing on the subject.

SINCE our last notice of the Grosvenor Gallery, that locality has become a sort of arena for contending critics, the subject of dispute being the merits of Mr. Burne-Jones, more particularly in his Pygmalion series. An artist has little occasion to trouble himself about attacks which bring to his defence such champions as M. Legros, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and the lately-elected professor, Mr. Richmond. Most people admit that Mr. Burne-Jones is a fine colourist, and his admirers say that his works raise the mind into a region which is not of the prosaic world. Unfriendly critics complain, with justice, that the painter indulges in melancholy aspects, which end by producing a cheerless monotony. They attach too much importance, perhaps, to some faults or eccentricities of drawing which do

not seriously interfere with the artist's intention. In the *Annunciation* the Virgin is represented standing. She is dressed in white, confined at the waist by a girdle. The expression of the face is that of grave wonder. The angel stands on a bough, clad in a kind of magenta drapery, which, unfortunately, looks metallic in its folds. The architecture belongs to the cinque-cento period. Still the picture is delightful, and carries us back to the old Pre-Raphaelite times. *The Haunted Mill*, by Mr. Cecil Lawson, is a weird fantastic subject, which would suit Julian Hawthorn; and *The Morning After*, by the same painter, has a suggestion of Turner in his latter days, without, however, exciting suspicion of imitation. *La Festa di San Antonio, Venice*, by Miss Clara Montalba, is one of the most solid pieces of honest painting in the Gallery. The descent of the priestly procession from a bridge, down a flight of steps, is imposing, and the water of the canal accords with Taine's description, 'Le vert mêlé d'azur, toujours changeant, toujours le même.' We have not been able to see properly Mr. Holman Hunt's *Ship*, on account of the glass. This picture proves what a mistake it is to cover an oil-picture with glass, in which the spectator sees his own face staring at him amidst reflections from surrounding objects. By perseverance we discovered a sailor at the wheel and light from a cabin window confused with the reflexions of the glass. The Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild sends two pictures of French and Neapolitan subjects, each showing feeling for colour and effect. *Topaz*, by Albert Moore, has for its subject two female figures in delicate, pale-greenish drapery, each wearing a pink handkerchief round the head, and both exquisitely drawn. The portrait of the *Countess Cowper*, by Mr. Poynter, is strikingly expressive and somewhat imperiously intellectual. Mr. E. J. Gregory's portrait of *Thomas Chapman, Esq.*, is vigorous. *Dorothy*, by Mr. Watts, is a lovely child's face; the little girl has brown eyes, flowing golden hair, and a red velvet dress. Mr. Watts also contributes a portrait of himself. Mr. Sandys has painted an excellent portrait of *Sir Thomas Hesketh*, in a hunting coat, with a background of tapestry. It is a pleasure to meet our famous old friend, Richard Doyle, who has lost nothing of his well-known qualities. He exhibits twelve water-colours, the two most interesting and humorous being *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* and *An Adventure in the history of Athenian Gasker*.

THE German Institute of Archaeology, which celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of its foundation in Rome on the 21st of April, began simply as a Society of persons interested in the study, but has since become an Institution of the German Empire, liberally supported by State funds. It is not so well known or so widely appreciated as it ought to be, with its centre really in Berlin, and an active branch in Athens. Besides its permanent Secretaries in Rome and Athens it has the constant assistance of travelling students, as they are called, who are selected for their promise from the Universities in Germany. To show how these students are employed it may be mentioned that two of them have lately made a complete catalogue of ancient sculptures existing in Sparta and its neighbourhood, whilst a third has produced a

similar catalogue of the sculptures of Boeotia. Another student who, in the meantime, has been appointed to a professorship in Germany, was directed to make a special study of the art of Mycenae, and as a result of this has already published part of a large work on the subject. To make such a work complete Professor Loesche had to examine minutely, for the sake of comparison, the antiquities in the British Museum found in tombs at Ialysos in Rhodes. The next thing was to have drawings and photographs made from the greater part of this collection, which was done without fear of the expense, as this is borne by the Institute. This is only one example of what it is doing in many fields of classical archaeology.

WE recur to the Royal Academy to mention some pictures which want of space prevented us from noticing last month. In the lecture-room, *La Famille D.*, by H. Fantin, occupies the place of honour opposite Mr. Long's *Vashti*. The first impression given by this picture is of too much darkness, which is intensified by the gravity, almost amounting to sadness, of the faces in the group, still they have sufficient dignity and individuality to divert attention from this. The figures are well modelled, and the light and shade good. *A Highland Pastoral*, by Mr. MacWhirter, is a delicious little melody in silver tones. The subject is a winding path by grey water, over which breaks a gleam of pale sunlight; a distant bank tipped with light, a touch of autumn's russet tones on the trees; a shepherd is wending homewards, driving some sheep before him. *A Winter's Tale* and *In Manus tuas, Domine*, by Britton Rivière, are good examples of the painter. The first picture represents a child, found sleeping in the snow by a dog; in the second a knight, clad in armour, is riding into a dark place. There is a fine contrast between the terror of the cowering horse and dogs and the calm of the young warrior who lifts up the cross of his sword. Mr. Peter Graham has two powerful seashore subjects, *The Sea-bird's Resting-place* and *Where deep seas moan*. In Mr. Boughton's *Priscilla*, from Longfellow's 'Miles Standish,' the demure Quaker figure trudging through the snow, Bible in hand, is entirely charming. The face is innocent and earnest; the colour of the landscape, the grey sky, and the grey-cloaked damsel, is tender through-

out. *Absconded*, by Mr. Frank Holl, is a forcible but unpleasant picture; the strongest, perhaps, for dramatic expression in the present exhibition. The agonised tension of the face, the gathered-up crouch of the well-dressed man travelling alone in a first-class carriage, tell their own story. *Evangeline*, by Mr. Frank Dicksee, is a good and thoughtful picture, the least satisfactory part being the face of the earnest maiden, who vainly strives to soothe and comfort her father. The grouping of the little knot of travellers on the shingly shore, the suggestive sadness of the sunset, the immensity of the sea, are all admirably felt and rendered, whilst the style of painting is sober and conscientious.

Mr. Robert Macbeth's *Sardine Fishery* is bold and original, but injured by the too obvious paint of sea and sky, which is the more to be regretted that there is much to admire in the life-like countenances of the fishermaids and lads, and in the brilliant frankness of the open-air colour. Mr. Cecil Lawson has three small landscapes, *Sundown*, *A Wet Moon*, and *Old Battersea—Moonlight*, which strike us as somewhat dark here, though strong in sense of colour and in imaginative conception of nature; but Mr. Lawson is better seen in the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. J. S. Arden is in full force with portraits of Lady Gifford, of Mrs. Arbuthnot and family, and of the Countess of Norbury, all charming renderings of feminine grace and refinement. *How the Little Lady sat to Van Dyck* is a delightful study of a small damsel in blue, sitting in state on a golden chair. Mr. J. H. Walker also sends some good portraits, especially that of Mrs. John Hill, which has an intellectual and attractive countenance. Mrs. Temple Soanes, by F. Sandys, displays all this artist's sense of delicate drawing and modelling. Its details are a marvel of patient study, but the garish colour of the blue dress and the pink and yellow roses jars upon us. *Le Portrait de mon Frère*, by J. Bastien Lepage, may be profitably studied for the character of the head, its breadth of light and shade, and its careful finish. Miss Mary Godsall's *Cinderella*, in the Water-colour Gallery, is tender in colour, the deep old-fashioned hearth, with its crouching figure of the melancholy maiden, make a charming picture; by a pretty device medallions of the prince, the fairy godmother, the glass slipper, and the pumpkin, have been let into the frame.



ESAU.

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XVIII.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Esau.

ETCHED BY L. RICHTON.

AMONG our great painters there may have been some who in certain respects, as in surface quality of brush work, have surpassed Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.; but for elevation of feeling, imaginative power in the conception of subject pictures, and deep insight into character in portraiture, his equal cannot be named. His reputation has been won and sustained by strenuous work through the long period of forty years, during which he has been before the public constantly, challenging its verdict by works of noble ambition.

Born in 1820, he entered the Academy as a student, and exhibited for the first time when he was seventeen. Before going to Rome he had practised from sculpture in the studio of M. Behnes, and gained one of the three first prizes, amounting to 300*l.*, in the cartoon competition instituted by the Government under Sir Robert Peel's administration, his work being a large chalk drawing—*Caractacus led in triumph through the streets of Rome*.

There is a curious Philistine fact connected with this cartoon. It was sold at an auction, and fell into the hands of a Vandal of the name of D—. The shrewd but ignorant possessor of Mr. Watts' cartoon cut it into pieces, and hired it out for the use of students: heads, hands, and feet were distributed, like a traitor's body in the olden time. Sir Walter James possesses two of these dismembered pieces, being two figures, melancholy relics of this great work. In 1847 Mr. Watts received one of three first prizes gained in competition, obtaining the prize of 500*l.* He sent this painting, of colossal size, from Italy, at the suggestion of Lord Holland, and it is now in the House of Lords. The subject is *Alfred inciting the Saxons to prevent the landing of the Danes by meeting them at sea—being the first great English naval victory*. Besides this picture, he painted in Italy another called *Echo*, and several portraits—amongst which was a full-length one of Lady Holland, exhibited in the Academy of 1848. *Paolo and Francesca*, and *Orlando pursuing the Fata Morgana*, were exhibited at the British Institution in 1848. *Life's Illusion*, a picture of the class of the *Fata Morgana*, was exhibited in 1849. In 1850 he painted the *Good Samaritan*, in memory of Thomas Wright of Manchester. In 1848 Mr. Watts took a studio in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, now the site of the Cosmopolitan Club, of which he was amongst the first original members. Several of Mr. Watts's pictures painted during his residence in Italy are to be seen there—among them the large one from Boccaccio called *Theodore and Honoria*. This picture was painted in 1847 in tempera, and afterwards in oil colour over tempera. Time will prove whether this method is a safe one or not; as it stands now it is

fresh and pure. Mr. Watts's theory is, that this is the method followed by the great Venetian painters, Tintoretto and Paul Veronese.

Holland House contains several of Mr. Watts' finest pictures; amongst other important works, he executed for the Poets' Hall at the Houses of Parliament the fresco entitled *St. George overcoming the Dragon*, from Spenser. He offered to paint in fresco one end of the Hall of Lincoln's Inn—*An Illustration of the History of Justice*. Mr. Watts laboured at this from pure love of his work. When the fresco was completed, the Benchers presented him with 500*l.* and a handsome cup. He also painted the walls and ceiling of a dining-room in 7 Carlton House Terrace belonging to Lord Somers. In 1858 Mr. Watts, who was in very delicate health, accompanied Mr. Newton, then consul at Mitylene, to Halicarnassus. This expedition resulted in the discovery of the Mausoleum. There Mr. Watts remained some time and then proceeded to Constantinople and Athens. He executed the well-known bust of Clytie in 1867, one of his finest works, in the possession of Mr. Cowper-Temple; also some monumental statues, a monument for Mr. Cholmondeley Owen, Colonel of Volunteers, and a monument of Bishop Lonsdale, in Lichfield Cathedral; also a monument to the young Marquis of Lothian; the statue of Lord Holland in the Park; all these works are characterised by grand simplicity and masterly modelling. Mr. Watts is now employed upon a piece of sculpture of the heroic size, for the Duke of Westminster, representing Hugh Lupus on horseback—a magnificent work which has already been described in the PORTFOLIO. Mr. Watts is also engaged on a series of six pictures, illustrating Biblical History, the figures being of heroic size:—1. *Eve Newly Created*; 2. *Eve surrounded by Temptation*; 3. *Eve repenting, conscious of what she has lost*.

Belonging to a larger composition:—1. *The Creation of Eve*; 2. *Denunciation after Transgression*; 3. *Abel's Sacrifice*.

In addition to these he has a great picture on hand representing the Angel of Death seated on a throne, to whom all classes of humanity are paying homage. In the arms of Death an infant is playing unconsciously; a young girl, weary of life, crouches at the knees of Death, and a warrior lays his sword down at her feet. Two angels guard the entrance. This will be a colossal picture. His grand composition of *Time and Oblivion* is at Eastnor Castle. *Love Meeting Death*, and *Time and Death*, over whom Judgment hovers, holding the scales of Justice. The elevated feeling in these works bears witness to their origin in the highest sources of inspiration. These lofty, imaginative conceptions place Mr. Watts in the first rank of artists. Both in sculpture and painting he might approach nearer Phidias and Michel Angelo, were it not that an excess of thought and allegory seems to weigh down the artistic impulse: each detail has its symbolic meaning, it is a word of the pictured poem, and as such must be studied and deciphered before the artist's conception can be perfectly understood and appreciated. No wonder a painter with this bent of mind should turn so often to that purest and sweetest of allegories, Spenser's 'Faery Queen,' for subjects to embody in form and colour. Some of his happiest pictures are thus drawn from its pages: we remember the meek Una, and the Red Cross Knight, the wonder-stricken Britomart listening to her nurse's tale, as he has delineated them. The noblest quality of Mr. Watts' work is its moral healthiness: his most melancholy subjects are strongly and suggestively treated—never a touch of morbidity.

His portraits include nearly all the celebrities of this age as well as many of the beauties. It is a rare gift that enables a painter to express the infinitely varied characters of so large a succession of people, and Mr. Watts possesses this gift in the highest degree. Those who have seen cannot forget the finely individualised representation of Herr Joachim, of the late John Stuart Mill, of the Prince de Joinville, of our two great poets, Tennyson and Robert Browning, of Lecky, Burne-Jones, Dean Stanley, &c., &c. We might almost exhaust the list of contemporary notabilities were we to give a list of his portraits. He is now engaged on a portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton. Mr. Watts models his heads with the precision of a

sculptor, scrupulously rendering the form and structure of the bones and muscles. He is careful to preserve the purity of the underground. He places his colours side by side, mosaic-like, mixing the tints slightly. He has made a special study of the qualities of colour, and has mastered the effect of that wondrous glow so characteristic of the paintings of Tintoretto, Titian, and Giorgione. His theory of good colour is to allow his painting to dry thoroughly—almost to bake it—and in order to do this he has always on hand several canvasses. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in February 1867, and a Royal Academician in 1868.

The picture of *Esau* was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and subsequently at one of the International Exhibitions at South Kensington.

HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

OXFORD.

VIII.—*Poets at Oxford: Shelley and Landor.*

AT any given time a large number of poets may be found among the undergraduates at Oxford, and the younger dons. It is not easy to say what becomes of all these pious bards, who are a marked and peculiar people while they remain in residence. The undergraduate poet is a not uninteresting study. He wears his hair long, and divides it down the middle. His eye is wild and wandering, and his manner absent, especially when he is called on to translate a piece of an ancient author in lecture. He does not 'read' much, in the technical sense of the term, but consumes all the novels that come in his way, and all the minor poetry. His own verses the poet may be heard declaiming aloud, at unholy midnight hours, so that his neighbours have been known to break his windows with bottles, and then to throw in all that remained of the cold meats of a supper party, without interfering with the divine *afflatus*. When the college poet has composed a sonnet, ode, or what not, he sends it to the Editor of the 'Nineteenth Century,' and it returns to him after many days. At last it appears in print, in 'College Rhymes,' a collection of mild verse, which is (or was) printed at regular or irregular intervals, and was never seen except in the rooms of contributors. The poet also speaks at the Union, where his sentiments are either Revolutionary, or so wildly Conservative that he looks on Magna Charta as the first step on the path that leads to England's ruin. As a politician, the undergraduate poet knows no mean between Mr. Peter Taylor and King John. He has been known to found a Tory club, and shortly afterwards to swallow the formulæ of Mr. Bradlaugh.

The life of the poet is, not unnaturally, one long warfare with his dons. He cannot conform himself to pedantic rules, which demand his return to college before midnight. Though often the possessor of a sweet vein of clerical and Kebleian verse, the poet does not willingly attend chapel; for indeed, as he sits up all night, it is cruel to expect him to arise before noon. About the poet's late habits a story is told, which seems authentic. A remarkable and famous contemporary singer was known to his fellow-undergraduates only by this circumstance, that his melodious voice was heard declaiming anapaests all through the ambrosial night. When the voice of the singer was lulled, three sharp taps were heard in the silence. This noise was produced by the bard's Scotch friend and critic in knocking the ashes out of his pipe. These feasts of reason are almost incompatible with the early devotions which, strangely enough, Shelley found time and inclination to attend.

Now it is (or was) the belief of undergraduates that you might break the decalogue and the laws of man in every direction, with safety and the approval of the dons, if you only went regularly to chapel. As the poet cannot do this (unless he is 'a sleepless man'), his existence is a long struggle with the fellows and tutors of his college. The manners of poets

vary, of course, with the tastes of succeeding generations. I have heard of two (Thyrsis and Corydon) 'who lived in Oxford as if it were a large country-house.'

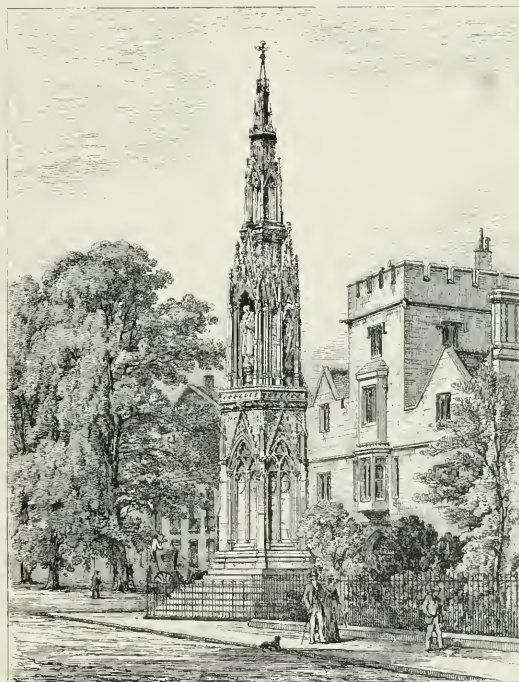
Of other singers, the latest of the heavenly quire, it is invidiously said that they build shrines to Blue China and other ceramic abominations of the Philistine, and worship the same in their rooms. Of this sort it is not the moment to speak. Time has not proved them. But the old poets of ten years ago lived a militant life; they rarely took good classes (though they competed industriously for the Newdigate, writing in the metre of *Dolores*), and it not uncommonly happened that they left Oxford without degrees. They were often very agreeable fellows, as long as one was in no way responsible for them; but it was almost impossible—human nature being what it is—that they should be much appreciated by tutors, proctors, and heads of houses. How could these worthy, learned, and often kind and courteous persons, know when they were dealing with a lad of genius, and when they had to do with an affected and pretentious donkey?

These remarks are almost the necessary preface to a consideration of the existence of Shelley and Landor at Oxford—the Oxford of 1793–1810. Whatever the effects may be on Shelleyan commentators, it must be said that, to the donnish eye, Percy Bysshe Shelley was nothing more or less than the ordinary Oxford poet, of the quieter type. In Walter Savage Landor, authority recognised a noisier and rowdier specimen of the same class. People who have to do with hundreds of young men at a time are unavoidably compelled to generalise. No don, that was a don, could have seen Shelley or Landor as they are described to us without hastily classing them in the category of poets who would come to no good and do little credit to the college. Landor went up to Trinity College in 1793. It was the dreadful year of the Terror, when good Englishmen hated the cruel murderers of kings and queens. Landor was a good Englishman, of course, and he never forgave the French the legal assassination of Marie Antoinette. But he must needs be a Jacobin, and wear his own unpowdered hair—the Poet thus declaring himself at once in the regular recognised fashion. 'For a portion of the time he certainly read hard, but the results he kept to himself; for here, as at Rugby, he declined everything in the shape of competition.' (Now competition is the essence of modern University study.) 'Though I wrote better Latin verses than any undergraduate or graduate in the University,' says Landor, 'I could never be persuaded by my tutor or friends to contend for any prize whatever.' The pleasantest and most profitable hours that Landor could remember at Oxford 'were passed with Walter Birch in the Magdalen Walk, by the half-hidden Cherwell.' Hours like these are indeed the pleasantest and most profitable that any of us pass at Oxford. The one duty which that University, by virtue of its very nature, has never neglected, is the assembling of young men together from all over England, and giving them three years of liberty of life, of leisure, and of discussion, in scenes which are classical and peaceful. For these hours, the most fruitful of our lives, we are grateful to Oxford, as long as friendship lives; that is, as long as life and memory remain with us. And, 'if anything endure, if hope there be,' our conscious existence in the after-world would ask for no better companions than those who walked with us by the Isis and the Cherwell.

Landor called himself 'a Jacobin,' though his own letters show that he was as far as the most insolent young 'tuft' from relishing doctrines of human equality. He had the reputation, however, of being not only a Jacobin, but 'a mad Jacobin;' too mad for Southey, who was then young, and a Liberal. 'Landor was obliged to leave the University for shooting at one of the Fellows through a window,' is the account which Southey gave of Landor's rustication. Now Fellows often put up with a great deal of horse-play. There is scarcely a more touching story than that of the don who for the first time found himself 'screwed up,' and fastened within his own oak. 'What am I to do?' the victim asked his sympathising scout, who was on the other, the free side of the oak. 'Well, sir, Mr. Muff, sir, when 'e's screwed up 'e sends for the blacksmith,' replied the servant. What a position for



a man having authority to be in the constant habit of sending for the blacksmith! Fellows have not very unfrequently been fired at with Roman candles, or bombarded with soda-water bottles full of gunpowder. One has also known sparrows shot from Balliol windows on the Martyrs' Memorial of our vignette. In this case, too, the sportsman was a poet. But deliberately to pot at a fellow, 'to go for him with a shot gun,' as the repentant American said he would do in future, after his derringer missed fire, is certainly a strong measure. No college which pretended to maintain discipline could allow even a poet to shoot thus wildly. In truth, Landor's offence has been exaggerated by Southey. It was nothing out of the common. The poet was giving 'an after-dinner party' in his rooms. The men were mostly from Christchurch; for Landor was intimate, he says, with only one undergraduate



MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.

of his own college, Trinity. On the opposite side of the quadrangle a Tory and a butt, named Leeds, was entertaining persons whom the Jacobin Landor calls 'servitors and other raff' of every description.' The guests at the rival wine-parties began to 'row' each other, Landor says, adding, 'All the time I was only a spectator, for I should have blushed to have had any conversation with them, particularly out of a window. But my gun was lying on a table in the room, and I had in a back closet some little shot. I proposed, as they had closed the casements, and as the shutters were on the outside, to fire a volley. It was thought a good trick, and accordingly I went into my bedroom and fired.' Mr. Leeds very superfluously complained to the President. Landor adopted the worst possible line of defence, and so the University and this poet parted company.

It seems to have been generally understood that Landor's affair was a boyish escapade. A copious literature is engaged with the subject of Shelley's expulsion. As the story is told

by Mr. Hogg, in his delightful book, the 'Life of Shelley,' that poet's career at Oxford was a typical one. There are in every generation youths like him, in unworldliness, wildness, and dreaminess, though unlike him, of course, in genius. The divine spark has not touched them, but they, like Shelley, are still of the band whom the world has not tamed. As Mr. Hogg's book is out of print, and rare, it would be worth while, did space permit, to reproduce some of his wonderfully life-like and truthful account of Oxford as she was in 1810. The University has changed in many ways, and in most ways for the better. Perhaps that old, indolent, and careless Oxford, was better adapted to the life of such an almost unexampled genius as Shelley. When his Eton friends asked him whether he still meant to be 'the Atheist,' that is, the rebel he had been at school, he said, 'No; the college authorities were civil, and left him alone.' Mr. Hogg sometimes complains that undergraduates were left too much alone. But who could have safely advised or securely guided Shelley?

Undergraduates are now more closely looked after, as far as reading goes, than perhaps they like—certainly much more than Shelley would have liked. But when we turn from study to the conduct of life, is it not plain that no *official* interference can be of real value? Friendship and confidence may, and often does, exist between tutors and pupils. There are tutors so happily gifted with sympathy, and with a kind of eternal youth of heart and intellect, that they become the friends of generation after generation of freshmen. This is fortunate; but who can wonder that middle-aged men, seeing the generations succeed and resemble each other, lose their powers of understanding, of directing, of aiding the young, who are thus cast at once on their own resources? One has occasionally heard clever men complain that they were neglected by their seniors, that their hearts and brains were full of perilous stuff, which no one helped them to unpack. And it is true that modern education, when it meets the impatience of youth, often produces an unhappy ferment in the minds of men. To put it shortly, clever students have to go through their age of *sturm und drang*, and they are sometimes disappointed when older people, their tutors for example, do not help them to weather the storm. It is a tempest in which every one must steer for himself, after all; and Shelley 'was borne darkly, fearfully afar,' into unplumbed seas of thought and experience. When Mr. Hogg complains that his friend was too much left to himself to study and think as he pleased, let us remember that no one could have helped Shelley. He was better at Oxford without his old Dr. Lind, 'with whom he used to curse George III. after tea.'

There are few chapters in literary history more fascinating than those which tell the story of Shelley at Oxford. We see him entering the hall of University College—a tall, shy stripling, bronzed with the September sun, with long elf-locks. He takes his seat by a stranger, and in a moment holds him spell-bound, while he talks of Plato, and Goethe, and Alfieri, of Italian poetry, and Greek philosophy. Mr. Hogg draws a curious sketch of Shelley at work in his rooms, where seven-shilling pieces were being dissolved in acid in the tea-cups, where there was a great hole in the floor that the poet had burned with his chemicals. The one-eyed scout, 'the Arimaspiian,' must have had a time of tribulation (being a conscientious and fatherly man) with this odd master. How characteristic of Shelley it was to lend the glow of his fancy to science, to declare that things, not thoughts, mineralogy, not literature, must occupy human minds for the future, and then to leave a lecture on mineralogy in the middle, and admit that 'stones are dull things after all!' Not less Shelleyan was the adventure on Magdalen Bridge, the beautiful bridge of our etching, from which Oxford, with the sunset behind it, looks like a fairy city of the Arabian nights—a town of palaces and princesses, rather than of proctors.

'One Sunday we had been reading Plato together so diligently, that the usual hour of exercise passed away unperceived: we sallied forth hastily to take the air for half-an-hour before dinner. In the middle of Magdalen Bridge we met a woman with a child in her arms. Shelley was more attentive at that instant to our conduct in a life that was past, or to come, than to a decorous regulation of the present, according

to the established usages of society, in that fleeting moment of eternal duration styled the nineteenth century. With abrupt dexterity he caught hold of the child. The mother, who might well fear that it was about to be thrown over the parapet of the bridge into the sedgy waters below, held it fast by its long train. "Will your baby tell us anything about pre-existence, Madam?" he asked, in a piercing voice, and with a wistful look.

Shelley and Hogg seem almost to have lived in reality the life of the Scholar Gipsy. In Mr. Arnold's poem, which has made permanent for all time the charm, the sentiment of Oxfordshire scenery, the poet seems to be following the track of Shelley. In Mr. Hogg's memoirs, we hear little of summer; it seems always to have been in winter that the friends took their long rambles, in which Shelley set free, in talk, his inspiration. One thinks of him

'in winter, on the causeway chill,
Where home through flooded fields foot travellers go,'

returning to the supper in Hogg's rooms, to the curious desultory meals, the talk, and the deep slumber by the roaring fire, the small head lying perilously near the flames. One would not linger here over the absurd injustice of his expulsion from University. It is pleasant to know, on Mr. Hogg's testimony, that 'residence at Oxford was exceedingly delightful to Shelley, and on all accounts most beneficial.' At Oxford, at least he seems to have been happy, he who so rarely knew happiness, and who, if he made another suffer, himself suffered so much for others. The memory of Shelley, the shadow and perfume of his presence, has deeply entered into the sentiment of Oxford. Thinking of him in his glorious youth, and of his residence here, may we not say, with the shepherd in Theocritus, of the divine singer,—

αἰθ' ἐπ' ἐμεῦ ζωῶς ἐναριθμος ὥφελες εἶμεν
ὥς τοι ἐγὼν ἐνόμουν ἄν' ὥρεα τὰς καλὰς αἴγας
φωνᾶς εἰσαίων, τν δ' ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἢ ὑπὸ πεύκαις
ἀδὼ μελισσόμενος κατεκέκλισο, θεῖε Κομάτα.

'Ah, would that in my days thou hadst been numbered with the living, how gladly on the hills would I have herded thy pretty she-goats, and listened to thy voice, whilst thou, under oaks and pine-trees lying, didst sweetly sing, divine Comatas!'

A. LANG.

CLARKSON STANFIELD.

(Continued from page 125.)

STANFIELD'S fame was now fully established, and though his pictures did not sell for the large sums that David Roberts acquired by his effective sketches, he must from this time forth have made a good income, for he was a most industrious worker, and never May came round—except in 1837 and 1838—that it did not find two or more paintings by him on the Academy walls. Altogether it is reckoned that he contributed one hundred and thirty-two pictures to the Academy exhibitions during a period of thirty-nine years.

But though thus busily engaged, he seems, from the glimpses we gain of him in several biographies of his distinguished friends, to have had plenty of time for amusement and pleasant social intercourse. He was eminently of a kindly, sociable disposition, and the position that had early thrown him among actors had likewise made him acquainted with some of the best writers and wits of that day. In particular, 'Stan' or 'Stanny,' as he is always familiarly called by Dickens and Roberts, was a constant guest in the Dickens' household, where from biggest to least all seem to have loved him and to have appreciated his imperturbable good humour. Especially when any little entertainment was going forward, Stan's services were always in requisition. From painting elaborate scenery to the performance of small conjuring tricks he is ever willing to be made of use, and creates more merriment very often by his blunders than if he had accomplished his part in the most approved style.

We see him present at that delightful first reading of 'The Chimes,' that Dickens had travelled all the way from Italy in the winter-time to accomplish, and the memory of which has been preserved to us in Maclise's admirable drawing. Here we see Stan and Mac sitting side by side in face of the excited author, and eagerly drinking in his delightful story. Stanfield does not seem to have made any sketch of this scene, but he afterwards made three sketches for another of Dickens's Christmas books, 'The Battle of Life.' These three illustrations of dainty English landscape pleased Dickens greatly. 'It is a delight to look at them,' he writes; 'how gentle and elegant, and yet how manly and vigorous, they are. I have a perfect joy in them.' The same vigorous and truthful, and yet perfectly refined style, is visible in the numerous sketches of coast scenery that he executed for Heath's 'Annuals.' They are all picturesque in treatment, but yet we do not feel that they are merely scenic representations, got up for the purpose of looking pretty, as we often, it must be owned, feel with regard to his friend Roberts's brilliant sketches. But Stanfield, though his art has been accused of seeking theatrical display, was too earnest a student of nature ever to sacrifice truth to scenic effect. He sought such effects, it is true, in Nature, where they are often enough to be found, and painted them in preference to homelier charms, but he never invented them when they were not there, nor shed upon his views like Turner 'a light that never was on sea or shore,' but only in the poet-painter's mind.

Stanfield's mind, as said before, was not poetic, but his *chiaroscuro* was admirable, and his knowledge of sea and sky, and all the various influences acting upon them, was beyond that of almost any other master. Even Ruskin, though blinded to the merits of most of our English landscape-painters by his exclusive worship of one hero, admits Stanfield's excellence. 'One work of Stanfield's,' he writes, 'alone presents us with as much concentrated knowledge of sea and sky as, diluted, would have lasted any one of the old masters his life.' Here Ruskin, as is his wont, is unfair to the 'old masters,' by whom he means the Dutch landscapists, who were the great forerunners of our English school of landscape-painters, and who still reigned supreme in the esteem of connoisseurs when Stanfield first began to paint. The real strength and originality of his art lies, indeed, in the fact that he did not seek to imitate any of these Dutch masters, but from the first went direct to Nature for instruction refusing to look at her through their spectacles. Thus the title of 'the English Vandervelde,' that has been bestowed upon him in supposed compliment, has little meaning, for, if he painted the sea as well as Vandervelde, it was because he knew it as well, having sketched it, like him, in all its moods, not because he had learnt the trick of representing it from Vandervelde's pictures. Nor was his knowledge of sky less remarkable than his knowledge of sea. Ruskin calls him 'incomparably the noblest master of cloud-form of all our artists.' 'In fact,' he says in another place, 'he is the only one among them who can draw a cloud,'—ignoring Constable, it will be seen, altogether, though Constable took especial delight in cloud-drawing and made it his especial study. Constable, however, only studied the sky in one or two aspects, either before or just after a storm of rain; he had not the wide comprehension of it that Stanfield had, who painted with equal enjoyment a clear Italian sky and sea and what sailors call 'dirty' weather on our English coasts. He is especially fond of the breaking of waves against the rocks, and his rock-drawing is always fine. One of the most notable examples of this kind of subject is the *Castle of Ischia*, so well known from the Art Union engraving. Here the sea dashes against the bold rock with glorious freedom—we can almost hear the sound of it as it breaks at the foot of its crags; but it is a 'salt, serviceable, unsentimental sea,' and does not in the least bring back memories of 'the tender grace of a day that is gone,' or, indeed, suggest any thought beyond admiration for the dexterity of the painter who transferred it all so cleverly to canvas. And thus it is with all his pictures. A certain brisk movement and 'go' in his art carries us for a time along with him; but it must be owned that after a while we get tired of this, and would be glad to find some thought, some feeling in the painter, for that which he paints so well. But it is of no use seeking for

what is not there, and we must be content with Stanfield's accurate vision of things as he saw them, nor seek from him that lofty intercourse with Nature that at times reveals to the artist truths that lie beneath the outward semblance, bringing him

'Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

Stanfield seems always to have taken great pleasure in Italian scenery, and from the time he first went to Italy in 1830, we find most of his pictures were of Italian subjects. In 1833 he began painting a series of ten large views of Venice, commissioned by the Marquis of Lansdowne, for the adornment of the banqueting-room at Bowood, and a similar series was executed by him for Trentham Hall, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland. He exhibited these views from time to time at the Royal Academy, until 1840, when they all seem to have been finished. He was not, however, entirely occupied upon them, for we find other works exhibited, and, in particular, in 1836 his celebrated picture of *The Battle of Trafalgar*, painted for the United Service Club, where it still hangs.*

The moment represented is towards the close of the engagement. Nelson's ship, the 'Victory,' with the 'Téméraire' and the 'Redoubtable,' occupy the centre of the canvas, while to the right is seen the French flag-ship the 'Bucentaur,' that was commanded by Villeneuve. The French ship has become unmanageable from the constant broadsides it has received from the 'Victory,' Nelson having from the first singled it out for himself. The huge 'Santissima Trinidad,' also, Nelson's old enemy, is in like pitiable case, while all around bulky hulks with shattered rigging form a scene of direful confusion, that is yet rendered by the artist with the utmost order and precision. It is one of the finest sea-pieces we have by him, for the long swell of the waves is drawn with absolute faithfulness, going steadily on amidst the horrible carnage, the drifting wrecks, the broken spars and struggling human creatures that are all as nothing to that pitiless sea, that rolls on or breaks against the wrecks in sparkling spray, unmindful of the human destinies that it carries along with it. Stanfield's professional knowledge of everything appertaining to shipping, the set of sails, the lines of rigging, &c., are here especially serviceable. He understands just how it would all happen, and records his knowledge with scientific accuracy, producing a work that is unequalled of its kind, for the battle-pieces of Vandervelde do not come near it in life and movement.

After this picture, exhibited in 1836, Stanfield's name is absent for two years from the Academy catalogues. He does not seem, indeed, to have exhibited anywhere in 1837 and 1838. In 1839 he was abroad nearly the whole year, but sent a few small works to the London Exhibitions. On his return in 1840, however, we find him in full force, with no fewer than six pictures at the Academy—all important works.

The *Castle of Ischia*, before mentioned, and *Puzzioli in the Bay of Baiæ*, followed in 1841, and in 1845, as the result of a visit to Holland, came *A View on the Scheldt*, and one of his noblest works that called *The Day after the Wreck*, in which a fine East Indiaman is seen lying helplessly ashore on the Ooster Scheldt, while the sea still fumes around it, though the terrible storm in which it has been for ever disabled has passed away.

Stanfield's wanderings never carried him, like Roberts, to very distant lands. He does not seem ever to have gone beyond Europe, generally choosing Italy, Holland, or France, for his summer trip, and often not going out of England. In 1842 we catch a glimpse of him in Dickens's 'Life,' enjoying a delightful tour in Cornwall with Dickens, Maclise, and Forster.

'Such a trip,' writes Dickens, 'as we had into Cornwall just after Longfellow went away! . . . Sometimes we travelled all night, sometimes all day, sometimes both. . . . Heavens! if you could have seen the necks of bottles, distracting in their immense varieties of shape, peering out of the carriage pockets! If you could have witnessed the deep devotion of the postboys, the wild attachment of the

* The original sketch for this is now in the National Gallery. It is an interesting work, for it enables us to appreciate the painter's readiness of comprehension and the rapid manner in which his conception was carried out.

ostlers, the maniac glee of the waiters! If you could have followed us into the earthy old churches we visited, and into the strange taverns on the gloomy sea-shore, and down into the depths of mines, and up to the tops of giddy heights where the unspeakably green water was roaring I don't know how many hundred feet below! If you could but have seen one gleam of the bright fires by which we sat in the big rooms of ancient inns at night, until long after the small hours had come and gone. . . . I never laughed in my life as I did on this journey. It would have done you good to hear me. I was choking, and gasping, and bursting the buckle off the back of my stock all the way, and Stanfield got into such apoplectic entanglements that we were often obliged to beat him on the back with portmanteaus before we could recover him. Seriously, I do believe there never was such a trip. And they made such sketches, those two men, in the most romantic of our halting-places, that you would have sworn we had the spirit of Beauty with us as well as the spirit of Fun.'

One of these sketches was of the famous Logan Stone, with ponderous John Forster, who however beat them all in climbing, perched on the top of it, the others mischievously rocking it to dislodge him from his giddy position. Maclise mentions this excursion as a time of never-to-be-forgotten delight in a letter written in after years to Forster (*see* Life of Maclise); and indeed all four friends seem to have enjoyed themselves somewhat after the fashion of riotous schoolboys let loose for a holiday. In 'the spirit of fun' also did these friends enter into the various projects proposed by Dickens for theatrical entertainments at Tavistock House. Here Stanfield was invaluable as scene-painter to the little theatre, which had for its 'lessee and manager Mr. Crummles,' and for its poet Mr. Wilkie Collins. Stanfield entered fully into the spirit of all these undertakings, and although he had given up scene-painting as a profession, he seems to have enjoyed an occasional return to it in the service of his friends. Dickens relates how one day he went up to Hampstead with Mark Lemon to see Stanfield, who had been for some time very unwell. They found him rather dismal, and he told them that henceforth he must confine himself to small canvases, as large pictures were now beyond his powers. But Dickens declared he should paint bigger ones than ever, and asked what he thought of beginning on an act-drop for a proposed theatre at Tavistock House. Stanfield was delighted with this idea, which he eagerly took up, 'and,' says Dickens, 'we cheered him up very much, and he said he was quite a man again.' This drop-scene, which represented the Lighthouse in Wilkie Collins' 'new and dramatic melodrama,' 'The Frozen Deep,' was afterwards painted by Stanfield in the course of two mornings. This piece, as every one knows, was performed by the renowned Amateur Company on several occasions with great success, and when the scenery was done with, Dickens had the scene that Stanfield had painted put together (for it was in two pieces) and framed, and hung in the hall at Gad's Hill, where it excited universal admiration. At the sale at Gad's Hill, after Dickens' death, this famous scene, which, as we have seen, was accomplished by Stanfield in the space of two mornings, sold for 1000 guineas! Stanfield had many friends among the actors of his time, and was for many years an active member of the Garrick Club, serving on its committee, and interesting himself much in its welfare. To his gift also one of the houses for retired actors at Maybury owes its origin, and in every way he seems always to have shown kindness to the profession wherewith his early career was associated. The last piece he painted for a public theatre was a drop-scene at the New Adelphi, painted as an act of friendship for Mr. Webster when he first opened that house.

From 1845, when he exhibited the picture before mentioned, *The Day after the Wreck*, to 1866, we find, year after year, an almost constant succession of delightful works by Stanfield appearing at the Royal Academy, and other exhibitions. Among these may be mentioned, *The Mole at Ancona*; *Dutch Boats off Amsterdam*; *Lord Cochrane's Action off the Spanish Coast*; *Il Ponto Rotto at Rome*, engraved in the 'Art Journal'; *The Fording of the Magra by French Troops*, in the Earl of Ellesmere's Collection; *Tilbury Fort—Wind against Tide*, a splendid realistic rendering of the hard fight of wind and stream that often takes place at that part of the Thames; the well-known *Amalfi*; *Reculvers by Moonlight*; *Macbeth*, a dreary, weird moorland scene, very powerfully conceived; *Market Boats on the Maas*; *The*

Battle of Roveredo; *The Victory, with the body of Nelson on board, towed into Gibraltar*, a very fine picture, that created a great sensation at the Academy Exhibition of 1853; *San Sebastian*, another patriotic picture, painted as a companion to the *Victory*; *The Abandoned*, a noble work, now in the possession of Thomas Baring, Esq.; *Dutch Vessels entering the Zuyder Zee*; *A Coast Scene near the Giant's Causeway, Ireland*; *The Fortress of Saxona*; *Outward Bound* and *Homeward Bound*, exhibited in 1860 and 1861; *The Stack Rock, Coast of Antrim*; *The Race of Ramsay*; *The Morning after Trafalgar*; *The New Stone, Plymouth Sound*; *Tintagel Castle, Cornwall*, exhibited with a view of the *Pic du Midi d'Ossan, in the Pyrenées* in 1866. Many of these works, together with a number of others not enumerated, were exhibited at the first exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House in 1870, when it will be remembered that a special collection was made of the works of Leslie and Stanfield. Unfortunately some of Stanfield's greatest pictures were missing at this exhibition, so that it scarcely gave a fair view of his powers, though it is too harsh to say, as some critics have done, that it detracted from the reputation he had won.

In 1867 only one picture by Stanfield—*A Skirmish off Heligoland*—appeared in the Academy Exhibition. The painter, who was now seventy-four, had long been failing in health, and soon after the Academy was opened—on May the 18th, 1867—he breathed his last in the house at Hampstead where he had so long lived. He was buried at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cemetery, Kensal Green, for he belonged, like Mulready, to 'the old faith.'

No detailed biography of Stanfield has yet been written, and he seems to have lived in the memories of his friends as one distinguished by his simple genial kindness of disposition rather than by any cleverness of speech or performance. He wrote but few letters, and, as far as I can learn, kept no record of his life. It has, therefore, been difficult to gather even these few particulars respecting it. He was twice married and left a numerous family. His eldest son, George Clarkson Stanfield, born in 1828, as he grew up adopted the same profession as his father, and followed him closely in the same line of art, painting chiefly coast scenes, views of towns, and Continental landscapes. He exhibited constantly at the Royal Academy from 1844 until 1876, but he then fell ill and died in 1878.

MARY M. HEATON.

'A GROUND SWELL' AND 'THE BASS ROCK.'

ETCHED BY G. S. FERRIER.

MOST readers who have some experimental acquaintance with the sea will know what a ground swell is. The sea moves in long undulations over shallows in consequence of more violent agitation at a distance, or from the remnant of energy left in the water after a storm has died away. It is particularly trying to those who are subject to sea-sickness, but the happy few who are exempt from the malady positively like it, as it offers what to them is an agreeable motion in the water without an unpleasant strength of wind. The vessels in Mr. Ferrier's etching can carry plenty of sail.

The Bass Rock is more a natural curiosity than a subject for a picture, but Mr. Ferrier has contrived to get over its pictorial awkwardness by his arrangement of stony shore with a little inlet of water and boats. It is curious that Scotland should have on each side of her two such remarkable islands as Ailsa Crag and the Bass Rock, just as the Channel has the two St. Michael's Mounts. Most people who have gone to Scotland by steamer will remember the peculiar effect of dreary sublimity which these rocks present early in the grey morning, with the sea tumbling and washing about their bases, and the thousands of sea-gulls screaming and flying about before the dizzy cliffs.

NOTES ON AESTHETICS.

II.

4 *Colours and Colour*.—In ordinary degrees of aesthetic development there is perception of colours and often an intense enjoyment of them, accompanied by profound indifference to what artists understand by 'colour.'

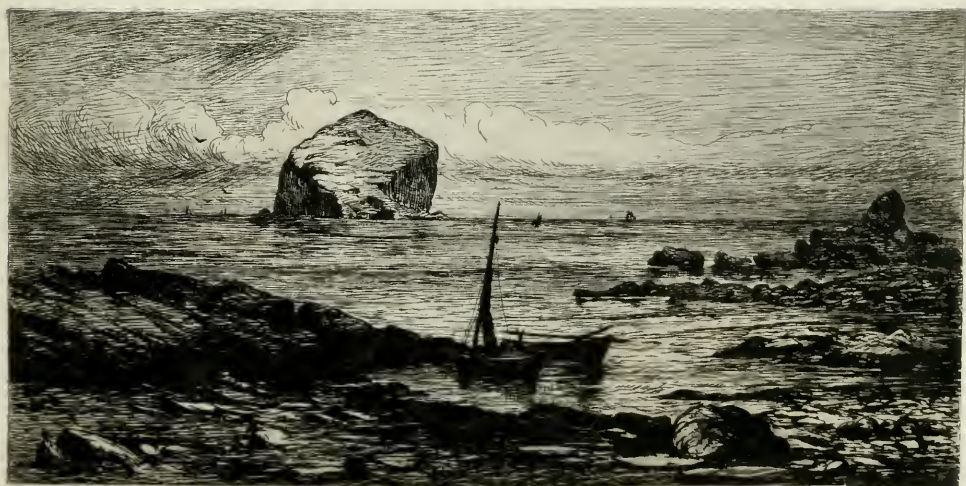
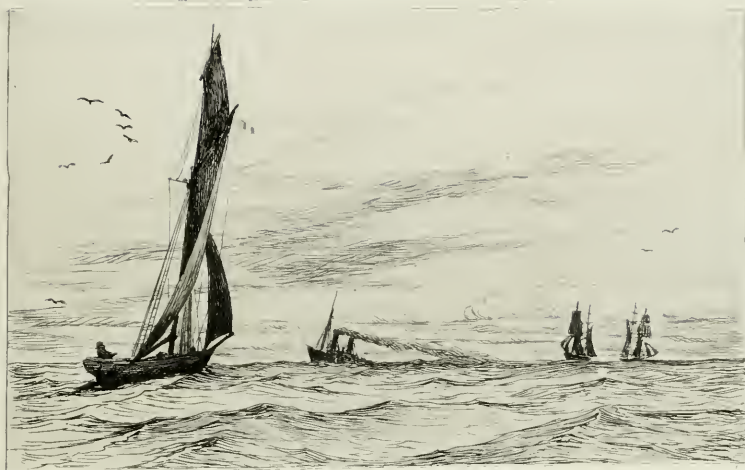
The delight in colour is probably preceded, in every case, by the delight in colours, and yet the two states of mind are not only different but opposed to each other, so that the lover of colour will speak with some severity of the lover of colours as a person whose faculties are still childish or undeveloped. The two conditions of mind are faithfully represented by a mediæval illumination and Correggio. The difference between their work is the difference between colours and colour.

If we look into it more minutely we shall perceive that the illuminator likes red, blue, yellow, &c., in their unmodified states, whilst the colourist probably dislikes and certainly avoids them. We have no evidence in the illuminator's work of any tendency towards colour in Correggio's sense of the term: there is too much finality in it for any striving of that kind. If you could have given your illuminator some brighter colour—some brilliant blue like *bleu lumière*, some blinding scarlet like scarlet iodine—he would have welcomed it as a means of progress in his own direction; but the transition to colour would have required the sacrifice of one principle and the acceptance of another.

It is difficult to see how it comes to pass that a love of colours can ever educate us for colour, but the transition appears to be effected through an increasing taste for intermediate tints, which may finally arrive at the colourist's desire for the most subtle discrimination possible and the most effective arrangement. Nevertheless, there is no evidence that the love of separate colours must of necessity lead the mind to anything beyond itself. For many minds it is a final state of development, beyond which they neither desire to go, nor could go if they desired it.

The love for colours manifests itself in various ways, as for example in a taste for jewels, for stained or painted glass, for illuminated manuscripts, for heraldry, for butterflies, and for flowers, entering thus as a powerful and often determining motive to the pursuit of archaeology, entomology, and botany. The enjoyment of colours goes for so much in the pleasure of making a collection of butterflies that we can hardly imagine the charm of such a collection without it. The gorgeous colours of heraldry are always present to those who concern themselves about coats of arms—present either to the eye when they are actually painted or to the imagination when described or engraved. The love of colour is compelled to seek its aliment chiefly in the appearances of nature and in the productions of the most gifted painters.

It appears that the love for colours may be developed in two very different directions. It may simply become more intense in its own way, so that a man who took pleasure in red and blue at the age of twenty might take a keener pleasure in red and blue at thirty. Or it might happen that the man who had simply found pleasure in pure colours early in life might like intermediate tints in his maturity, in which case, though the refinement of his perceptions increased, his delight in pure colours would probably diminish. The general experience of cultivated painters is that they enjoy pure and bright colours less than they did when they were children. A colourist who had cultivated his gift assiduously for fifty years once remarked to the present writer that the distinction between colours and colour was never enough remembered either by painters or critics. Many painters have so far forgotten it as to imagine that the more colours they can put into a picture the better it will look. In the decade between 1850 and 1860 many pictures were executed on this principle, especially in England, and even at the present day it is not altogether abandoned. Such painting is really derived from illumination.



Geo. Norton Ferreira

5. *Effects of Idiosyncrasy on the perception of Colour.*—It is impossible to ascertain what colours are really seen by eyes other than our own, but there is always a probability that the divergence is nothing more than a divergence, except in cases of colour-blindness, and that most people see approximately the same hues. The various practice of painters is of little assistance in the investigation of this subject, because whatever peculiarities may affect an artist's vision when he looks at natural objects, will affect his sight of pigments and tints. For example, if red in nature seems to a painter what blue seems to us, he will still use the same pigments to represent it which we should use.

Some years ago Dr. Leibreich gave a lecture on 'The effect of certain faults of vision on painting with special reference to Turner,' and some reviewers of my 'Life of Turner,' both in England and America, have thought it an omission of some importance that I did not notice Dr. Leibreich's theory, and have asked for my opinion on the subject. The theory has always seemed to me fallacious in its application to actual artistic production. I have no doubt whatever that Dr. Leibreich is right about the yellowing of the lens of the eye in some people, but supposing that a painter's eye became affected by this change, I should not think it probable that his pictures would be yellower on that account. The case may be stated with convenient brevity as follows:—

1. The painter whose eye-lens is yellow sees all things yellower than they really are. He is not afflicted with the infirmity when he looks at nature, and exempt from it when he looks at his palette or his picture; the affliction is permanent, alike in the field and in the studio.

2. Consequently, as the painter's eye supplies yellow to the natural scene, it will supply yellow in the same proportion to the mixtures on his palette, and his canvas, which will appear to him as yellow as nature appears to him, even when they are not more yellow than nature is in reality. This being so, it does not appear that the painter's infirmity will cause him to use more of the yellow pigments.

This answer to Dr. Leibreich is not suggested by any desire to imply that Turner's faculties remained in a state of perfection while he painted his later pictures. It is probable, if not certain, that in his declining years there was an increasing insensibility of the optic nerves, which led him to desire a stronger and stronger stimulus. This would of itself be sufficient to account for the immoderate colouring of his later pictures.

6. *Causes of bad work in Colour.*—Bad colour in painting may generally be traced to one of two opposite causes.

The faculty which perceives and enjoys colour may be too acutely sensitive, in which case bad work will result from exaggerations due to the immoderate force of impressions.

On the other hand, bad work may be the consequence of a deficiency of colour-sensibility in the artist. Deficient sensibility will produce colouring below a right degree of chromatic intensity, and at the same time will fail to observe and render what is subtle and delicate in the colouring of nature.

Two well-known French painters may be mentioned as instances. In Delacroix the colour faculty was naturally of great strength, but all his nature was acutely, even morbidly, sensitive, and from this resulted many violent exaggerations of colour in his worst pictures, because he saw colour in nature with an exaggerating eye. In Gérôme the eye is insensitive to colour, and the consequence is that his pictures are really under-coloured, notwithstanding his introduction of bright hues to give an impression of colour. The colouring of Gérôme is really brown and grey, but without the subtle and charming varieties which a colourist would get out of his greys; the bright blues, reds, &c., in Gérôme's work are adventitious.

The most perfect colour is produced by painters whose natural faculties are strong, but who have acquired the power of moderating their exercise.*

* It might appear that there is some contradiction between the theory that Turner in his later years coloured violently because the increasing insensibility of the optic nerves led him to desire a stronger and stronger stimulus, and the theory that Delacroix coloured violently because he was excessively sensitive to colour, but both may be true, the reconciling consideration being that Turner did not work from nature, whilst Delacroix had models and dresses to look at, like all figure painters, and it was from these that he received

7. *The Quality which is often called 'Purity' in Colour.*—In Mr. Poynter's lecture 'On the Study of Nature' there is an interesting passage on the effect of preconceived ideas, showing 'how they run away with us in art, to the prejudice of what we might naturally do if we relied upon our impressions alone.' He gives as an instance the idea of purity as it was held by the English Pre-Raphaelites:—

'At the beginning of the movement one of the predominant ideas was, that purity is in all its forms essential to good art. Purity of subject, purity of sentiment; purity of expression, being all necessary, were only to be secured by the utmost purity of form and colour. To attain to purity of colour was a most important point, and to this end nothing but the most refined and brilliant pigments were to be used. Ochres and umbers were earthy, and perhaps, therefore, earthly; so the newest chemical compounds were sought out for the sake of procuring the clearest and brightest tints of green, yellow, scarlet, violet, and blue, that could be employed for the palette. These, combined in prismatic hues on the purest white, were to take the place of flesh-tints of the sober colours which artists had been content to use up to that time. The idea was carried so far, that the use of those colours was considered a sort of test of the earnestness of a painter in his work, and they were even invested with a sort of religious halo. Here, then, is a case where the idea completely out-mastered the impression; for it is certain that no painter, trusting to his eyes alone, would paint the shade of even the purest maiden's cheek with violet madder, and emerald green, and with cadmium or orange vermillion to complete the triad of prismatic colours.'

Whilst the Pre-Raphaelite painters were seeking bright colour, Mr. Ruskin was writing in favour of the same choice.

'Beautiful colour,' says Mr. Poynter, 'with him seems synonymous with bright colour, or what he would call pure colour as typical of purity. Where he once thought he saw fine colour in Titian, he has since strenuously denied it; and his keen admiration of Turner's later work, which is full of crude contrasts of coarse colour, shows that his appreciation of Bellini's exquisite tones must be a mere accident.'

This estimate of Mr. Ruskin's manner of appreciating colour is, I believe, just on the whole; but passages from Mr. Ruskin's writings can always be quoted in favour of opposite views, for he has been so active (mentally), and so excursive, that there are few truths which he has not caught glimpses of for a moment. The real truth about purity of colour, as having nothing to do with the absence of mixture, and as existing in neutral colours as well as in bright and positive ones, was well stated in the ninth chapter of the second volume of 'Modern Painters.'

'For I see not in the abstract how one colour should be considered purer than another, except as more or less compounded; whereas there is certainly a sense of purity or impurity in the most compound and neutral colours, as well as in the simplest—a quality difficult to define.'

Yes, this is a fair statement of the real state of the case. A sense of purity may be produced or awakened in us by the most compound and neutral colours. There are painters whose palettes are always in a state of dirt and confusion, and who, nevertheless, paint pictures which seem to be quite pure in colour, the fact being that a tint which is impure on the palette may look pure when transferred to a special place on the picture on account of its new surroundings.

The well-known doctrine, that two pigments make a tint and three make mud, is true only, so far as it is true at all, of the tint as seen by itself or with unfavourable surroundings. It is positively ascertained by experiment that tints compounded, not of three pigments but of five or six, will look pure when transferred to their proper places in a picture.

What, then, is this *sensation in ourselves* which we call the purity of that which we perceive? Probably the correct answer may be, that this sensation is a condition of the nervous system,

his exaggerated impressions. Further inquiry will lead us to an influence which operated upon both. All colourists delight in colour for itself, independently of natural truth, and when they can get what they require by means of an exaggeration, they are not to be deterred by considerations of simple veracity. The real object of the colourist is to produce fine colour, as the object of the musical composer is to produce fine melodies and harmonies; nor is the colourist *necessarily* a much more accurate reporter of the colours which he sees than the musician of the sounds he hears.

during which its vibrations are what a musician would call in tune ; and this condition has little to do with positive brightness, or with the presence or absence of mixture in what produces it.

This may be illustrated from gastronomy. Very pure sensations of taste are often given by elaborately compounded dishes, such as a *matelote*, a *sole normande*, or a *bouille-abaisse*, each of which has a well-known and decided taste in spite of the variety of its ingredients. The same may be said of drinks : the sensation of taste given by the liqueur, *chartreuse*, is a pure sensation ; I mean that the palate receives one definite sensation only, the consequence of drinking *chartreuse*, which nothing else produces, and which leaves us perfectly unconscious of the variety of ingredients of which *chartreuse* is composed.

The notion that it is necessary to keep things uncontaminated by mixture, in order to produce the sensation of purity, is entirely unphilosophical. What we call pure air and pure water are mixtures—what we call pure English is a mixture.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

AT the Burlington Fine Arts Club there is an exhibition of 'Bronzes and Ivories of European Origin,' ranging in time from the later days of original Greek art to the beginning of the 18th century ; loans contributed by forty-four collectors, members of the Club and other amateurs. The collections of the different contributors are kept together, and no attempt could therefore be made to observe any historical sequence in the arrangement of the exhibition. The main endeavour has, therefore, been so to place the objects that they may be seen to the best advantage ; and this end has been admirably attained, for the impression on entering the room is that unmistakable one which only works of master heads and hands can convey. They are chiefly Italian statuettes of the 16th century, reproductions on a reduced scale of Classical art, given back to the world at the period of the Renaissance. Then there are works of devotional art of pure Italian sculpture, such as Donatello's *St. John the Baptist* and the *Virgin*, and *St. John*, attributed to Ghiberti ; and objects of domestic use—inkstands, candlesticks, salt-cellar, hand-bells, and door-knockers—showing wonderful fertility of invention, fancy, taste, and exquisite workmanship. There are statuettes, Pagan and Christian, in bronze and ivory, measured by inches, yet conveying an impression of dignity and grace that could scarcely be increased were they as many feet in dimension. There is an original portrait in wax of Michel Angelo at the age of eighty-eight, by Leo Leone, from which the same artist executed the bronze medal that accompanies it. The Italian portrait medals of the 15th and 16th centuries by Pisano, Matteo de Pasti, Benvenuto Cellini, and others, are of the highest interest. We have Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, Pico della Mirandola, Vittoria Colonna, the friend of Michel Angelo, Cardinal Bembo, by Benvenuto Cellini, Bellini the Venetian painter, besides kings, popes, doges, and famous generals and statesmen. The collection comprises 550 works, presenting an opportunity of study that artists engaged in various lines of activity should avail themselves of, and for which the public in general may well feel indebted to the Committee.

THE seventh exhibition of Works in Black and

White is open at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall. M. Léon Lhermitte contributes a masterly charcoal of the fish-market at St. Malo, with vigorous light and shade and character, the figures and objects being well modelled and drawn with a vigorous touch. The figures of men and women, old and young, are admirably grouped and blended into unity by their shrewd, animated expression. The drawing possesses also, in a high degree, the minor merit of texture. We can see that the gowns of the women are woollen, their aprons cotton, their caps muslin ; the baskets, barrels, wooden tables, and all other details, are wrought with the same accuracy. The same qualities may be found in M. Lhermitte's *Epicuric de Morlaix*. *La Visite pastorale*, also in charcoal, gives us the interior of a church, with a benign-faced old bishop in it, who is blessing his flock. In this drawing the artist's skill in the distribution of light and shade has effective scope in enhancing the solemnity of the scene. M. Lhermitte exhibits small but characteristic portraits of M. and Mme. Cazin. Mr. Frederick Goodall exhibits six studies, of which *The Holy Mother* is the most remarkable for qualities of finished workmanship. Another study, called *Sarah and Isaac*, is touching from its sweetness and pathos, especially in the face of Sarah. M. Richeton contributes a fine etched portrait of Dean Stanley, which, though on a small scale, conveys much of that blended intellectual power and tenderness of feeling which characterise Dean Stanley's face. Mr. E. Burne-Jones has sent some interesting studies for pictures, slight, small sketches in pencil and chalk, on pale green paper. There is a grandeur in the pose of the figures and in their ample but simple draperies, suggesting an ideal very different from the languid singers of *Laus Veneris*. The same artist contributes two admirable small studies for a picture of a man at an organ, in which the fine, bold, careful line is an example of what a master's study should be. Mr. F. Seymour Haden's etching of *Windsor*, and his charcoal drawings, *Moor* and *Salmon River*, are fine examples of the artist's poetical power.

Mr. du Maurier exhibits six original drawings for 'Art' and for 'Punch,' all brimming with the delicate wit, humour, and insight, which make his work so

popular. *Staithe*, by Henry Bailey, is a charming river, winding its way along banks with gabled houses to a far-off distance in a calm evening. Mr. A. W. Weedon's *Fittleworth Lock—Twilight*, is a poetic drawing in charcoal, with tall, graceful poplars standing in the gloaming, and reflected in the water of the lock. *The Church of San Salute*, after Canaletto, an etching by Brunet-Debaines, brings out the architectural and other details well, whilst preserving the harmony of the whole. Mr. Hood's *Rivals* is a clever and attractive etching; the face of the child and her white pets are well relieved against the deep mass of shadow. A study of foliage in pen and ink, by G. B. Lefanu, is a very careful and finely-felt little sketch, which deserves the trouble of bending down to see it in its present situation near the floor. A charcoal drawing of *Ailsa Craig*, by Francis Powell, will repay inspection; and so will *Conway Castle*, by Walter F. Stocks. *On the Arun*, and *A Winter Study*, by Howard Campion, deserve favourable mention. The *Four Etchings of Cyprus*, by Mr. Tristram Ellis, have an especial interest. A portrait by F. Wilfrid Lawson is vigorously drawn, and earnest and pathetic in expression. *La Partie d'Ecarté*, a chalk study by Franz Huard, has four figures, two playing cards and two looking on; the stress and strain of the critical moment is depicted in the faces and attitudes of all four. *The Incantation*, by Mr. Poynter, from the second Idyll of Theocritus, brings us to a cavern deep-set in the bottom of weirdly-shaped rocks, with a tormented stream winding below. On the ground crouches Thestylis, the old attendant, putting uncanny fuel into a fire. In the middle of a circle of toads stands Simaetha with uplifted arms and face, praying the moon to restore her faithless lover. Mr. Arthur Heseltine contributes a drawing of Evening, which somehow, by its deep and simple melancholy, reminds us of the great French painter Millet. The lady artists figure numerously in this collection, and hold their ground well; we are sorry not to have space to do justice to their works.

At the King Street Galleries, St. James's, there is an exhibition of a collection of pictures and studies by G. de Nittis, altogether thirty examples, some of which are already well known to the Continental public, having appeared in the Paris Universal Exhibition. *Piccadilly* represents this crowded thoroughfare in a shower, with Hansom cabs, policemen, scavengers, and passengers all hastening for shelter. In *Westminster Bridge*, workmen are leaning idly over the parapet and gazing down at the river. The Houses of Parliament are seen through a mist, which rather reminds us of Whistler's mode of treatment. *The Lake, St. James's Park*, represents a young lady in a boat, the water and sky being important and very tender in tone. An unfinished picture of *Neapolitan Girls carrying Water—Bay of Naples*, is the largest work in the collection. Two stalwart girls carrying green pitchers are striding along. The heads and hands are finely painted, and their grey garments are well relieved against a grey sea. *The Avenue du Bois de Boulogne* (after the races) represents a young lady in black, with a veil covering her face, and a huge bulldog by her side. Some pastels, *L'Avenue du Bois de Boulogne* and *L'Arc de Triomphe, La Place de la Con-*

corde, and *Le Bois de Boulogne—Morning*, are charming studies, vivid with colour and movement. There are several other pastels, portraits, heads, &c., which show how much vigour and life can be displayed in this medium. These pastels by M. de Nittis are much in the style of Chardin's portrait of himself in the Louvre; the *hachures* are visible, and the finger has not been much used. This bold method of working in pastel produces an effect of liveliness and transparency; see, for example, the study of a Negress with the red shawl round her waist, the black head, neck, and arms being vividly relieved against the pale blue background. We are glad to see this collection of pastels, the medium being especially suited for rapid work, and often a great convenience to painters in their studies. The examples in this collection are admirable.

At the Belgian Gallery in Bond Street is to be seen an exhibition of views in Cyprus by Mr. Tristram Ellis. The collection consists of eighty-five works, which leave the impression that, whatever may be the present state of this once richly-endowed island, Nature still favours her with the loveliest of skies. We have rarely seen more beautiful effects of light; and the materials both in buildings and landscape are well adapted for pictorial treatment. The monastery of Macheras, at an elevation of 3500 feet above the sea, is surrounded with vegetation as richly varied as that of a garden. The same may be said of Troados Olynpus, which, verdant at the top, exhibits below the warmest autumnal tints. A remarkable effect of colour is produced by the setting sun upon the northern range of mountains, a deep rose-pink extending from top to bottom, with a certain softness of glow which appears to be characteristic of the island. By way of contrast we have the interesting town and harbour of Famagusta, the one in ruins by moonlight, sad and picturesque, the other spreading out its pier, like an arm to a calm sea, where a brig is anchored to mark the intended extent of the new harbour. The artist exhibits various small pictures illustrative of costume and manners, which remind us of current reports about poverty inflicted by bad government. Mr. Ellis is preparing a series of etchings of the principal views in this interesting collection.

MR. PHILIP BURTY has just completed a fresh catalogue of the etchings of Charles Méryon. His first treatise, which appeared in 1865 in the 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' has always been regarded as a standard of reference—so much so that Méryon's etchings are distinguished by his numbering, in the same way as Rembrandt's by Bartsch. It being now difficult to procure a copy of the early catalogue, and many fresh facts having come to light since its publication, not only as to Méryon's life but his works, Mr. Burty has revised and remodelled the work and prefaced it with a memoir. Translated into English by Mr. Marcus B. Huish, it will be published this month by the Fine Art Society.

At a meeting of the Royal Academy, held on June 19, Mr. L. Alma Tadema was elected a Royal Academician, and Mr. G. H. Boughton and Mr. Hubert Herkomer were elected Associates.



ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XIX.—MICHAEL MUNKACSY.

Home from School.

ETCHED BY WILLIAM UNGER.

MICHAEL MUNKACSY, by birth a Hungarian peasant and by education a pupil in the Academy of Düsseldorf, has now, as a master in Paris, acquired at the age of three-and-thirty what is called a European reputation. Whence he may have acquired his somewhat abnormal style, of which a fair example is here given, it is not quite easy to determine. By race the painter belongs to the 'Magyars,' a nomadic people, who migrating from Asia and settling on the Danube have acquired a name for bravery and independence. Attila, as chief of the aggressive tribe, was chosen by Kaulbach as hero in the grand composition, *The Battle of the Huns*, a conflict wherein the strife is said to have waxed so fierce that after nightfall the spirits of the slain renewed the battle in the upper air. But Munkacsy in manner is as closely allied to Bohemia as to Hungary: his life, indeed, like his art, has been distinctively 'Bohemian' in the slang sense of the phrase. As a boy, totally destitute of education, he worked in the shop of a village carpenter, and then he wandered to Pesth as a travelling apprentice, making on his way the acquaintance of vagrants and gipsies. His early, and certainly his most strongly characteristic works, owe their reality to such rough experiences of peasant life. The illustration here selected, cleverly etched by Unger, is a scene of poverty touched by pathos: the children wear hungry countenances; the 'school' whence they come can be none other than a 'Ragged School;' the boys are not so well washed as in the pictures of Edouard Frère: indeed, dirt is an element that enters liberally into the compositions of this Bohemian-loving painter.

After many hardships, Munkacsy reached Munich about 1867, in his twenty-first year, with twenty florins in his pocket, and would have entered the school of Piloty had it not been full. Two years later he proceeded to Düsseldorf, attracted, as may be easily imagined, not by high art, but towards the lowly walks of Naturalism as represented by Knaus, Salentin, and Vautier. Here, pinched by poverty and as yet in obscurity, he found within himself enough resolution and resource to commence and carry through one of the most faithful and dramatic pictures of the time, *The Last Day of a Prisoner condemned to Death*,—a work which when seen in the Salon of 1870 won a gold medal and made the painter's reputation and fortune. Three years later appeared in the International collection in Vienna two pictures which obtained from the 'Saturday Review' the following notice:—

'Nowhere within the whole Exhibition are to be found such astounding manifestations of rude, relentless power, of barbarous, unmitigated character, as in various naturalistic works of that perverse child of genius, Herr Munkacsy. Nothing in the past by Carravaggio, nothing in the present by the

French artist Ribot, approaches the pictures of the *Old Woman making Butter* and *Vagrants of the Night*, led as prisoners hand-bound through the streets of an old town. A Rembrandt depth of shadow throws grandeur across the scene.'

Munkacsy, like other artists, has been allured to Paris, and his later pictures give evidence of the change. His first painting-room in Düsseldorf had been as humble as his models were homely, and even in Paris his studio, depicted by himself in 1876, retained comparative simplicity; but now we hear of an *atelier* so luxurious and ornate as scarcely to be in keeping with a grave or severe art. The painter has struck out into a more ambitious strain. *Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters*, aspiring to the high walk of history, won in the International Exhibition of Paris a medal of honour and received from the press unmeasured praise. Yet the work when brought to London was felt to be wanting in true Miltonic inspiration. Black, heavy, and plebeian, after the painter's habit, it stood in need of the poet's prayer,—'What in me is dark illumine; what is low raise to the height of the great argument.' Dr. Johnson lays it to the charge of Milton that he suffered his three daughters 'to be depressed by a mean and penurious education,' and the Hungarian painter, by giving to the poet's descendants the low grade of peasant girls, bears out the imputation. The artist's last picture, *The Visit to the Baby*, recently exhibited in London, proves unlooked-for versatility: the situation is laid in a richly-furnished *salon*, the figures are set off brilliantly by ormolu furniture and Gobelin tapestry; the scene, no longer sombre and sad, is bright and festive, and the execution, in place of being ponderous, gains the playful *chic* of Fortuny and his followers. Verily, a change has come over the spirit of the painter's art, as if the Spartan had been transformed into the Sybarite.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

OXFORD.

IX.—*A General View.*

WE have looked at Oxford life in so many different periods, that now, perhaps, we may regard it, like the artist, as a whole, and take a bird's-eye view of its present condition. We may ask St. Bernard's question, '*Ad quid venisti?*' a question to which there are so many answers readily given, from within and without the University. It is not probable that the place will vary, in essential character, from that which has all along been its own. We shall have considered Oxford to very little purpose, if it is not plain that the University has been less a home of learning, on the whole, than a little microcosm of English intellectual life. At Oxford the men have been thinking what England was to think a few years later, and they have been thinking with the passion and the energy of youth. The impulse to thought has not, perhaps, very often been given by any mind or minds within the college walls; it has come from without—from Italy, from France, from London, from a country vicarage, perhaps, from the voice of a wandering preacher. Whencesoever the leaven came, Oxford (being so small, and in a way so homogeneous) has always fermented readily, and promptly distributed the new forces, religious or intellectual, throughout England.

It is characteristic of England that the exciting topics, the questions that move the people most, have always been religious, or deeply tinctured with religion. Conservative as Oxford is, the home of 'impossible causes,' she has always given asylum to new doctrines, to all the thoughts which comfortable people call 'dangerous.' We have seen her agitated by Lollardism, which never quite died, perhaps, till its eager protest against the sacerdotal ideal melted into the fire of the Reformation. Oxford was literally devastated by that movement, by the Catholic reaction, and then was disturbed for a century and a half by the war of Puritanism, and of Tory Anglicanism. The latter had scarcely had time to win the victory, and to fall into a doze by her pipe of port, when Evangelical religion came to vex

all that was moderate, mature, and fond of repose. The revolutionary enthusiasm of Shelley's time was comparatively feeble, because it had no connexion with religion; or, at least, no connexion with the religion to which our countrymen were accustomed. Between the era of the Revolution and our own day, two religious tempests and one secular storm of thought have swept over Oxford, and the University is at present, if one may say so, like a ship in a heavy swell, the sea looking much more tranquil than it really is.

The Tractarian movement was, of course, the first of the religious disturbances to which we refer, and much the most powerful.

It is curious to read about that movement in the 'Apologia,' for example, of Cardinal Newman. On what singular topics men's minds were bent, what queer survivals of the speculations of the schools agitated them as they walked round Christ Church meadows!



OLD EPISCOPAL PALACE, OXFORD.

They enlightened each other on things transcendental, yet material, on matters unthinkable, and, properly speaking, unspeakable. It is as if they 'spoke with tongues,' which had a meaning then, and for them, but which to us, some forty years later, seems as meaningless as the inscriptions of Easter Island.

This was the shape, the Tractarian movement was the shape, in which the great Romantic reaction laid hold on England and Oxford. The father of all the revival of old doctrines and old rituals in our Church, the originator of that wistful return to things beautiful and long dead, was—Walter Scott. Without him, and his wonderful wand which made the dry bones of history live, England and France would not have known this picturesque reaction. The stir in these two countries was curiously characteristic of their genius. In France it put on, in the first place, the shape of art, of poetry, painting, sculpture. Romanticism blossomed in 1830, and bore fruit for ten years. The religious reaction was a punier thing; the great Abbé, who was the Newman of France, was himself unable to remain within the

fantastic church that he built out of mediæval ruins. In England, and especially in Oxford, the aesthetic admiration of the Past was promptly transmuted into religion. Doctrines which men thought dead were resuscitated; and from Oxford came, not poetry or painting, but the sermons of Newman, the Tracts, the whole religious force which has transformed and revived the Church of England. That force is still working, it need hardly be said, in the University of to-day, under conditions much changed, but not without flashes of the old volcanic energy.

Probably the Anglican ideas ceased to be the most powerfully agitating of intellectual forces in Oxford about 1845. A new current came in from Rugby, and the influence of Dr. Arnold and the natural tide of reaction began to run very strong. If we had the *apologie* of the men who thought most, about the time when Clough was an undergraduate, we should see that the influence of the Anglican divines had become a thing of sentiment and curiosity. The life had not died out of it, but the people whom it could permanently affect were now limited in number and easily recognisable. This form of religion might tempt and attract the strongest men for a while, but it certainly would not retain them. It is by this time a matter of history, though we are speaking of our contemporaries, that the abyss between the 'Lives of the English Saints,' and the 'Nemesis of Faith,' was narrow, and easily crossed. There was in Oxford that enthusiasm for certain German ideas which had previously been felt for mediæval ideas. Liberalism in history, philosophy, and religion, was the ruling power; and people believed in Liberalism. What is, or used to be, called the Broad Church, was the birth of some ten or fifteen years of Liberalism in religion at Oxford. The 'Essays and Reviews' were what the 'Tracts' had been; and Homeric battles were fought over the income of the Regius Professor of Greek. When that affair was settled Liberalism had had her innings, there was no longer a single dominant intellectual force; but the old storms, slowly subsiding, left the ship of the University lurching and rolling in a heavy swell.

People believed in Liberalism! Their faith worked miracles; and the great University Commission performed many wonderful works, bidding close fellowships be open, and giving all power into the hands of Examiners. Their dispensation still survives; the large examining machine works night and day, in term time and vacation, and yet we are not happy. The age in Oxford, as in the world at large, is the age of collapsed opinions. Never men believed more fervidly in any revelation, than the men of twenty years ago believed in political economy, free trade, open competition, and the reign of Common-sense and of Mr. Cobden. Where is that faith now? Many of the middle-aged disciples of the Church of Common-sense are still in our midst. They say the old sayings, they intone the old responses, but somehow it seems that scepticism is abroad: it seems that the world is wider than their system. Not even open examinations for fellowships and scholarships, not half-a-dozen new schools, and science, and the Museum, and the Slade Professorship of Art, have made Oxford that ideal University which was expected to come down from Heaven like the New Jerusalem.

We have glanced at the history of Oxford to little purpose if we have not learned that it is an eminently discontented place. There is room in colleges and common rooms for both sorts of discontent—the ignoble, which is the child of vanity and weakness; and the noble, which is the unassuaged thirst for perfection. The present result of the last forty years in Oxford is a discontent which is constantly trying to improve the working, and to widen the intellectual influence, of the University. There are more ways than one in which this feeling gets vent. The simplest, and perhaps the most honest and worthy impulse, is that which makes the best of the present arrangements. Great religious excitement and religious discussion being in abeyance, for once, the energy of the place goes out in teaching. The last reforms have made Oxford a huge collection of schools, in which physical science, history, philosophy, philology, scholarship, theology, and almost everything in the world but archæology, are being taught and learned with very great vigour. The hardest worked of men is a conscientious college tutor; and almost all



tutors are conscientious. The professors being an ornamental, but (with few exceptions) *merely* ornamental, order of beings, the tutors have to do the work of a University, which, for the moment, is a teaching-machine. They deliver I know not how many sets of lectures a year, and each lecture demands a fresh and full acquaintance with the latest ideas of French, German, and Italian scholars. No one can afford, or is willing, to lag behind; every one is 'gladly learning,' like Chaucer's clerk, as well as earnestly teaching. The knowledge and the industry of these gentlemen is a perpetual marvel to the 'bellettestric trifler.' New studies, like that of Celtic, and of the obscurer Oriental tongues, have sprung up in the last ten years, have grown into strength and completeness. It is unnecessary to say, perhaps, that these facts dispose of the popular idea about the luxury of the long vacation. During the greater part of the long vacation the conscientious teacher must be toiling after the great mundane movement in learning. He must be acquiring the very freshest ideas about Sanscrit and Greek; about the Ogham characters, and the Cyprian syllabary; about early Greek inscriptions, and the origins of Roman history, in addition to reading the familiar classics by the light of the latest commentaries.

What is the tangible result, and what the gain of all these labours? The answer is the secret of University discontent. All this accumulated knowledge goes out in teaching, is scattered abroad in lectures, is caught up in note-books, and is reproduced, with a difference, in examinations. There is not an amount of original literary work produced by the University which bears any due proportion to the solid materials accumulated. It is just the reverse of Falstaff's case—but one halfpenny-worth of sack to an intolerable deal of bread; but a drop of the spirit of learning to cart-loads of painfully acquired knowledge. The time and energy of men is occupied in amassing facts, in lecturing, and then in eternal examinations. Even if the results are satisfactory on the whole, even if a hundred of well-equipped young men are turned out of the examining-machine every year, these arrangements certainly curb individual ambition. If a resident in Oxford is to make an income that seems adequate, he must lecture, examine, and write manuals and primers, till he is grey, and till the energy that might have added something new and valuable to the acquisitions of the world has departed.

This state of things has produced the demand for the 'Endowment of Research.' It is not necessary to go into that controversy. Englishmen, as a rule, believe that endowed cats catch no mice. They would rather endow a theatre than a *Gelehrter*, if endow something they must. They have a British sympathy with these beautiful, if useless beings, the heads of houses, whom it would be necessary to abolish if Researchers were to get the few tens of thousands they require. Finally, it is asked whether the learned might not find great endowment in economy; for it is a fact that a Frenchman, a German, or an Italian will 'research' for life on no larger income than a simple fellowship bestows.

The great obstacle to this 'plain living' is perhaps to be found in the traditional hospitality of Oxford. All her doors are open, and every stranger is kindly entreated by her, and she is like the 'discreet housewife' in Homer,—

εἶδατα πᾶσι, ἐπιθέισα, χαρίζομένη παρόντων.

In some languages the same word serves for 'stranger' and 'enemy,' but in the Oxford dialect 'stranger' and 'guest' are synonymous. Such is the custom of the place, and it does not make plain living very easy. Some critics will be anxious here to attack the 'aesthetic' movement. One will be expected to say that, after the ideas of Newman, after the ideas of Arnold, and of Jowett, came those of the wicked, the extravagant, the effeminate, the immoral, 'Blue China School.' Perhaps there is something in this, but sermons on the subject are rather luxuries than necessities in the present didactic mood of the Press. 'They were friends of ours, moreover,' as Aristotle says, 'who brought these ideas in;' so the subject may be left with this brief notice. As a piece of practical advice, one may warn the young and ardent advocate of the Endowment of Research that he will find it rather easier to curtail his expenses than to get a subsidy from the Commission.

The last important result of the 'modern spirit' at Oxford, the last stroke of the sanguine Liberal genius, was the removal of the celibate condition from certain fellowships. One can hardly take a bird's-eye view of Oxford without criticising the consequences of this innovation. The topic, however, is, for a dozen reasons, very difficult to handle. One reason is, that the experiment has not been completely tried. It is easy enough to marry on a fellowship, a tutorship, and a few small miscellaneous offices. But how will it be when you come to forty years, or even fifty? No materials exist which can be used by the social philosopher who wants an answer to this question. In the meantime, the common rooms are perhaps more dreary than of old, in many a college, for lack of the presence of men now translated to another place. As to the 'society' of Oxford, that is, no doubt, very much more charming and vivacious than it used to be in the days when Tony Wood was the surly champion of celibacy.

Looking round the University, then, one finds in an activity that would once have seemed almost feverish, a highly conscientious industry, doing that which its hand finds to do, but not absolutely certain that it is not neglecting nobler tasks. Perhaps Oxford has never been more busy with its own work, never less distracted by religious politics. If we are to look for a less happy sign, we shall find it in the tendency to run up 'new buildings.' The Colleges are landowners: they must suffer with other owners of real property in the present depression; they will soon need all their savings. That is one reason why they should be chary of building; another is, that the fellows of a college at any given moment are not necessarily endowed with architectural knowledge and taste. They should think twice, or even thrice, before leaving on Oxford for many centuries the uncomely mark of an unfortunate judgment.

A. LANG.

HANDICRAFT.

ONE who has a right to speak has said that the days of traditional unconscious art are over, and that what yet lingers of it only exists at the mercy of accident; that, for instance, a packet of European dye-stuffs may be fatal to the textile art of Asia. It is a safe inference that the workmen of the future will have to be systematically trained if their handiwork is to be fit to be seen. But there is a serious danger that our training may land us in a condition where we shall have reason to regret not only the *débris* of sound tradition, but the spontaneous aberrations of uneducated fancy. For the last five-and-twenty years, since it has come to be recognised that the work of the ordinary workman was flashy, and coarse, and unmeaning, we have had the opportunity of watching the same process going on at a continually increasing rate. All kinds of cultivated people have collected and studied all kinds of work that was not flashy, or coarse, or unmeaning, and the most intelligent, or the most painstaking, among them design copies or adaptations of some model or other selected out of these materials, which sometimes give pleasure and sometimes set the fashion. Whenever this happens the mercantile spirit comes in. Enterprising and conscientious tradesmen set to work to produce a colourable imitation of the new 'art manufacture,' always near enough to please those who cannot bear to be quite out of the fashion, and sometimes near enough to give a modicum of the same kind of pleasure as the original. Whether we look at the aesthetic or the commercial stage of the process, we take it for granted that whatever is made is made by one man and designed by another, and the designer seldom finds it necessary to learn how to make what he designs.

One obvious result is that we look exclusively for all improvements in industrial art to people who have learned to draw, and consequently we cannot expect any considerable improvements which are not of a nature to show in a drawing. It is interesting to an

educated draughtsman to work out an elaborate design; and if the education has been thorough, he respects the nature of the material in which his design is to be carried out; but a person who has gone through a complete course of instruction, including the human figure, will find it very insipid to draw a chair-rail or a tea-pot with no chasing, or embossing, or even engraving, about it; and so, when the Goldsmiths' Company wish to improve their craft, which stands more in need of improvement than most, they offer prizes for the best design and model of a centre-piece, or some other magnificent piece of plate. Perhaps the Goldsmiths may soon be in a position to do as well for their customers as other tradesmen. If so, there is every reason to hope that in another twelve or fifteen years the chiefs of the plutocracy will be always able, if they take good advice, to get something admirable for their money; while the rank and file, if they can submit to rather severer discipline, may make sure of something undeniably correct. Meanwhile it is striking that everybody who really knows what is pleasant to look at, and cares about having pleasant things, is sure to get hold of some specimen of the simplest, homeliest sort of workmanship that prevails among a gifted race, or even among a race like the Turkish, which, without any particular good gifts of its own, has got hold of a sound tradition and kept to it.

And the genuine obvious pleasantness of these simple things suggests that we have probably begun our reformation at the wrong end. The division of labour between the designer and the workman is inevitable, when we come to the most elaborate work; at the very least the design and execution are separate processes, each of which may be carried out independently. Raffaello makes designs for tapestries; Cellini makes first a drawing, and then a model, and then at last the work in silver. But this is a phenomenon which we never see in a period of healthy art until the culminating point is reached. It is one man's business to make things, and another man's to draw people and places; as each does his own business better and better, he takes more and more notice of the other, and is anxious to do something of the business of both: when industrial art flourishes it is always approximating to ideal art.* When ideal art flourishes it always sublimates the industrial art which is thriving beside it; but at bottom the two are independent, the eye is the inspiration of ideal art, and the hand is the inspiration of industrial art. The true craftsman learns to see what is beautiful by watching what grows under his hand: if one compares a South Sea Islander's cocoa-nut, with a geometrical pattern traced all over it, with the imitations of a human head or figure he carves, it is clear that the cocoa-nut which professes to imitate nothing is the true work of art. So, too, the Greek drinking-cups modelled after animals' heads, though they have a certain elegance, are much inferior to the plainest urns which owe their shape to the truly sublime invention of the potter's wheel. Or to return to an illustration employed already: in fitting a teapot together there is a strong chance that the workman will naturally make a depression in the body of the pot above the spout and a projection below the lid; now, to adjust these natural accidents in a sightly manner for the first time requires much thought and taste, and to reproduce the resulting curves in metal is an interesting and instructive exercise for the learner, while to reproduce them on paper is wearisome. Again, in turning the bar of a chair-rail the angle at which the tool is held, and the rate at which the lathe is driven, will naturally vary, and these variations will be suggestive, while the designer will reduce them to the formula that there had better be a little swelling in the middle, and that incisions at judicious intervals will give an appearance of relief; and these are designed mechanically without giving any positive pleasure to any one. What the designer gives his mind to is the general contour, which is often more elegant though seldom so picturesque and effective as that of the old-fashioned chair of the well-known type which Dickens left empty at Gad's Hill. The little pure ornament that the aesthetic designer will introduce is pretty sure to be delicate; though the commercial copy will

* One result of this is that the limits of material, which the instructed designer is so careful to respect, hardly exist for the accomplished workman, who turns stone into lace or wood into leaves and tendrils that shake as you go across the room.

very likely be coarsely realist, because the designer has not fancy enough to change what he sees in nature—and stiff, because he knows it is correct to conventionalise natural objects introduced for decorative purposes. Hence, some will infer that ordinary people ought to dispense with ornament altogether; and, certainly, bad ornament is worse than none. But there is no reason that ornament need be bad because it is not exquisite; for instance, neither the foliage which the Swiss carve, nor the arabesques and festoons of fruit and flower which the English used to carve for the decoration of oak furniture, are exquisite, yet both have an appropriate pleasantness; they entertain the eye as often as they catch it without aspiring to detain it, while the delicate abstract ornament of the educated designer has to be looked into closely to be appreciated. It is tolerably certain that English wood-carving, at any rate, was a vigorous though, for the most part, unrefined adaptation of Renaissance carving in stone, and is open to the criticism that the original material is less inappropriate, though woodwork in the hands of Gibbons surpasses Renaissance stonework both in delicacy and naturalism. Such instances might be multiplied, but these are enough to confirm our suspicion that we have begun at the wrong end, we ask too much of the workmen and too much of the public. We ask the one to attain an uninteresting perfection, and the other to be content with it. At least this is what it will come to if artistic education, as at present conducted, is to leaven the whole mass. Some think that in a busy society, where wealth is unequally distributed, art can only be an enjoyment for a few, but even for these the present system has nothing to promise but the hybrid fruit and flowers of a laborious eclecticism whose scent and flavour, if any, has more strangeness in it than charm.

A national system of drawing-lessons and museums of decorative art is an admirable thing, but it is not the foundation for a national revival of good taste—it is the scaffolding for fixing the final ornaments, which will be much better, and look much better, if there is a building to carry them than if they are supported by the scaffolding in the air. The true foundation might be that every workman should learn to make sightly things by looking carefully at serviceable things while making them; as everything becomes sightly, such sense of beauty as individual workmen might have would go further, having nothing to contend against. Such sense will always derive its first training from the simple beauties of nature, and this training would suffice alone in more cases than we think now, if all were thoroughly grounded in the plain comeliness of use. But the training will be incomplete, in a sense, without some knowledge of the history of art, some love of its old achievements. And to a workman trained as we have supposed, the art of the past would be a help without being a distraction, because he would have ideas and a direction of his own, and would know at once what suited him and would aid him to carry his own work further.

G. A. SIMCOX.

A GOTHIC TOWER.

ETCHED BY T. S. TOWNSEND FROM A PICTURE BY BONINGTON.

THIS fine little picture is in the possession of T. O. Barlow, Esq., A.R.A. The subject is not yet positively ascertained, but it is likely that the publication of this etching may lead to its recognition by some one of our readers, who would earn our best thanks by kindly taking the trouble to write to us on the subject. A French friend, who knew the North of France very intimately many years ago, believes that the subject is the Abbatical church of St. Bertin at St. Omer; but this opinion has only just reached us, and we have not time to test it before going to press. It is quite evident, at all events, that the church is in France, and in northern France, for the architecture is northern French Gothic. The subject is poetical in the extreme, and treated in the most painter-like fashion with considerable



liberty of drawing, for even the most picturesque architecture is in reality much more strict about perpendiculars and regularity of spaces than Bonington's free interpretation, whilst his perspective in the present instance is not more accurate than that of Turner.* Let it not be supposed that I am blaming Bonington for this. Bonington was as thoroughly the artist, in all his instincts, as any man who ever lived. I am simply studying the nature of his art, and inviting the reader to do the same. How much the poetry and sentiment of such a work as this depend upon its various liberties and inaccuracies, the reader would feel for himself if he could see a photograph of the building by the side of the present etching. Again, besides this artistic freedom of execution, the interest of the subject is enhanced by all the artifice of effect. It is a well-known law of appearances that light objects on a dark ground show much more powerfully than dark objects on a light ground, so Bonington chooses a dark sky to give the utmost force to his tower. Those French churches, never blackened by smoke, often come very light against a dark sky notwithstanding their antiquity, though the tint varies according to the quality of the stone, being in some instances of a golden grey and in others of a much cooler tint. The magnificent effect of the churches is often greatly enhanced, as in the present picture, by the meanness and picturesque irregularity of the surrounding buildings, which also afford pleasant contrasts of colour. Unfortunately for artists there has been of late years a rage for removing the buildings which surrounded the great churches, in order to make the proportions of the churches themselves more clearly visible. The loss is in most cases equivalent to the gain, especially when formal iron railings are added, as they are now sometimes in France, in that spirit of vergerism with which we are only too familiar in England.

It is a pity that we cannot reproduce Bonington's fine colour and rich execution, which were always amongst the greatest attractions of his work.

P. G. H.

NOTES ON AESTHETICS.

III.

8. *Right and Left not indifferent in Art.*—One of the practical troubles which an engraver has to contend against is the necessity for reversing, in order that the printed impression may put to right or left what is to right or left in the original picture. Modern engravers almost invariably accept this as an obligation, but their predecessors seem to have been much more indifferent, as they often consulted their own convenience by copying the picture directly upon the metal, so that the printed impression and not the engraved work presented itself in reverse. If right or left were really a matter of indifference, the engraver could not do better than allow himself this liberty, which would evidently be favourable to the perfection of his work, by delivering him from the inconvenience of the mirror.

It is probable that the modern practice of reversing, so that the print may be like the picture, has been suggested simply by a desire to obtain this fidelity; but there is another and a far deeper reason for it, which is that it is not at all a matter of indifference whether the principal masses of a composition be situated to the left hand or the right.

After a long series of observations, both on natural scenery with the mirror and on the composition of great masters, I have arrived at the following conclusions, which may be stated in the form of rules.

* We cannot, with suitable brevity, point out the errors of perspective in this picture without the help of diagrams, which it is not worth while to make for such a purpose. The reader who has drawn architecture will detect them easily for himself. Anything passes for acceptable perspective with those who have not studied the subject.

1. Whenever there is an issue from the picture along which the imagination of the spectator will be enticed to travel, as for instance an opening to the distance in a landscape, it ought to be, if possible, to the spectator's right.

2. Whenever there is a large mass which blocks up the composition, it ought to be, if possible, on the spectator's left. It follows from this, that when there are two masses, one on each side, as often happens in the side-scenes of a theatre, and in pictures arranged on the same principle, it is the larger and more important of these which should be placed on the left.

It is surprising how very generally, though not invariably, these rules have been followed by painters in the arrangement of their compositions, and how much more satisfactory are, generally, those compositions in which they have been observed than those in which they have been neglected. It is probable, too, that the observation of these principles has been simply instinctive on the part of the artists, as they have never, so far as we know, been stated in words by any ancient or modern master.

I remember one instance in which the apparent neglect of the rule was really an instinctive conformity with it, and a little perseverance would probably enable a student to collect many such examples. In Rogers' Poems, the vignette to the ninth canto of the Voyage of Columbus, representing the landing of the Spaniards on the shore of the new world, puts the masses of rising land to the spectator's right, whilst the opening to the distance lies to his left under the sun, and here the ships constitute very small masses. Yes, but the whole movement of the procession is towards the right, and the human interest of the scene leads the eye to the crowds on the sloping land which leave a lane between them for the procession to ascend. At the top of this lane is a building which crowns the height, and as this building is the final goal of the spectator's eye when it has wandered over the composition, it is judiciously placed at his right hand. The reader has only to reverse the vignette in a looking-glass to see how much more unpleasantly and unnaturally his eye then follows the procession from right to left.

In many instances where artists have put material to the right which might more judiciously have been placed on the other side, the reason has either been topographic or else a desire for variety. It is obvious that if an artist invariably placed his large masses to the left a certain sameness would result which might become monotonous, especially in sets of drawings, such as Turner's *Rivers of France*.

The present writer was convinced that right and left were not indifferent in art long before he knew that there were physiological reasons for it, but more recent scientific investigations have brought to light certain facts which help us to understand the subject. M. Delaunay has undertaken an inquiry which has already led to some curious and important results. It has been ascertained that when people enter a public gallery the great majority of them will go to the right at first, mechanically, unless there is some object on the opposite side which they particularly desire to see. This, it appears, is a consequence of an inequality in the force and activity of the two halves of the brain. The left half is the stronger and more active of the two, and as the nerves cross, the left brain moves the right side of the body and impels us to the right. It has been suggested that the preferableness of the left side for large masses in pictures might indicate some localisation of the aesthetic faculties on the opposite side of the brain, but it seems to me perfectly consistent with the usual law of cerebral development which places the predominant powers in the left brain, and quite in harmony with what we have just been saying about people's habits on entering a public gallery.

The real reason why the large masses in a picture are better on the left and the opening to the distance better on the right is the tendency of the imagination to move towards the right, in which it only repeats the unbiassed movements of the body. Large masses to the left block up the picture there, an opening to the right is a means of escape offered just

where we naturally look for it. If the large masses are placed on the right the imagination strikes against them in its first attempt to escape, and has to recover before it can start afresh in a different direction.

Our habit of looking to the right gives a greater importance to all objects placed on that side, consequently, a small object on the right has as good a chance of arresting our attention as a large one on the left. This is an additional reason for placing large foreground masses on the left and distances on the right, as distant objects generally occupy small areas of the surface of the drawing or picture.

The European habit of writing and reading from left to right may have something to do with the habitual tendency of our eyes to travel most easily in that direction.

Again, it is not at all impossible that our custom of beginning many words, and all sentences, with a capital letter on the left may have accustomed us in some degree to put large masses on that side and smaller masses to the right. Simply as a matter of appearance, without any reference whatever to reason or to meaning, it seems the proper thing to put the largest letter to the left. The name Herodotus looks perfectly satisfactory, but if we try the experiment of putting a big letter to the right, as in herodotus, the eye feels strangely stopped by it as by an almost insurmountable obstacle. The large initial letters in illuminated manuscripts look very well on the left, but they seem oddly out of place when we reverse the page in a looking-glass, even if we consider it simply as an artistic arrangement, without reading a word of it.

These considerations are of especial importance to etchers who work from nature, because they often draw directly on the copper without the intervention of the mirror, simply for convenience, forgetting that the scene which charmed them in nature may have a very different aspect when reversed in the printed proofs. If the side on which masses are placed were really a matter of indifference, the reversal could not affect the artistic value of the drawing, and would simply nullify its topographic interest or utility, but the truth is that artistic charm is much imperilled by so dangerous an experiment as reversal, and is in many instances destroyed by it so completely that the artist can hardly recognise his own work, and it no longer gives him the slightest satisfaction.

9. *The Love and Hatred of the Artificial.*—An element which enters for very much into our aesthetic appreciation of persons and things is the simple liking or dislike for the marks of human interference. Many minds are so constituted that it is a positive pleasure to them to see that human effort has been expended upon anything, and a sort of negative pain to perceive that there has been no such human operation. This is quite independent of any conception of beauty, and yet it is constantly confounded with ideas of beauty because few people take the trouble to analyse the causes of their feelings. Since the rebellion against the extreme artificialism of the eighteenth century, the rebellion headed by Rousseau and continued by a host of writers and painters down to our own times, there have been two distinct parties which may be called the naturalists and the artificialists, and even in the quiet intercourse of private life, where there is not any very eager partisanship on either side, we may still distinguish the people who in a more active state of controversy would have belonged to one party or the other. In matters which appear to have little to do with the fine arts (though in reality all these things come within their domain) this opposition is often strongly marked. The liking or disliking for the natural hair may be taken as a case in point. The beard is still very strongly disliked by some persons, who deny that it can be beautiful; but what they really mean is probably that the beard is offensive to their preference for the artificial, which shaving strongly gratifies. It was not by any means accidental that the beard movement should have originated with artists, who, however artificial their pursuit may be in itself, are brought more into contact with real nature, and are more observant of its beauties, than any other class of persons. On the other hand, shaving has generally formed part of the ideal aimed at by disciplined professions, such as those of the soldier, the lawyer, and the priest.

When the love of nature first began to be fashionable in Europe there was a prevalent, but most erroneous, idea that the love of the artificial is stronger in the civilised races of mankind than in the savage. The civilised have more conveniences, and these conveniences are often very artificial in their character; but they appear to be as often adopted for comfort, and to save time, as from a feeling of opposition to what is natural merely because it is natural. Savages interfere with and alter the natural more resolutely and decidedly on their own persons than civilised peoples do, both in their astonishingly inconvenient ways of dressing the hair, their painful habit of tattooing their bodies, their abnormal treatment of certain features—such as the ears, elongated by weights, and even in some instances in their compression of the skull itself. Besides the peoples whose degrees of civilisation are so low that we call them savages, there are other peoples whose civilised character is not to be disputed, yet whose civilisations are inferior to our own, and it appears to be a general rule that these inferior civilisations are marked by a love of the artificial and a corresponding dislike to the natural which are stronger than these feelings amongst ourselves. For example, it is certainly not an illusion of national vanity to believe that the Chinese civilisation, though very ancient and very much advanced in many ways, is still on the whole very far inferior to our own in knowledge and power; yet a Chinese lady is farther from the natural state, physically, than an English one, and that not merely in the visible deformation of her feet, but in all her manner of life, the deviation from nature being valued as a sign of culture and a mark of superior rank.

Amongst ourselves, costumes of ceremony are usually farther from nature than our ordinary dress. For example, a dress hat, in its outline and proportions, is less like the shape of the skull than a cap or a wide-awake; and a dress-coat is less like the human body than a jacket. In the army, the shell-jacket is nearer to the shape of the body than the coat. Those persons whose rank or office is held to be particularly august, such as the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Bishops, have a full ceremonial dress, which differs principally from their ordinary dress in being a more effectual concealment of the human form. The lawn sleeves of an Anglican bishop are farther from the shape of his arms than his ordinary coat-sleeves; and the mitre of a Roman Catholic bishop is farther from the shape of his head than his hat or his cap. The wigs worn by the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor are unlike anything in nature, and their very unnaturalness gives the wearers an imposing and official appearance.

In humbler walks of life men often cherish some highly artificial fancy as to personal appearance, which comes simply from a desire to show that they do not neglect themselves. This may be observed especially amongst soldiers and sailors, who belong to highly-disciplined professions, in which carelessness is considered particularly reprehensible, and in which men incur blame for small inaccuracies in dress. We have all noticed the neat curl of the guardsman's hair between the ear and the temple, so advantageously displayed by the jaunty setting of the forage-cap. I remember a good instance of the taste for the artificial in the steersman of an English steam-packet. He stood at the helm, a fine specimen of a seaman, manly and muscular, very clean and neat, and strictly attentive to his business. The care and attention which he devoted to his work were part of his high civilisation, and of his preference for the artificial (the discipline of the ship) to the natural (mere staring at sea-gulls). However, the sense of discipline went rather far in one respect: the steersman had jet-black hair, which he had disciplined into long ringlets, oiled and glossy, which played pleasantly about his ears in the breeze. Nay, even the ringlets were not enough; the ears being pierced (another interference with nature), and adorned with conspicuous gold ear-rings. The mixture of the sense of discipline with this sailor's aesthetic tastes led him, as we see, to three distinct acts of interference with the natural—shaving, hair-curling, and ear-piercing—all of which were considered unnecessary by Michelangelo.

Visible interferences with nature convey to the mind several different impressions, which may have little or nothing to do with beauty, and yet may be confounded with it, because they are gratifying or impressive to our social sense.

1. They may convey the idea of vigilant care and attention. We have seen that shaving and visibly artful hair-dressing convey this idea. So do the staining of the nails and teeth, the painting of eyebrows, &c., in countries where these practices are fashionable. Amongst tribes where it is the fashion to compress the skull in infancy, so as to produce an intentional malformation, a naturally shaped skull is considered ridiculous, and an evidence of neglect; whilst a skull well flattened between two boards is thought to give proof of proper parental care, and so be a sign of good breeding.

2. Interferences with nature in the way of covering and disguise may convey impressions of dignity and power. If the reader will compare the impression produced on his mind by the tights of a circus rider (the dress nearest to nature) with the vestments of a pope or the mantle of a king on his coronation day, he will at once perceive that usage accepts the principle that it is necessary to hide and disguise the natural when an impression of power or dignity has to be conveyed.* Napoleon the First used to say that there was no such person as a naked king; meaning that without his adjuncts the king would be a man and nothing more, or, in other words, that the natural could not inspire the respect which is a necessity for royalty.

The appearance of care and attention is satisfactory to the moral sense of civilised peoples, even when their civilisation is not yet of a very advanced kind, because civilisation is a product of care and attention. The appearance of pure nature is often unsatisfactory because civilised people are displeased by the absence of care and attention. Nevertheless, it is the most highly civilised peoples who have the strongest passion for pure nature, if indeed they are not the only peoples who have any passion for pure nature at all. It is only the civilised modern nations, and especially their urban populations, who have a passionate liking for such a thing as a piece of rough, precipitous rock, in which there is nothing conducive to human comfort or convenience, and nothing to remind us of human activity or industry, except when it is the side of a stone-quarry.

It is by this time a trite observation that the love of wild nature is a reaction from the restraints and ugliness of civilisation. It may also be a reaction from the too perfect finish and polish of that which is not positively ugly in civilisation. Most of us have experienced the sort of *ennui* which comes upon the mind when we have been too long wearied by the order and polish of drawing-rooms, and the feeling of refreshment that one experiences on passing from them into a carpenter's shop, with its rough, strong benches, and the chips and shavings all about. Or, again, we know what a relief it is, after being dressed up for some ceremony, to get rid of the fine clothes, and take our ease in rougher and commoner things. Manchester and Glasgow, with their ugliness, might drive us to lake and loch, but it is quite conceivable that the artificial finish of a palace like Chatsworth might have very much the same effect. Paris is a beautiful city, but it makes people long for the ruggedness of the forest of Fontainebleau.

P. G. HAMERTON.

* It may be answered to this that the mere association of ideas would prevent us from making such a comparison justly. It might be so for people generally, but I believe that a painter, trained to see, or a philosopher, trained to think, might judge of such a question independently of association. Again, it may be said that nudity may be king-like or god-like in painting and sculpture. Yes, it can be made so, but only when clothed with the ideal, which is in fact quite as much a disguise of nature as the utmost artifices of dress.

ART CHRONICLE.

A COLLECTION of oil-paintings, 'the work of ten years' travel,' by a Swiss artist, M. Schoeck, is now on exhibition at 33 Piccadilly, comprising twenty-five landscapes:—No. 1. *After Storm—Coast of Nova Scotia*.—Over and above the fine realism of solidly-drawn and vigorously-painted cliffs, sea, and storm-clouds, the painter has succeeded in conveying through this picture a feeling of the power, vastness, and solitude of Nature. No. 15. *Home of the Wild Swans—Dobrukscha, near the Black Sea*.—Light-blue hills in the distance; light-green feathery reeds, twenty or thirty feet high, growing on floating islands under a soft, violet, evening sky; all reflected in delightful harmony in the water where the wild swans have their home. No. 12. *A Dangerous Coast—Norway*.—Vigorously-painted, menacing-looking cliffs; clouds remarkable in form, colour, and motion. No. 18. *Islands on the Danube*.—Beautiful curves of the small islands, with a tender, violet sky; all reflected in the water. Nos. 4 and 5. *Virgin Forest—Nova Scotia; A Trout Lake—Nova Scotia*.—Well convey the feeling of solitude, and the foliage is fine. No. 6. *Midnight Sun in the Islands of Loffoden—Norway*.—The huge crimson orb shines on the countless rocky islands; in the foreground, on a tall, pointed cliff, an eagle is perched, gazing at the midnight sun. No. 25. *At Dawn in Dobrukscha—Turkish Watch*.—A purple sky, with a faint line of light along the low hills in the horizon; a wooden hut in foreground, where the Turkish Watch are keeping guard by the green water, along which trees and reeds are growing. No. 13. *A Camp of Gipsies on the Danube*.—A charming harmony in green, relieved by the red hut of the gipsies; somewhat of Corot in the trees. All the pictures of this collection deserve attention, not only for their admirable technical qualities, but for the deep sympathy with many moods of nature they exhibit.

WE are glad to find that the Royal Asiatic Society has resolved upon rendering to the Japanese some return for their interest in European civilisation. While they are learning something from us, we hope, in turn, to learn more of their art and literature than is to be gathered from the fragmentary reports of travellers. A Society, called the Nipon (Japan) Institute, has been formed, at the instance of the Royal Asiatic Society, with the object of bringing into communication all admirers of the art, literature, language, and folk-lore of this interesting country.

THE exhibition of oil-sketches of India by Marianne North, at the Gallery in Conduit Street, amounting as they do to nearly five hundred, would, if only for the extraordinary labour, and skill, and powers of endurance manifested by the artist, entitle her to respectful and sympathetic attention. But when we look closely into her works, our surprise is raised to admiration. Numerous as they are, they betray neither haste nor carelessness, and, where the subject requires it, the sketch rises to the importance of a finished picture. On the other hand, the general impression is not of the grandiose character produced by Mr. Vereschagen's

works, noticed by us some time ago. We should feel inclined to infer, from Miss North's choice of subjects, that she aimed rather to reproduce the pleasurable than to excite the imagination. A large proportion of her pictures are representations of the marvellously rich and varied forest flowers of India, including about thirty plants held sacred by the Hindoos. As we look round upon the temples, tombs, and palaces from the same hand in this Gallery, we are led by these fantastic, yet beautiful, structures into some surmises as to the probable effect of natural objects upon early efforts of Art. That the sombre forests of our old Europe did in some way give character to mediæval Gothic seems irresistible even to those who would deny that cathedral aisles have been borrowed from avenues of over-arching trees. So the grave-looking Pyramid is in keeping with the desert. And thus, when we look at these flower-bearing forest-trees—so many of them regarded as sacred—and then turn from the striking flora of India to her strange architecture, the towering, bulbous cupolas, the fantastic pillars, with their grotesque carvings, we find a consistent harmony. In no respect does Miss North show her truthfulness better than in her rendering of atmosphere. The general tone is, indeed, less vivid than that to which we have been accustomed. We could fancy ourselves in a cool country. We are led into shady places, under skies pleasantly veiled by light clouds. There is the ruined Temple of Tanjore, whose ivy-covered grey walls are as soberly picturesque as those of northern lands; while, on the other hand, the golden Temple of Armiter, in which are kept the Holy Books of the Monotheistic Sikhs, is of surpassing splendour. The upper part, of gilt copper, is of dazzling lustre, while the under part is, to follow the accurate description of the Catalogue, 'of rich lacework of white marble,' and exquisite indeed is the rendering of its delicate workmanship: altogether too fine a piece of painting, not to rank as a finished picture. Another delicately-rendered building is the *Pearl Mosque and Khas Mahal, Delhi*. Then there are views of bazaars and streets, alive with bustle and bright colour, toned down with true artistic feeling. Whatever, in fact, is characteristic of India is to be found exemplified here. As if to match the flora of India with a no less gigantic fauna, we have, with the stately elephant, the buffaloes of Bhojannugger—'a peculiar breed kept by the Maharajah for the purpose of milking. The circumference of their hideous heads is often five feet.' Miss North also takes us to the salubrious heights of Simla, and shows us the mountain forests and the peaks of the Himalaya.

THE English sculptor, Mr. Warrington Wood, who resides in Rome, is now in London modelling a design for a colossal marble statue of Samson rending the Lion in the vineyards of Timnath (Judges, xiv. 5, 26). Samson is represented with his head thrown forward and left leg advanced. He has seized the lion with his powerful hands, and, forcing open his mouth, is rending the jaws asunder. The right paw of the animal is upon Samson's hip. Mr. Wood's work is

forcible, and sure to command attention when completed. The same artist has several works on hand in his studio in Rome, among others the statue of Sir A. B. Walker, of Galiacre Grange, near Liverpool. He represents him in the act of replying to the address made by Lord Derby on the presentation of the Walker Art Gallery to the Mayor and Corporation of Liverpool. Mr. Warrington Wood is also engaged on a life-size figure of the Countess of Breadalbane as *Ruth Gleaning*; and has just completed three colossal statues for Liverpool, *i.e.* Michelangelo, Raphael, and an allegorical representation of the town of Liverpool.

A STATUE of Judith, by Mademoiselle Dubray, is now being exhibited at the lady's studio in Ovington Square. The figure, which is of life-size, holds in the uplifted hand the head of Holofernes. There is a defiant and exultant look in the face of Judith. The artist has been very successful in the management of the indispensable adornments, and the drapery is skilfully arranged so as to render visible the fine proportions of the figure. The head of Holofernes is, of course, the known Assyrian type, and is not without a certain grandeur.

MISS HENRIETTA MONTALBA, who has lately returned from Canada, where she has been a guest of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, has executed a highly successful bust of the Marquis of Lorne, who is represented wearing a Canadian fur-cap and cloak. The likeness is admirable.

MISS CLARA MONTALBA is now engaged painting some very picturesque scenes on the river Thames.

MONSIEUR DE NITTIS has on the easel a large picture in oil of Kensington Gardens, near the Serpentine; also several portraits, in *pastels*, remarkable for their vigorous and life-like colour and treatment.

THE Chevalier Edward de Martino, who painted the *Battle of Trafalgar*, has just finished several pictures—Views of the Thames, *A Marine Moonlight, View of Liverpool Dock, H.M.S. 'Galatea' on the Atlantic Ocean*. These pictures are harmonious in colour and full of movement.

MR. W. G. WILLS is painting a full-length portrait of the Lady Constance Lawley. She is represented standing with her right arm resting on a chair. She is dressed in white, relieved by a back-ground of tapestry.

MR. POYNTER'S 'Ten Lectures on Art,' recently published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, are by far the most important of recent contributions to the literature of the Fine Arts. The subjects are, 'Decorative Art,' 'Old and New Art,' 'Systems of Art Education,' 'Hints on the Formation of a Style,' 'The Training of Art Students,' 'The Study of Nature,' 'Value of Prizes,' 'Objects of Study,' 'Professor Ruskin on Michelangelo,' and 'The Influence of Art on Social Life.' We have read the entire volume with great interest, and have realised the pleasure which is felt in following an author who writes about what he thoroughly understands.

Mr. Poynter distinguishes, in the outset, between the power of design and the power of imitation, and shows the difference between constructive and orna-

mental design. This done, he proceeds to compare the conditions of design amongst civilised and uncivilised people.

'Among uncivilised people the art of design, both ornamental and constructive, is generally far in advance of that of imitation; for whereas their attempts in the latter direction are mostly of a very feeble kind, or so hideous as to be positively alarming, very frequently the forms of their pottery and the patterns with which they decorate it and other things are of a beauty which the most educated artist of taste could not surpass. The art of design is, or, I should say, has been, till within the last fifty or sixty years, employed in every work which men's hands produce; for I think I am right in saying that, until the progress of civilisation developed the principle that beauty is not essential to our happiness, nothing that man did with his hands was wrought without a desire, however slight, of making it pleasant to look at, at least from his own point of view. It is only since the enormous advance made in the science of engineering that the necessity of beauty has been completely ignored; but it has now got to this point, that men take a pride in showing how deficient in interest a structure can be made, for they reckon it not only useless, but a waste of time, which we all know means money, to give a single thought to their work which should redeem it from utter hideousness and help to make it agreeable to the eye; their practical minds revolt from so foolish an idea. . . . The worst and most tasteless efforts in architecture that our great towns afford—and there is no lack of them—are better than the outrages that our men of science inflict on us in their railway bridges and other works; for the former may afford a trifling pleasure even if of an unreasonable kind, to people ignorant of art, while the latter are only regarded, even by the most uncultivated, as at best an unavoidable necessity in the progress of things. I do not even believe that the hideousness of these things is a necessity of their construction; they are done out of a kind of brag, to show what a triumph of cheapness engineering can achieve.'

Mr. Poynter distinguishes between the beauty which comes unintentionally in the construction of useful things, and that which results from design. With regard to the first he says:—

'Sometimes we find this beauty to be of a very high order, as in the case of the plough, the beautiful lines of which have always been the admiration of artists, and which no alterations of detail can spoil; all kinds of sailing craft, too, will occur to you as possessing beauty of a special kind, which arises entirely from the necessities of their construction, and in no wise because there has been a desire to make a beautiful object; and I could mention many other things of that kind.'

Pursuing this idea, Mr. Poynter shows what the beauty of fitness is, and that truth of construction and the absence of the superfluous are essential to it:—

'It is not by any means sufficient that a chair should be comfortable and firm to make it a well-designed chair; it must be designed in the best way to produce these and other results. So that a chair made of common materials, and even roughly made (roughly, that is, as regards the finish of its appearance, but finished as regards the perfect fitting and fitness of its parts), may be an object of more intrinsic beauty than the performance of a fashionable upholsterer; and if to this beauty of construction be added beauty of workmanship, it is capable of becoming a true work of art without addition of decoration or ornament of any kind.'

The whole of Mr. Poynter's 'Lecture on Decorative Art' is rich in good sense of the rarest and highest kind, not by any means common sense. The criticism on the vulgar uses of the words 'plain' and 'handsome' is excellent:—

'And here I must pause to interpolate a vehement protest against the usual application of the words ugly and handsome

or beautiful. The very general idea is that plainness is ugliness in these matters (is not, indeed, the word plain a synonym for ugly ?); I mean, that furniture is considered ugly unless it be decorated with scrolls, or inlaying, or gilding, and has useless and unnecessary curved lines about it. For a thing to be called handsome, the word so commonly applied to houses and furniture, it must have cost a good deal of money, it must be well overlaid with ornament, no matter how debased, inappropriate, or badly done; and it must cost, or appear to have cost, a good deal of money.'

In the lecture on 'Old and New Art,' Mr. Poynter remarks that there was no such thing as pure imitative painting, for the sake of imitation only, before the end of the sixteenth century.

'And so of fruit and flower-painting. There was no painter up to the end of the sixteenth century who would not have scorned to sit down to make a picture of a bunch of roses or a plate of peaches. In their beautiful ideal representations of the Infant Christ and His Virgin Mother, these men could, indeed, conceive no more delightful manner of enriching their pictures with forms of beauty than by decorating them with garlands of fruit and flowers, and we may be sure that they took as keen a pleasure in painting these innocent beauties of nature as any still-life painter of the Dutch, French, or English schools. A work of pure imitation *per se* was a thing unknown up to the end of the sixteenth century, not because it did not occur to the sculptors and painters of those times to produce such work, but because they rejected it as not worthy of consideration, knowing well that true art is a different thing.'

This is true; but Mr. Poynter has insufficiently thought out the subject of this lecture in what relates to landscape. Speaking of this branch of art, he says:—

'Still it is but a record and an imitation, though still an imitation which may come under the head of Fuseli's second definition, as being directed by judgment and taste.'

This would, no doubt, be strictly true of much landscape-painting, but Mr. Poynter is in error when he restricts landscape-painting to mere record and imitation. There is an element of imaginative invention in all the higher forms of landscape-painting which, though Mr. Poynter may not be aware of it, gives free play to the very highest faculties of the artist. There is, in fact, even less of actual imitation in the works of great landscape-painters than in those of the painters of the figure, who have the immense convenience of models, and continually make use of them. We are sorry that so intelligent a teacher as Mr. Poynter should repeat, even in an attenuated form, the old prejudices of the life-schools against landscape-painting, but we observe with some satisfaction, even in this very lecture, a nearer approach to justice than could be hoped for from many figure-painters. Instead of saying, with M. Paul Baudry, that landscape-painting can be mastered in a week, Mr. Poynter admits that it is an art 'most difficult of accomplishment, requiring artistic skill of the highest order, on account of the subtle and fleeting effects which it is the delight and glory of the landscape-painter to recall.'

There is, we think, something generally unsatisfactory in the classification of pictures as high or low art, simply according to subject. For example, when Mr. Poynter speaks of the highest form of portrait-painting as taking only a second place, 'as being a recording, and not a creative art,' we are tempted to

make the remark that a great deal of much more pretentious painting is little more than portraits of Academy models. It seems to us rather an injustice that a portrait-painter who gives the name of his sitter should be put in the second rank, when he would be called an inventive artist if he put a helmet on his sitter's head and called him a Knight of the Round Table. The real truth is, that an imaginative artist will put imagination into a portrait, and that an artist without imagination will paint illustrations of 'Paradise Lost,' in simple reliance upon his models.

We are fully inclined to believe that Mr. Poynter must himself be an excellent teacher of practical art; his book abounds in observations which prove how well he is able to understand the needs of a student, how well he remembers what were his own needs in the period of studentship. The advice to paint simply and straightforwardly in studies is excellent, and must be quoted in Mr. Poynter's own words:—

'Now almost every painter has his pet system of painting. There are all sorts of schemes for under-painting, glazing, scumbling, and a hundred other processes, which are calculated to give transparency to the shadows, brightness to the lights, solidity to the masses, and I know not what; the impression apparently being that solidity and transparency are to be obtained by some trick of painting rather than by imitating the aspects of nature. But with all this the student has nothing to do. It appears to me obvious, that if in making his study he can so match on his canvas the colours and tone of the object he is painting that an exact resemblance shall result, nothing further can be wished for: if this is achieved the object will appear solid, and the shadows will appear transparent as a matter of course. The intention is so to train the student's eye that he shall be able to see, and see at once, the tones and colours of his model; and if he is always painting colours which he does not see, with a view of correcting them afterwards by glazes and other methods, what probability is there that he will ever see colour truly? It is only chance is by watching each tint and each gradation of tint to gain the necessary practice in *seeing*, which is the all-important matter; it is his *eye* which he must educate to learn the art of painting. The right tones placed in the right places, and the work is done. That is the whole mystery of painting for a student; aided by his previous practice in drawing, the hand will certainly educate itself with the eye.'

The last of Mr. Poynter's lectures consists of a severe, but well-deserved criticism on Mr. Ruskin, for his attack upon Michelangelo. We have not space to do justice to Mr. Poynter's argument, and so refer the reader to the lecture itself, which he is sure to find interesting. Believers in Mr. Ruskin will do well to remember that they are compelled by his authority to despise Michelangelo and Rembrandt, as well as Claude and Constable. Mr. Ruskin has, in fact, placed himself in such a position, that if the fame of these artists should survive his attacks, of which there is some probability, it must of necessity do so at the expense of Mr. Ruskin's own reputation. Such a vigorous answer as this of Mr. Poynter cannot fail to have an effect in weakening an intellectual despotism, and in encouraging amongst the public the habit of intellectual independence.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL intend to hold in October and November, at their Gallery in Chancery Lane, an exhibition of the etchings of Charles Méryon, which cannot fail to be of the highest interest.



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ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XX.—FRANZ DEFREGGER.

The Visit.

ETCHED BY RAUSCHER.

FRANZ DEFREGGER was born at Botzen, in the Austrian Tyrol, a picturesque town, wherein, at the weekly markets and annual fairs, gather into groups peasants in costumes most inviting to the amateur sketcher and the painter of *genre*. The past and the present conditions of art in the Tyrol present some interesting and curious phenomena. On the walls of an old castle near Botzen are frescoes probably of the fifteenth century, taken from the romance of the *Nibelungenlied* and the story of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. And in the district about Ammergau the pilgrims to the Passion Play are greeted by sacred pictures, emblazoned on the fronts of the houses, taken from the Life of Christ and the Legends of Saints. A Tyrolese artist, too, found his way to Munich the middle of last century, and painted an imposing composition on a church vault, after a manner not wholly unworthy of Guido and of the Carracci. And yet, when I have visited Innsbruck, and examined the collection of pictures, I have unwillingly been forced to the conclusion that in scarcely any country approaching civilisation is contemporary art in a more debased condition. Among the two or three favourable exceptions Franz Defregger stands conspicuous. In the Museum of Innsbruck I recall a composition creditable to the painter, having for its subject the common local incident of a prize gained by a boy in a shooting match; the treatment is broad, the manipulation vigorous.

Defregger is a product of the Munich school, on its naturalistic side: he ranks among the followers of Piloty. Had it not been for this training it is probable he never would have risen out of the rude, uncultured modes in which he was born. Mountain lands, such as the Tyrol and Scandinavia, where the battle for life is often hard, and where the straits of poverty become pressing, are usually late to throw aside forms of utility; and art, when it comes at last, is wholly simple and elementary. Defregger, who has made the best of his surroundings, owes his success not so much to genius as to common sense. He does not ambitiously aim at a goal beyond his reach, but lays firm hold on what is near to hand and within ready grasp. Some of his countrymen have made shipwreck among the wild ravings of high art, but Defregger remains ever safe and sound in preserving the even tenor of his way in the midst of peasants and honest citizens, whose daily duties lie within the circuit of home and country. In the Munich International Exhibition of 1869, the artist was not unworthily represented by a boar-hunt—a picture which at the time I noted as a proof, not then so patent as now, that the scholastic system of Piloty could unbend to rustic subjects: 'this work is comparable to the pictures of the Scotch painter, Nicol—it is almost as broad, but not better.' To the International Exhibition of Vienna in 1873, the painter presented several

characteristic compositions—peasants dancing, a horse-race, and mendicants singing. Turning to the Catalogue I find the note, 'Very capital; about equal to the Swedish Fagerlin and our Scotch Faed.' Again, it is interesting to find the products of mountain lands, though divided by distance, closely allied in kind. The art of the cottage and of the peasant is ever akin, whether the painter be Tyrolese, Scandinavian, or Scotch.

The Visit will convey to the reader a correct idea of the painter's range: a neat cottage interior, a buxom mother, a well-to-do father, a bonny baby in arms, a cradle on the floor, a couple of peasants in picturesque costume come to offer congratulations and gifts, constitute the pictorial properties served up oft and again. During the past winter there has been seen in the artist's studio in Munich, a work of higher import, *Andreas Hofer in Prison taking leave of his Comrades*. The figures are life-size: the well-known incident, dear to Tyrolese patriots, will find its appropriate place in Innsbruck. Defregger, though he does not aspire to high art, never descends to low; and to his praise be it recorded that, unlike some degenerate disciples in the school of Munich, he has disdained mere tricks of the pallet and the brush. Formerly a painter took some pains to select a notable subject, but now the younger generation dispense with thought, and are content with dexterous technique and decorative display. Defregger is one of those who adopts the happy mean: he has always something pointed to say—a story of interest worth telling—and at the same time he takes care, as in Munich he is taught, how to express his thoughts according to the strict grammar of light, shade, and composition. In this way it may be just possible for a painter to reconcile the largeness of of historic styles with the minute detail of Dutch masters.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

OXFORD.

X.—*Undergraduate Life. Conclusion.*

A HUNDRED pictures have been drawn of undergraduate life at Oxford, and a hundred caricatures. Novels innumerable introduce some Oxford scenes. An author generally writes his first romance soon after taking his degree; he writes about his own experience and his own memories; he mixes his ingredients at will and tints according to fancy. This is one of the two reasons why pictures of Oxford, from the undergraduate side, are generally false. They are either drawn by an aspirant who is his own hero, and who idealizes himself and his friends, or they are designed by ladies who have read *Verdant Green*, and who, at some period, have paid a flying visit to Cambridge. An adequate knowledge of *Verdant Green*, and a hasty view of the Fitzwilliam Museum and 'the backs of the Colleges' (which are to Cambridge what the Docks are to Liverpool), do not afford sufficient materials for an accurate sketch of Oxford. The picture daubed by the emancipated undergraduate who dabbles in fiction, is as unrecognisable. He makes himself and his friends too large, too noisy, too bibulous, too learned, too extravagant, too pugnacious. They seem to stride down the High, prodigious, disproportionate figures, like the kings of Egypt on the monuments, overshadowing the crowd of dons, tradesmen, bargees, or cricket-field and river-side cads. Often one dimly recognises the scenes, and the acquaintances of years ago, in University novels. The mildest of men suddenly pose as heroes of the Guy Livingstone type, fellows who 'screw up' timid dons, box with colossal watermen, and read all night with wet towels bound round their fevered brows. These sketches are all nonsense. Men who do these things do not write about them; and men who write about them, invent them.

There is yet another cause which increases the difficulty of describing undergraduate life with truth. There are very many varieties of undergraduates, who have very various ways of occupying and amusing themselves. A steady man, that reads his five or six hours a-day, and

takes his pastime chiefly on the river, finds that his path scarcely ever crosses that of him who belongs to the Bullingdon Club, hunts thrice a-week, and rarely dines in hall. Then the 'pale student,' who is hard at work in his rooms or in the Bodleian all day, and who has only two friends, out-college men, with whom he takes walks and tea,—he sees existence in a very different aspect. The Union politician, who is for ever hanging about his club, dividing the house on questions of blotting-paper and quill pens, discussing its affairs at breakfast, intriguing for the place of Librarian, writing rubbish in the suggestion-book, to him Oxford is only a soil carefully prepared for the growth of that fine flower, the Union. He never encounters the undergraduate who haunts billiard-rooms and shy taverns, who buys jewelry for barmaids, and who is admired for the audacity with which he smuggled a fox-terrier into college in a brown-paper parcel. There are many other species of undergraduate, scarcely more closely resembling each other in manners and modes of thought than the little Japanese student resembles the metaphysical Scotch exhibitioner, or than the hereditary war minister of Siam (whose career, though brief, was vivacious) resembled the Exeter Sioux, a half-reclained savage, who disappeared on the war-path after failing to scalp the Junior Proctor. When The Wet Blanket returned to his lodge in the land of Sitting Bull, he doubtless described Oxford life in his own way to the other Braves, while the squaws hung upon his words and the papooses played around. His account would vary, in many ways, from that of

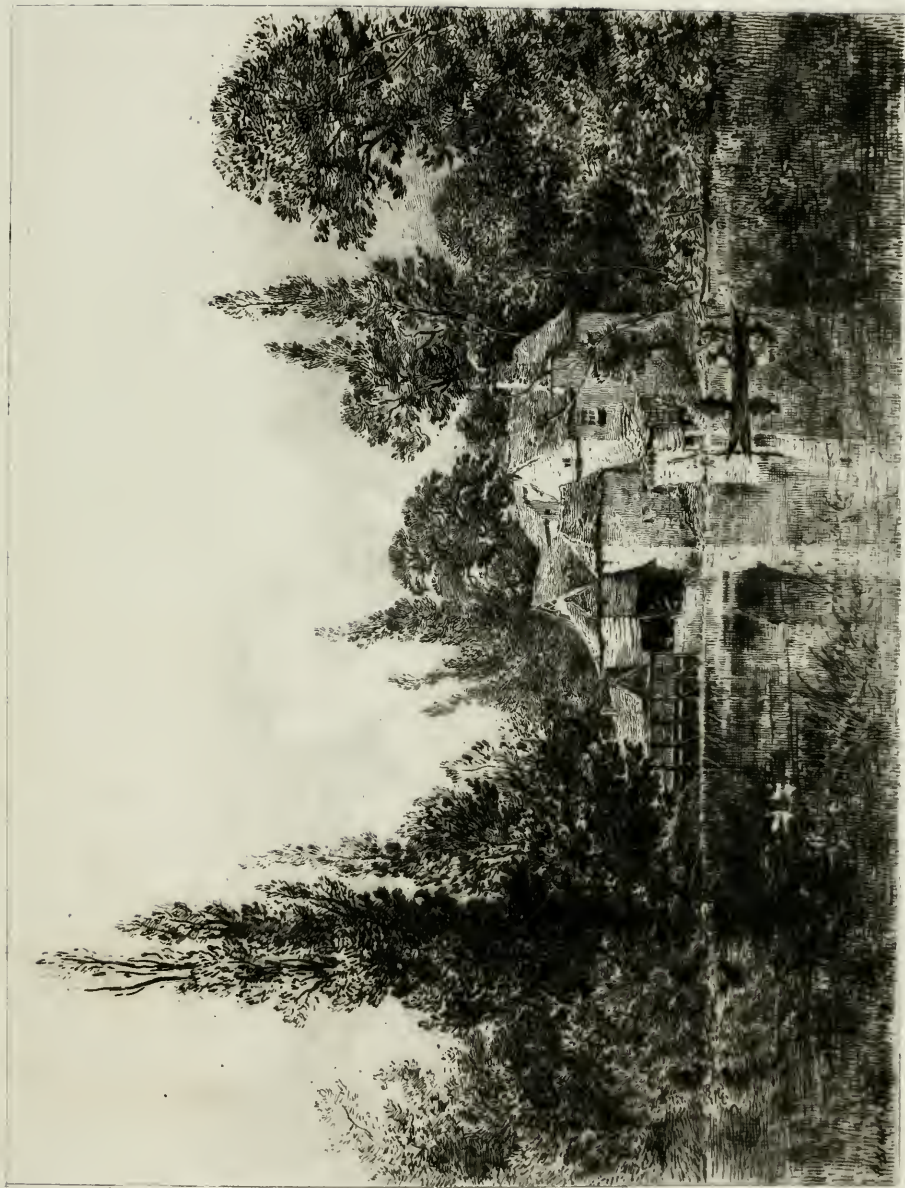
‘Whiskered Tomkins from the hall
Of seedy Magdalene.’

And he, again, would not see Oxford life steadily, and see it whole, as a more cultivated and polished undergraduate might. Thus there are countless pictures of the works and ways of undergraduates at the University. The scene is ever the same—boat-races and foot-ball matches, scouts, schools, and proctors, are common to all,—but in other respects the sketches must always vary, must generally be one-sided, and must often seem inaccurate.

It appears that a certain romance is attached to the three years that are passed between the estate of the freshman and that of the Bachelor of Arts. These years are passed in a kind of fairyland, neither quite within nor quite outside of the world. College life is somewhat, as has so often been said, like the old Greek city life. For three years men are in the possession of what the world does not enjoy—leisure; and they are supposed to be using that leisure for the purposes of perfection. They are making themselves and their characters. We are all doing that, all the days of our lives; but at the Universities there is, or is expected to be, more deliberate and conscious effort. Men are in a position to 'try all things' before committing themselves to any. Their new-found freedom does not merely consist in the right to poke their own fires, order their own breakfasts, and use their own cheque-books. These things, which make so much impression on the mind at first, are only the outward signs of freedom. The boy who has just left school, and the thoughtless life of routine in work and play, finds himself in the midst of books, of thought, and discussion. He has time to look at all the common problems of the hour, and yet he need not make up his mind hurriedly, nor pledge himself to anything. He can flirt with young opinions, which come to him with candid faces, fresh as Queen Entelechy in 'Rabelais,' though, like her, they are as old as human thought. Here first he meets Metaphysics, and perhaps falls in love with that enchantress, 'who sifts time with a fine large blue silk sieve.' There is hardly a clever lad but fancies himself a metaphysician, and has designs on the Absolute. Most fall away very early from this, their first love; and they follow Science down one of her many paths, or concern themselves with politics, and take a side which, as a rule, is the opposite of that to which they afterwards adhere. Thus your Christian Socialist becomes a Court preacher, and puts his trust in princes; the young Tory of the old type will lapse into membership of a School Board. It is the time of liberty, and of intellectual attachments too fierce to last long.

Unluckily there are subjects more engrossing, and problems more attractive, than politics, and science, art, and pure metaphysics. The years of undergraduate life are those in which, to many men, the enigmas of religion present themselves. They bring their boyish faith into a place (if one may quote Pantagruel's voyage once more) like the Isle of the Macracones. On that mournful island were confusedly heaped the ruins of altars, fanes, temples, shrines, sacred obelisks, barrows of the dead, pyramids, and tombs. Through the ruins wandered, now and again, the half-articulate words of the Oracle, telling how Pan was dead. Oxford, like the Isle of the Macracones, is a lumber-room of ruinous philosophies, decrepit religions, forlorn beliefs. The modern system of study takes the pupil through all the philosophic and many of the religious systems of belief, which, in the distant and the nearer past, have been fashioned by men, and have sheltered men for a day. You are bid to watch each system crumbling, to watch the rise of the new temple of thought on its ruins, and to see that also perish, breached by assaults from without or sapped by the slow approaches of Time. This is not the place in which we can well discuss the merits of modern University education. But no man can think of his own University days, or look with sympathetic eyes at those who fill the old halls and rooms, and not remember, with a twinge of the old pain, how religious doubt insists on thrusting itself into the colleges. And it is fair to say that, for this, no set of teachers or tutors is responsible. It is the modern historical spirit that must be blamed, that too clear-sighted vision which we are all condemned to share of the past of the race. We are compelled to look back on old philosophies, on India, Athens, Alexandria, and on the schools of men who thought so hard within our own ancient walls. We are compelled to see that their systems were only plausible, that their truths were but half-truths. It is the long vista of failure thus revealed which suggests these doubts that weary, and torture, and embitter for their hour, the naturally happy life of discussion, amusement, friendship, sport, and study. These doubts, after all, dwell on the threshold of modern existence, and on the threshold—namely, at the Universities—men subdue them, or evade them.

The amusements of the University have been so often described that little need be said of them here. Unhealthy as the site of Oxford is, the place is rather fortunately disposed for athletic purposes. The river is the chief feature in the scenery, and in the life of amusement. From the first day of term, in October, it is crowded with every sort of craft. The freshman admires the golden colouring of the woods and Magdalene tower rising, silvery, through the blue autumnal haze. As soon as he appears on the river his weight, strength, and 'form' are estimated. He soon finds himself pulling in a college 'challenge four,' under the severe eye of a senior cox, and by the middle of December he has rowed his first race, and is regularly entered for a serious vocation. The thorough-going boating-man is the creature of habit. Every day, at the same hour, after a judicious luncheon, he is seen, in flannels, making for the barge. He goes out, in a skiff, or a pair, or a four-oar, or to steeple-chase through the hedges when Oxford, as in our sketch, is under water. Chief of all he goes out in an eight, and rows down to Iffley, where the beautiful old mill and Norman church are placed, or accomplishes 'the long course.' He rows up again, lounges in the barge, rows down again (if he has only pulled over the short course), and goes back to dinner in hall. The table where men sit who are in training is a noisy table, and the athletes verge on 'bear-fighting' even in hall. A statistician might compute how many steaks, chops, pots of beer, and of marmalade, an orthodox man will consume in the course of three years. He will, perhaps, pretend to suffer from the monotony of boating shop, boating society, and broad-blown boating jokes. But this appears to be a harmless affectation. The old breakfasts, wines, and suppers, the honest boating slang, will always have an attraction for him. The summer term will lose its delight when the May races are over. Boating men are 'the salt of the University,' so steady, so well disciplined, so good tempered are they. The sport has nothing selfish or personal in it; men row for their College, or their University; not like running men, who run, as it were, each for his own hand. Whatever may be his work in life, a boating



man will stick to it. His favourite sport is not expensive, and nothing can possibly be less luxurious. He is often a reading man, though it may be doubted whether 'he who runs may read' as a rule. Running is, perhaps, a little overdone, and Strangers' cups are, or lately were, given with injudicious generosity. To the artist's eye, however, few sights in modern life are more graceful than the University quarter-of-a-mile race. Nowhere else, perhaps, do you see figures so full of a Hellenic grace and swiftness; certainly nowhere else do you see so much of them.

The cream of University life is the first summer term. Debts, as yet, are not; the schools



FLOODS AT OXFORD.

are too far off to cast their shadow over the unlimited enjoyment, which begins when lecture is over, at one o'clock. There are so many things to do,—

‘When wickets are bowled and defended,
 When Isis is glad with the eights,
 When music and moonshine are blended,
 When Youth and the Summer are mates,
 When freshmen are heedless of ‘Greats,’
 When note-books are scribbled with rhyme,
 Ah! these are the hours that one rates
 Sweet hours, and the fleetest of Time!’

There are drags at every college gate to take college teams down to Cowley. There is the beautiful scenery of the ‘stripling Thames’ to explore; the haunts of the immortal ‘Scholar Gipsy,’ and of Shelley, and of Clough’s Piper, who—

‘Went in his youth and the sunshine rejoicing, to Nuneham and Godstone.’

Further afield men seldom go in summer: there is so much to delight and amuse in Oxford. What day can be happier than that of which the morning is given (after a lively college breakfast, or a ‘commonising’ with a friend) to study, while cricket occupies the afternoon, till music and sunset fill the grassy stretches above Ifley, and the college eights flash past among cheering and splashing? Then there is supper in the cool halls, darkling, and half-lit up; and after supper talk, till the birds twitter in the elms, and the roofs and the chapel spire look unfamiliar in the blue of dawn. How long the days were then! almost like the days of childhood; how distinct is the impression all experience used to make! In later

seasons Care is apt to mount the college staircase, and the 'oak' which Shelley blessed cannot keep out this visitor. She comes in many a shape—as debt, and doubt, and melancholy; and often she comes as bereavement. Life and her claims wax importunate; to many a man the schools mean a cruel and wearing anxiety, out of all proportion to the real importance of academic success. We cannot see things as they are, and estimate their value, in youth; and if pleasures are more keen, then grief is more hopeless, doubt more desolate, uncertainty more gnawing, than in later years, when we have seen and survived a good deal of the worst of mortal experience. Often on men still in their pupilage the weight of the first misfortunes falls heavily; the first touch of Dame Fortune's whip is the most poignant. We cannot recover the first summer term; but it has passed into ourselves and our memories, into which Oxford, with her beauty and her romance, must also quickly pass. He is not to be envied who has known and does not love her. Where her children have quarrelled with her the fault is theirs, not hers. They have chosen the accidental evils to brood on, in place of acquiescing in her grace and charm. These are crowded and hustled out of modern life; the fever and the noise of our struggles fill all the land, leaving still, at the Universities, peace, beauty, and leisure.

If any word in these papers has been unkindly said, it has only been spoken, I hope, of the busy-bodies who would make Oxford cease to be herself; who would rob her of her loveliness, and her repose.

A. LANG.

NOTES ON AESTHETICS.

IV.

10. *The Love and Hatred of the Artificial* (*continued*).—Other sources of these feelings are on the one hand a sense of dependence on human help, valuing the comfort derived from it, and, on the other, the misanthropic dislike to the evidences of human effort from want of sympathy with humanity.

Suppose the case of a sailor who has been shipwrecked on a shore unknown to him. If he succeeds in getting to the top of the cliff, the first thing he does is to seek for evidences of human occupation. If he finds them, he is pleased with the hope of human assistance in his distress. Now, although we have not, many of us, been in such sore strait as this, we all instinctively feel our weakness when isolated from our kind, and we all have a certain pleasure in knowing that human help is near, except when our healthy feelings are turned to their opposites by some perversion of our nature. This is the origin of the cheerful feeling awakened in us by the sight of the artificial. Imagine a desolate Arctic landscape, with its wastes of ice and snow. The dreariness of it is beyond the power of language to express, but a cluster of huts, however wretched, will give it another aspect. It is dreary and melancholy still, but no longer wretched since humanity is there. So a bridge, or even a bit of road, will redeem a Highland glen or an Alpine pass from the kind of solitude which becomes oppressive. Turner almost invariably introduced these evidences of humanity, which have been considered essential until the most recent times. Some very recent landscape-painters have painted absolute solitude of sea and cloud, of desert and burning sky, partly as a change from a practice which had become a mere habit of artists, and partly because they felt a stern pleasure in setting themselves face to face with nature. There is an interesting description of this pleasure, very much to our present purpose, in Mr. John MacGregor's well-known 'Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."' He was out between Beachy Head and Hastings on the night of the 19th of August, 1867, during a severe storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a strong and very variable wind, and rain hissing into the sea, and 'pouring on the yawl in sheets of water.'

'So sped the storm for eight long hours, with splendours for the eye, and deep long thrills of the sublime, that stirred deep the whole inner being with feelings vivid and strong, and loosed the most

secret folds of consciousness with thoughts I had never felt before, and perhaps shall never know again. The mind conjured up the most telling scenes it had known of "alone" and of "thunder" to compare with this where both were now combined.

'To stand on the top of Mont Blanc, that round white icicle highest in Europe, and all alone to gaze on a hundred peaks around—that was indeed impressive!

'More so was it to kneel alone at the edge of Etna, and to fill the mind from the smoking crater with thoughts and fancies teeming out of the hot, black, and wide abyss'

Mr. MacGregor goes on to describe in a few words the effect of thunder and solitude on Vesuvius and at the fall of Niagara, but says that the storm in the Channel was more splendid.

'Imagination painted its own free picture on a black and boundless background of mind strung tight by near danger; and from out this spoke the deep, loud diapason, while the quick flashing at intervals gave point to all.'

The effect in these instances is due as much to solitude in the presence of awful natural phenomena as to the phenomena themselves. Mr. MacGregor is an excellent example of the class of strong men who like to feel themselves face to face with the sublimity of nature, getting well rid, for the time being, of human intervention in all its forms. The characteristic common to all his voyages is that the traveller was always alone. I remember a little incident in my own boating experiences which may be mentioned in this connexion.

I was by myself on a Highland loch in a tiny open boat of the kind used as yachts' dingies. It was in the night, and the night was as dark as pitch, so that I could make out hardly anything except the light in a window at a considerable distance. The wind was high enough to produce waves which were formidable to so small a craft; and suddenly I found myself carried away on a boiling white current, which seemed to issue from the land, and which, in fact, was a torrent swollen to fury by recent heavy rains. All this was very impressive to me, alone, with nothing of man's work near me except a tiny nutshell of a boat, but the impressiveness of the scene would have diminished in exact proportion to the amount of human help about me. In a large sailing-boat, with a servant, I should have felt it much less, and thought chiefly of the management of my sail; in a steam launch, with several companions, I should probably have thought that it was lucky we had a light in a distant window to guide us. In short, there are circumstances in which our feeling for the sublime diminishes in inverse ratio to the presence of human help. Imagine the three following examples:—

1. A thunderstorm in the higher Alps, seen from the public drawing-room of a large Swiss hotel, crowded with tourists, in the height of the season, as at Chamouni, for instance.

2. The same thunderstorm, seen from a lonely *châlet*, inhabited by two or three mountaineers.

3. The same thunderstorm, seen by a lonely traveller on the mountains, far from all human assistance.

In these instances, the impressiveness of the scene increases as the artificial circumstances diminish. It must be terrible, indeed, to affect us much in the hotel. Even in the *châlet* we find a resource of comparative comfort, which affords our mind a refuge from the full terror of the storm. But to be alone in it, with nothing artificial but the clothes on one's own back—this is to feel it in all the strength of its sublimity.

In cases like these the love and hatred of the artificial may both operate strongly. A nervous woman would look to the artificial as a refuge, a strong man who had a taste for the sublime, like Mr. MacGregor, would like to find himself alone in the presence of nature, with his artificial surroundings reduced to a minimum, so as to be completely forgotten for the moment, and so as not to diminish in the least the full force of the impression received from nature.

We have still to consider that hatred of the artificial which is due to simple misanthropy.

The reader might amuse himself by culling instances of this from imaginative literature. He would find several in Byron—not that Byron in his better moods disliked the works and presence of man, on the contrary, he defended the artificial as an element of poetry most vigorously in his answer to Bowles—but there were times when Byron was really misanthropic, and at such times he delighted in the power of the natural forces as hostile or indifferent towards mankind. The best instance, and the most generally known, occurs towards the close of the fourth canto of ‘Childe Harold:’—

‘Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage.

* * *

‘The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves.’

Here, in its full force, is the rejoicing in the natural as hostile to the artificial, and this from pure misanthropy. The same sentiment, still referring to the ocean, occurs in the second act of ‘Manfred,’ where the Second Voice gives an account of havoc accomplished:—

‘The ship sailed on, the ship sailed fast,
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
And there is not a wretch to lament o’er his wreck,
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,
And he was a subject well worthy my care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!’

It is unnecessary to multiply quotations. Enough has been said on this subject to show how the aesthetic perceptions may be interfered with by such sentiments as the desire for the comfort of accessible human help, and an ill-natured rejoicing in human weakness. These sentiments directly affect our appreciation of painting, and are able, unless we resist their influence, to make us unjust in our estimate of artists. It has even been maintained, as a dogma, that the presence of the artificial in a painted landscape is essential to its quality as a work of art, simply because many people feel uninterested and uncomfortable in the presence of a scene where man has left no mark. In the same spirit a Manchester man once observed in my hearing that the prettiest natural landscape was wearisome to him unless he could see a smoky chimney, such was the interest he found in human labour of the kind most familiar to him. On the other hand, there is a particular state of mind, of which I have had some experience, which finds its pleasure in landscape increase steadily as the evidences of human labour diminish. I can distinctly remember feeling more and more cheerful as towns and villages were left behind, and finally attaining a state of indescribable felicity when I got into the most desolate scenery, amongst rocks and heather, on a Lancashire or a Highland moor. This was no doubt due in a great measure to the ugliness of the towns in the north of England with which I was most familiar. The feeling entirely passed away from me in France, where the cities are generally very nearly smokeless, and in most cases so artistically situated that they improve the landscape instead of deteriorating it.

11. *Interferences of the Affections with the Judgment in matters of Art.*—The peculiarity of the Fine Arts, as distinguished from the sciences, is that affection, in some form, is necessary to the excellence of the work; and yet affection warps the judgment, so that the artist is always biassed by his likings, and at the same time, of course, by his dislikings, which will

always be of proportionate intensity. The same feelings also affect the judgment of the critic who cannot, without a strong effort of reason, distinguish clearly in his own consciousness between the suggestions of his feelings and the decision of his intellect. The critic is in the more trying position of the two. An artist is not called upon to be just in his appreciation of the various talents of others—he has only to develop his own, and this development may often be best attained by a certain narrowness and intensity of feeling, in which affection and antipathy get the upper hand of reason. The critic's difficulty may be stated in a very few words. He cannot appreciate Art without affection, and he cannot appreciate opposite kinds of Art unless his reason is sufficiently strong to keep his affections under constant control. His affections ought to be as strong as if he had no reason, and his reason as active as if he had no affections.

Affection interferes with our perception of Art by making us prefer the inferior to the superior on account of some pleasant or pathetic association of ideas. The nation, the family, the favourite occupation or amusement, all these powerfully interfere with the justice of our appreciation of everything in which beauty is concerned. One of the best instances of this is the conviction, so deeply rooted in many an honest heart north of the Tweed, that Scottish music is far superior to Italian. Here we see the patriotic sentiment warping the artistic judgment to such a degree that sober comparison becomes impossible. The heart, which is affected by the recurrence of some stirring or plaintive air, some 'Scots wha hae,' or 'Auld Robin Gray,' feels that the loss of them would not be compensated by the most magnificent creations of Italian genius, with all their abounding variety, their inexhaustible invention, their exquisite artistic sense. It is like preferring an English village church to the Duomo at Florence because we have been christened in the village church, and our father and mother lie buried beneath its shadow, whilst the Duomo has no associations for us, and is foreign to all our experience. The popular mind does not analyse its preferences—it is incapable of establishing a distinction between what it cannot help loving and what has claims upon its admiration. This incapacity may be found, in minor degrees, in intelligences far above the popular. We see it in the taste for scenery, when the sentiment of local patriotism fondly exaggerates the beauty and interest of the native land, whilst international antagonism exaggerates the defects of the neighbouring country, and depreciates its merits. The remnant of old hostility is still strong enough between the English and the French to make them unjust in their aesthetic criticisms of each other's countries. The French opinion is that England is buried under perpetual fog, and an Englishman must be exceptionally erudite in geography to have got rid of his national belief that all France is flat and uninteresting. How few Frenchmen will admit, without resistance, that the Thames above London is as rich in beautiful lowland scenes as the best parts of the Seine or the Marne! How few Englishmen will admit willingly that France contains as much fine mountainous scenery as Great Britain, or that the French mountains are many of them far higher than the British! The French have nothing to say against the climate of Denmark, because there is no international jealousy of Denmark; the English say nothing against the scenery of any minor State; but the jealousy between England and France finds vent in all sorts of mutual aesthetic criticisms. It chooses aesthetic criticism because, in matters of taste, there is always something unfavourable to be said; and it is not always so easy to prove its injustice as in a statement about trade or finance. The French say that the English have no music; the English say that the French have no poetry. It was a great advantage to the musical and dramatic artists of Italy that their nation used to be too weak and divided to excite jealousy—it gave them a much better chance of a fair aesthetic criticism in other countries than French or English musical artists would have enjoyed. The truth of these observations is not at all invalidated by the kindly reception of English pictures in France in 1878, and of French actors and actresses in England in 1879. The fact is, that the jealousy between the two nations has diminished sufficiently to allow of more just criticism than that which prevailed many years ago, when French

people used to deny all pictorial talent to the English, and English actors were received with open hostility in Paris. Repeated international exhibitions have done more than anything else to diminish aesthetic hostility between nations; but it may still be a matter of doubt whether this diminution is so favourable to the cause of Art as it is to that of universal justice. It is a moral improvement, certainly; but the consequence of it is to bring the Art of the world more and more under the influence of the same ideas, and to merge the different schools into one universal school.

Narrow local affections tend to intensify special excellences. The best Dutch painters had narrow local affection, so had our own Constable and Crome, and these sentiments were the foundation of their art. It is more likely that such artists as these would be spoiled than improved by cosmopolitanism. Burns, by his culture, and also by his want of culture, was incomparably more local than Byron, and had far stronger local affections. His art as a poet was narrowed by this, but who can tell whether he would have gained, by a larger experience such as that of Byron, any equivalent compensation for the local strength and intensity which he would have lost? Byron's advantages of situation are apparently far superior, and yet, if Burns had possessed them, these very advantages would have incapacitated him for doing his best work. The essentially best work of Burns could have been produced by no one but a Scottish peasant. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that Byron's wider experience of the world gave him a great advantage as a critic, and enabled him to judge of literature much better than Burns could judge of it. This brings us back to what I have said already, that local feeling may be good for an artist and detrimental to a critic.

Nevertheless, a professor who happened to be addressing an audience of artists might warn them that affections are only good for their work when the nature of them is strictly artistic. It is well for a painter to love his subject, but if he loves it for other than artistic qualities his affections will be detrimental to the work of art in which he represents it. An artist who loves a building or a landscape for the sake of old associations will find it difficult to make a well-composed picture of it, because he will not like to sacrifice the truth which is dear to him in order to improve the artistic arrangement; a kind of improvement which he would introduce without hesitation if he regarded the place with indifference, or with a purely artistic affection, such as he would feel for places that he liked in foreign countries. In the same manner the too earnest and too serious interest in some historical or religious subject, for reasons outside of art, which sometimes leads modern artists to seek for absolute truth of fact in their representations, is dangerous to artistic qualities.

There is, however, one love which is always safe and always encouraging—the love of art itself. It may be dangerous for an artist to love his subject over-much, but it is scarcely conceivable that he should love his art too much. The love of history and archaeology, the love of botany and geology, the love of locality, the love of literature, are all affections which in some form or degree may be dangerous to painting—not so the love of painting for its own sake. Other passions may group around it, but this should be the central passion of a painter. His means of expression should seem to him the happiest and best. He should enjoy the work of painting as if he were playing 'visible music.' He should love his palette, his brushes, his pigments, and have fanatical preferences for certain kinds of canvas or panel. The state of mind which despises the artistic implements and materials as poor arms for a struggle with nature, should not be his state of mind. He ought to value them as a girl values her first watch, or a boy his first gun.

12. *Originality in Colour.*—Every great colourist who has hitherto appeared has coloured in his own way, and even amongst painters of little celebrity, so soon as they begin to give clear evidence of colour power, it has always a distinctly personal character, so that no one can regularly visit the exhibitions without knowing the tints and tones of those artists who enjoy a moderate degree of reputation for their colour.

If the ultimate result of art-study were the exact copyism of nature these personal differences would decrease as artists advanced in culture, and by the time they had reached a degree of perfection deserving to be called mastery, such differences would be lost in a common resemblance to nature. What we see around us in the actual world of art is strikingly different to this. When colourists advance in power they resemble each other less than ever, as the effects of idiosyncrasy become more and more decided, till at last they exhibit a complete separation from what has been done before, and this originality, when it does not offend us, we recognise as the mark of the consummate artist.

In every such instance the painter invents new harmonies, which are either suggested to him (it may be very remotely) by natural phenomena, or by previous works of art, or else simply conceived by the imagination and developed by experiments with pigments. The possibilities for such inventions are without limit in colour, as they are in music.

What interests us chiefly in the originality of colourists, as concerning our present inquiry, is that it gives such striking evidence of the personal character of aesthetic perceptions. Not only does school differ from school, but the members of the same school differ very widely from each other.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

XI.—ALBERT DÜRER.

THE 'MELENCOLIA.'

THE strength and originality of Dürer's mind, and the curious conflict between his moral and his aesthetic ideas, in which the former so often got the upper hand, are powerfully exemplified in the plate before us. Any other artist, if asked to represent melancholy, would show us an unoccupied person brooding in dull sadness from which all thought of possible industry was excluded—some hapless lover wandering disconsolate in the twilight woods—some feeble old man or woman weary of life and dreaming miserably of happier days. Dürer illustrates the melancholy, which is the worst of all melancholies—that of the active, strong, intelligent person, who is surrounded by all the appliances of industry, skill, and invention, and who from time to time sits down in the midst of it all, and looks up to the sky, and asks it whether industry, skill, and invention, are really the good and delightful things we fancy them to be, or mere busy illusions pursued hurriedly by men that they may forget the real emptiness of their existence. The plate looks like an illustration of Ecclesiastes, or as if it had been at least suggested by the mournful king of Israel, to whom the labours of men and their pleasures seemed equally vain in the end. Why interrogate the unanswering sky? What is the use of trifling wearily with compasses, and keeping the closed book upon the knee? All labour is at a standstill, and there is no cure, except itself, for the special form of melancholy which it engenders. The woman is typical of our own Lancashire, which sits down sad and desponding in the midst of closed or closing factories, but would be cheerful again if their bells rang early, and their windows were lighted up in the dark mornings.

The whole philosophical conception of this plate is as fine as it can be; the woman is magnificently invented, with her sombre, wistful countenance and her strong, ungainly frame, but from the aesthetic point of view the plate is spoiled by the obtrusive ugliness of the mechanical objects, especially by the great, awkward, angular stone against the ladder. The feebleness of the sense of beauty in Dürer, and his indifference to the demands of composition, have seldom been more conspicuously exemplified. Nobody who enjoyed and understood the

mutual influences of objects when they combine into harmonious unity, or are thrown together into helpless confusion, could have endured to send forth such an awkward composition as this. From the aesthetic point of view the plate is simply a collection of miscellaneous objects, each of them engraved with wonderful manual dexterity. From the moral and philosophical point of view it is one of those conceptions which can only occur to a most powerful and original genius.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE British Museum has recently purchased from Alessandro Castellani, in Rome, a series of marble heads, belonging, in most cases, to the Roman period, either as copies from older Greek sculptures or as portraits of Romans. An exception to this is the fine head of Dionysus, ivy-crowned, which has been thought to be a true Greek work, perhaps of the time of Praxiteles. If anything, it is a little too severe in the treatment of the hair and in the outlines of the brows for what could be expected in the time of Praxiteles. Unfortunately, the nose has been broken away, greatly disfiguring the expression of the face, which otherwise is very delicate. There is also an interesting portrait-bust of Cleopatra in Palombina marble. This head should be compared with a remarkable coin of Ascalon, where we get a contemporary likeness of the Queen. Another small head, evidently ideal, resembles the Arundel bust at Oxford known as Sappho. It may be like her, but it does not suggest poetic power, as does the next head, viz. that of Euripides, which is in very fine condition. Besides being remarkably expressive it is in admirably perfect condition even to the tip of the nose, which, it may be mentioned, is rather large. Among the others is a head of Apollo, found in the Baths of Caracalla, and of special interest, because the type has a strong affinity to that of the Pourtales Apollo. There is also a male beardless head, in a large and noble style, wearing a winged helmet, probably intended to be a Persens. A small head of Cupid is in very good condition, and shows exquisite modelling; the hair is beautifully executed. A head of Alexander the Great, with the diadem, is a fine and poetical conception, idealised and probably copied from a bronze of the time of Lysippus. This portrait differs from that already in the British Museum, which is executed with far greater refinement. The various extant portraits of Alexander differ widely from each other, as may be seen by the casts now collected in the new museum in Berlin. We may also mention the following:—A head of Augustus; very fine, though the nose is wanting. A head of Tiberius; very characteristic; an iron dowel has unfortunately split this head vertically, so that one half is wanting. A head of Trajan. A remarkable head of a philosopher, very like Aristippos, as he appears in an ancient paste bearing his name in the British Museum. A head of Lucius Verus, brother of Marcus Aurelius. There are several other heads of the imperial family, and two actors' masks; the one for the part of Hercules, and the other that of a young Satyr.

WE have received a programme of the 'Institute of Art,' which is formed for the exhibition of works of art, at the Galleries, 9 Conduit Street, by ladies, on the ground that the production of art-work by ladies has of late years made such progress, that the 'provision of facilities for the public exhibition and disposal of art-work has become a pressing necessity.' Besides all descriptions of works of art, paintings, drawings in black and white, etchings, sculpture, &c., will be admitted what may be called artistic needlework, embroidery, tapestry, &c. Seeing the excellent effect that has been produced by the application of fine art to manufactures, by the earlier recognition of which foreign countries were allowed to take the lead of our own, with the attendant elevation of taste, through higher knowledge, we cannot doubt that the proposed arrangement will work well. To raise work of mere hand dexterity into pleasurable sights for the eye, resulting from delightful exercise of disciplined fancy, has itself a moralising effect, which the hardest utilitarian would be bound to admit. The Institute is to consist of Patrons, Lady Patronesses, a President, Vice-President, a Council, Fellows, Associates, and Members, according to Rules, which seem to have been carefully elaborated. The long list of Lady Patronesses includes names well known to the art-world. The secretary is Captain Oswald Niven, R.N.

AT present there is at South Kensington an exhibition of drawings sent there from the many schools of art throughout the kingdom in connexion with the Science and Art Department. There are about 1000 of them, and of these 270 have got prizes as rewards of some kind. Among the best works in painting is that which has won the gold medal for Miss C. M. Wood, of the Bloomsbury School of Art. This is for a bunch of pink and white azaleas in a grey pot, standing on a table with some sheets of music and a fan, against a yellow paper; the reflexion in the looking-glass is cleverly managed. The Lambeth and Edinburgh Schools send a number of excellent drawings; the conscientious application of the students is very praiseworthy. Mr. A. Garbutt, of the Westminster School, carries off a gold medal for a spiral column of mediæval design, and Mr. Drury another medal for a nude figure, modelled from life. There are some good designs for wall paper from the Nottingham School.

WE observe that some of the students in the British Museum are now drawing from a cast of the *Venus* of Milo, lately substituted for the *Hercules*, which used to attract so many aspirants to the Royal Academy



School. The *Hercules* has been entirely withdrawn, and candidates for the Academy will be allowed to compete with drawings from the famous *Venus*. It is, however, a question whether students who draw from casts should have the use of a public Gallery for that purpose—such as the Elgin Room of the Museum. Still, there is this to be said, that the surrounding marbles may exercise some subtle influence on students which would not be experienced had they to make their drawings in a school with nothing but casts before them. The curious thing is that the art-students at the Museum lay themselves out so seldom to influences of this kind. They are rarely to be seen beyond the galleries where they draw, and yet among the antiquities upstairs the attractions are practically endless.

A VERY large selection of Turner's sketches in water-colours has been placed in a room at the National Gallery. They will be permanently exhibited there.

MR. WARRINGTON WOOD has just completed a bust of the late Mr. Romane Callendar, the Conservative Member for Manchester, to be placed in the Manchester Town Hall. The likeness is considered admirable.

MONSIEUR A. LEGROS is painting a very large picture in oil; the scene represents a fire which has taken place in a farm-house in a village in France. Of course it occurs at night (though, as a matter of fact, fires do take place in the day time also), this is one of the cases where a painter has the right of choice. The fire has been discovered suddenly, and under the terror of it none of the persons engaged have had time to dress completely, except an old woman, evidently the grandmother, who, sitting under a tree enveloped in a large black cloak, is praying and counting her beads. A man is seen rushing through the smoke with a child in his arms; the mother, who is waiting in painful suspense with another child outside, sees them safe, and her pale face wears a fine expression of lingering terror and relief. But we are even more attracted by the child she carries, which stretches out its arm at the approach of its father with his precious burthen. There is grace and beauty in the drawing of this figure. A young woman on her knees has her back to the fire, and watches the mother's face. The landscape is weird; there is a ghostly tree and clouds of smoke; a lurid light illumines this sombre and pathetic scene; the havoc already made by the fire is seen in the scattered sacks of flour, old baskets and wheels. As yet the picture is *en ébauche*, but it promises to be one of the painter's best works, as it is the most ambitious. If finished in time it will be one of the chief attractions at the next Grosvenor.

Monsieur Legros has sent to Liverpool his picture of *Jacob's Dream*, which was exhibited this year at the Grosvenor.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, who has been engaged in painting a large landscape in Wales, is now busy at work in the Bavarian Alps.

At the last meeting of the Royal Academy, the question of Female Academicians being discussed, the idea of their election was strongly opposed by several members, on the ground that ladies would

be unable to fulfil the social and business duties of members of the Royal Academy. A proposal to form a body of Honorary Female Associates was then brought forward, and will be considered at another Council.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., is engaged on a picture, *The Morgengabe of Galswintha*. The incident represented is to be found in the 'History of France,' by Grégoire de Tours. Chilperic, king of Neostcr-Rika, although he had several wives, was jealous of the marriage of his brother Sigebert, king of Oster Rika, with Brunhilda (the prototype of Siegfried and Brunhilda of the 'Nibelungen'), daughter of Alhanagild, king of the Visigoths. He, therefore, sued for the hand of Galswintha, sister of Brunhilda, promising to abandon his other wives if he could find a consort worthy of him—a king's daughter. When Galswintha entered Chilperic's domain, she was received with great honour, and married to the king. He cherished her dearly, and she had, indeed, brought him great riches. But the love of Frédégonde, a wife whom Chilperic had espoused previously, gave rise to much discord between them; so that, at last, it led to the strangling of Galswintha by a slave. At the end of a few days, after the king had wept her death, he took Frédégonde again to wife. In the picture Frédégonde is seated at an open window, witnessing the new nuptial ceremony, with an expression of mingled sorrow, scorn, and desire for revenge. The festivities of the occasion are seen through an open window, the figures being necessarily on a small scale, too small, in fact, for the spectator to perceive readily the part they play in the thoughts of Frédégonde. She, on the contrary, is a grand figure, sitting in profile; her bare arms are splendidly modelled; the colouring of the whole picture is very fine.

Another picture of the same series represents Galswintha lying strangled, with a fearful stillness, as if the terrible deed had just been done. The bare arm hangs helplessly out of the bed. The fine face of the murdered victim inspires one with a feeling of awe.

THE 'Personal and Professional Recollections of Sir Gilbert Scott,' edited by his Son, Mr. G. G. Scott (Sampson Low & Co.), can hardly fail to interest a large number of readers. It is an autobiographical sketch, full of characteristic touches, which forcibly remind us of the man as we knew him, and which quaintly show us his own estimate of himself and of his works. Into his personal character we get a very full insight. We see his strong family affections, his extreme industry and love of his profession, and his extraordinary shyness and timidity. It may be questioned whether he has not presented to us an even exaggerated view of the manner in which these latter characteristics asserted themselves throughout his career. Thus we find him confessing, that when he earnestly wished to dissolve his partnership with Mr. Moffatt, he 'could not muster pluck enough' to broach the question to him, but that Mrs. Scott 'took the bull by the horns,' and while her husband was out of town drove down to the office to tell Mr. Moffatt that the partnership must end. And in speaking of this partnership and the great advantages he derived from it in his professional career from the 'pushing' qualities of Mr. Moffatt, Scott admits that his own natural disposition was so quiet and

retiring that he doubts if he should ever have alone pushed his way.

In the great trial of his professional life, his struggle with Lord Palmerston about the style in which the new Foreign Office was to be built, it is hard to believe that a man of more boldness and force of will might not have succeeded in getting his own way, even when dealing with so obstinate and domineering a 'Philistine' as his lordship. Scott failed, and had to carry out the work in a style with which he was not familiar, and for which he felt no enthusiasm. He seems to have regarded his failure as a blow to his artistic reputation, which he had to submit to for financial considerations, and he expresses a not unnatural surprise that the public seemed to understand his position, and that he never received any annoying and painful rebukes—even Mr. Ruskin telling him that he had done right—though, as he tells us, his own shame and sorrow were for a time extreme.

Scott's opinions of his own works were perhaps less modest than his estimate of himself. His enthusiastic love of his profession was accompanied by a workman-like pride in it. He looks back with a horror, fully justifiable, on some of the works of his early days, particularly on some of his first churches, built before the works of Pugin had inspired him with a true appreciation of the spirit of Gothic architecture. He is painfully sensitive about making an Italian building for the Foreign Office, and regards his design for the New Law Courts as the great failure of his life, owing to press of business preventing him from giving proper attention to the plan. But for the greater part of his works, particularly for his cathedral and church restorations, he seems to have possessed an almost passionate admiration, and can scarcely be induced to admit that he has ever made a mistake. He seems disposed to regard any criticism as the result of personal spite and envy, and is quite incapable of dealing calmly with it. It was on this question of restoration that he seems to have been most sensitive, and truly there is good excuse for his sensitiveness. He had spent his life preaching the conservation of old buildings, and practising it to the best of his power, protesting against the vandalism of others, and doing his best to prevent their ravages by securing as large a share of this kind of work for himself as possible, and now he is held up to public execration for doing what he has all along been objecting to in others. The case against him cannot be said to be a strong one, but that such charges should be brought at all is gall and wormwood to him. It is simply marvellous, considering the enormous amount of work of this kind always going on under his supervision, that the prophets of the new school, the preachers of the 'gospel of ruin and desolation' as they have been called, should have been able to find so little real cause for their complaints against him.

Sir Gilbert's career as the most successful architect of his day opened strangely. He began as a planner of workhouses, and by the aid of his then partner, Mr. Moffatt, was as much a master of the art of getting such work as of carrying it out. But his early love of Gothic architecture, and the enthusiasm inspired by the works of Pugin, both literary and architectural, asserted themselves later in his career, and completely

changed its course: he became the most prosperous of modern church architects. Work poured in upon him in a way that would have overwhelmed most men. For any one of less indomitable energy and industry it would have been impossible to have properly superintended the production of the multitude of designs which issued from his office; but that Scott's own hand was really to be traced in them all is beyond a doubt.

It is much to be regretted for the sake of architecture as a fine art, that any one man should ever be responsible for so much work all going on at one time. Indeed, it may well be doubted if any really fine-art work be possible under such conditions. The Albert Memorial, the Midland Railway Hotel, or the Home and Colonial Office, would either of them by itself have been work enough at one time for any one man; but Scott had all these at once to attend to, with the restoration of about half-a-dozen cathedrals, the building and restoration of numerous mansions and churches, and many minor works, and the preparation of designs for the new Law Courts to fill up any spare moments of his time. That work done under such high pressure should be even passable is strange enough. His designs seem to have been made in the intervals between his railway journeys from one end of England to the other, during which his reports were written, and other literary work done in the train. If we fail to see in them all the highest characteristics of fine-art work, we must remember the conditions under which they were produced, and, considering their quantity, we may well feel some surprise that in quality they should hold their own so well, as they unquestionably do, amongst those of his prominent contemporaries.

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN has, at different times, published remarks on Etching, which are now collected into a thin quarto volume, and published by the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, with the following title-page:—*About Etching, Part I.: Notes by Mr. Seymour Haden on a Collection of Etchings and Engravings by the Great Masters, lent by him to the Fine Art Society, to illustrate the subject of Etching. Part II.: An Annotated Catalogue of the Examples exhibited of Etchers' and Painter-engravers' work.* The volume is illustrated with an original etching by Mr. Seymour Haden, and fifteen facsimiles of etchings or engravings, all described as 'etchings' on the title-page, though they include several burin engravings. The book is valuable, both for Mr. Haden's remarks on an art in which he excels, and for the admirable reproductions which it contains. In addition to these reproductions there is an original plate by Mr. Haden himself, entitled *The Moat House*. This is described in the advertisement as 'a most characteristic example of Mr. Seymour Haden's own work,' and, no doubt, it is so; but it represents his most sketchy and rapid work. Mr. Haden's opinions on the subject of etching are already well known to the art-public. Mr. R. Winn has criticised them in six columns of the 'Academy' for Sept. 13. Mr. Winn says he is sure that Rembrandt did not work in the rapid manner recommended by Mr. Haden. The plain truth about Rembrandt's practice is, that he sometimes worked very quickly and sometimes with the most deliberate toil; so that both the rapid etchers

and the slow ones look up to him as their master. That Mr. Haden had no desire to blink the fact of Rembrandt's deliberation in labour is clearly proved by his publication of the laboriously finished portrait of the Burgomaster Six, which adorns the volume before us. If Mr. Haden had been a resolutely unfair controversialist he would have taken good care to keep that plate out of his book. The simple truth with regard to finish is, that a laboured plate can never have the qualities of an intelligent sketch; and a rapid sketch, however intelligent, can never have the qualities of a plate in which the labour has been at once unstinted and well directed. The two sets of qualities are distinct, and perfectly incompatible. The readers of the *PORTFOLIO* are familiar with both kinds of etching, and can judge of this question for themselves.

MR. WILLIAM WALKER, teacher of free-hand drawing in the Owens College, Manchester, and author of a 'Handbook of Drawing' reviewed some time ago in the '*PORTFOLIO*,' has issued (through Messrs. Seeley and Co.) a public edition of a little treatise on elementary art for children, called 'Art for the Little Ones.' We say 'a public edition,' because two editions of the same work had been privately sold or given to children's hospitals, &c., before the present one was printed. The book consists of eight pages of letterpress and twelve lithographed plates of familiar objects. The only objection we should have to make to the plates, is that Mr. Walker does not seem to think it necessary in all cases to cultivate the sense of beauty. The plates of the crocus and the convolvulus would do this, but those of the coal-box and soap-box would not. The pair of old pattens are not beautiful either, but they are picturesque, and well drawn. Mr. Walker strongly urges the necessity for teaching every child to draw.

'There are many persons who would only have those children taught to draw who have a faculty for drawing. This is simply absurd, as it is evident if we apply this kind of reasoning to a few other things, and say that only those children should be taught to write who show a faculty for writing; only those children should be taught to read who show a faculty for reading. This sort of reasoning is seldom applied to the learning of music; and surely that gateway of knowledge—the eye—deserves as much care and culture for seeing, as the ear does for sound. Nay, the very fact of deficiency in any important organ of improvement, or in any faculty, is the strongest argument in favour of special help.'

This is true and good if Mr. Walker means only to use plain drawing generally as a means of education, but if he hopes to develop aesthetic perceptions where they do not exist by nature, we fear that his task is hopeless. We believe that it is utterly impossible to bring into existence the aesthetic faculty by mere education, however well calculated for the purpose. On the other hand, no doubt the aesthetic perceptions often exist in minor degrees, and are lost for want of a little training; when they might, if educated, be of some value to their possessors and to others. Elementary works of this kind may be of great use as a commencement of training.

A BOOK called 'Luxurious Bathing' has been published lately at 'Ye Leadenhale Presse.' The letterpress is by Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, of the well-known firm, Field and Tuer, printers and stationers. The

title made us a little apprehensive, before seeing the book, that it might lead us into scenes of Oriental luxury, with all manner of ladies of the harem disporting in the bath, and that the illustrator would follow in the steps of artists who have treated the subject of bathing in a decidedly sensuous manner. We are happy to say that all these apprehensions were dispelled at once by a sight of the book itself. It is as innocent as a book can be both in its text and its illustrations. Mr. Tuer's way of dealing with his subject is simply to give very good advice about the use of hot and cold water, soap, friction, exercise, and the rest; indeed the book might almost have been written by one of those disinterested modern doctors who are so kind as to tell us how to live so as to dispense with their services. We are taught the use of the soap-bath, for example, in two chapters on the 'First, or Hot Application' and the 'Second, or Cold Application.' Then comes a chapter on 'The Sponge and Shower Baths,' and one on 'Sea Bathing and Swimming.' Eight pages of 'Notes' conclude the literary portion of the volume, of which it may be said with truth that it contains good advice expressed in good English; but it is astonishing to see recommendations of this plain practical kind printed in a style of such extreme magnificence, instead of being simply issued as a sixpenny pamphlet. The printing is indeed wonderful, and does the very greatest credit to 'Ye Leadenhale Presse.' The binding in parchment with vellum back and corners is also very grandiose, though it reminds one a little too much of an idealised account-book. As for the illustrations, which are, in part, the cause of all this magnificence, we will endeavour to speak of them without injustice. Mr. Sutton Sharpe, to whom these etchings are due, certainly reminds us very strongly of the kind of scenery which he intends to represent, whatever it may happen to be. He has very little artistic knowledge or taste, and his technical skill is of the very feeblest, yet, notwithstanding these deficiencies, he often conveys the general character of the scene more effectually than a better artist. We are in the constant habit of destroying bad etchings which are sent to us, yet we cannot decide to destroy these. The *Thames near Pangbourne*, a sketch of wooded shore between vacant sky and nearly vacant water, on which is a boat with a spritsail, shows no mastery of distant foliage, yet it has the spirit of the scene. *Felpham Bridge* is very ugly but full of prosaic truth. *In the Fens*, a serpentine, sluggish stream in flat land with willows, exhibits singular ignorance of willows and other matters, yet reminds us of what it does not represent. So with *Ennerdale Water*. Mr. Sharpe cannot draw a mountain; his mountain outlines are poor and ill-studied, and his spaces are shaded with very little understanding of structure, but the etching carries us into the English lake district at once, and far more effectually than many a better drawing. The best instance of this power, with poor materials poorly rendered, is *Swanage Bay*, a piece of English southern coast, dull scenery in itself and drawn in a dull manner with three vessels to relieve its monotony, yet the artist makes us feel as if we were idling in the bay in calm weather. The result of a serious examination of these

etchings is a feeling of respect for Mr. Sharpe's sense of character in the scenes he chooses, mingled with great regret that he does not get some better education in drawing and in the technicalities of etching.

MR. FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, author of 'Our Woodland Trees,' and other botanical works, has recently published a little volume on Burnham Beeches, with illustrations, some of which are photographs worked upon by the wood-engraver, Mr. J. D. Cooper; whilst others, drawn on the wood by Mr. Birket Foster, appear to be old acquaintances. Mr. Heath is the person who, just at the right time, wisely suggested to the Corporation of London that it ought to purchase Burnham Beeches, to preserve them for the benefit of the public; and he appropriately dedicates his book to the Corporation, with thanks, for having acted upon his suggestion. Burnham is a remnant of an ancient forest, described as follows by Gray, in 1737, to Horace Walpole:—

'I have, at the distance of half-a-mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. But vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches.'

Mr. Heath says that, 'for weird picturesqueness the scenes at Burnham Beeches are unrivalled in these islands.' This is the exaggeration of an enthusiast; but we are heartily glad that the Beeches have been preserved, and warmly congratulate Mr. Heath on what he has done for their preservation. His little volume will be an interesting guide-book.

THE celebrated French caricaturist, Cham, died Sept. 7th, in Paris. The news was received with universal regret in France, where Cham's wit had been heartily appreciated for forty years, and where his personal character was much and deservedly respected. It is scarcely necessary to repeat, after the notices in the English newspapers, that Cham was the son of the Count de Noë, a peer of France, and the friends invited to Cham's funeral were asked to attend the obsequies of Count Amédée de Noë, which was Cham's style and title in private life. Not every nobleman is a gentleman, but Cham was one in the best sense. He dealt with the follies and weaknesses of mankind in a style of good-humoured raillery, which amused all who were capable of understanding a joke, yet wounded nobody. He had the tenderest and kindest heart, a gentle temper, and high courage. His personal appearance was remarkable. He was very tall and thin, with the grave demeanour which often accompanies humour. He was intended originally for the 'Ecole Polytechnique,' but had not much taste for mathematical studies; and so studied drawing for a few months in the studios of Paul Delaroche and Charlet. It was the influence of Charlet which led him to caricature. Cham's first sketches were published in 1842, and so quickly appreciated that he went on in that line without cultivating any more

serious talent as an artist. The writer of the present notice well remembers his first impressions of Cham's work, twenty-five years ago; it seemed so deficient in drawing and in artistic study of nature. After a while he began to pay more attention to the bit of writing under the drawing, and then the fame of the artist became intelligible. The truth is, that Cham was never much of an artist, even as a caricaturist; he was never to be compared with caricaturists such as Leech and Du Maurier, who really draw the figure; but he was without a rival for his inexhaustible fecundity in really comic ideas, and his wit and invention were so well sustained that we have never looked at a page of his sketches without a fresh awakening to the ludicrous aspects of life. The praise due to Cham for variety of invention does not apply to the materials of his drawings, in which there is a great sameness, as he constantly repeated the same stock faces and figures, and (for an artist) was singularly unobservant of individual characteristic in mankind; his variety was in his odd laughter-stirring fancies, and it is scarcely too much to say that his gift was more literary than artistic. This is so true that we have often seen people convulsed with laughter simply on hearing a brief description of some 'Cham' which they had never seen, when the describer could repeat the *légende* accurately, the drawing being of quite secondary importance. There is no sign of decadence in the later sketches, and nobody could guess from them that the witty caricaturist was worn with disease and bowed with suffering.

'Cham' is a remarkable instance of a producer who had the sort of culture necessary to his production and very little that was superfluous. He had been educated in the usual sense of the term; but he regarded the ancient languages with dislike and mathematics with indifference, preferring English and fencing as an outlet for the mental and bodily activity not occupied in his profession. He worked very steadily at his sketches, producing them (according to the *Temps*) at the rate of three a-day. Supposing him to work five days a-week on an average, this would give about thirty thousand caricatures as his life's work. They might be as many millions for any chance the critic has of grasping the whole enormous and apparently infinite performance.

A CORRESPONDENT tells us that when he happened by accident to see Bonington's Gothic Tower in the September number of the PORTFOLIO, he at once exclaimed, 'St. Bertin's at St. Omer!' and read our note afterwards, in which we mentioned the opinion of a French correspondent. We have also to thank our English reader for kindly enclosing a sketch, taken in 1853, which quite confirms his opinion. 'The church,' he says, 'was greatly destroyed at the Revolution, and at the hotel where I stayed the walls of the public dining-room were lined with wood-carving taken from it.' Hachette's guide-book says that the remains of the abbey of St. Bertin were used in the construction of the Hotel de Ville. Several arches of the nave and of the north transept and some buttresses are all that remain of St. Bertin on the spot. The high altar of the cathedral is in great part composed of remnants from the abbey.



ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XXI.—ADOLPH SCHREYER.

Wallachian Posting.

ETCHED BY WILLIAM UNGER.

ADOLPH SCHREYER—a pioneer among painters, and in his art an explorer amid wild regions and peoples—was born at Frankfort in 1828. He commenced as a scholar in the Städel Institute, Frankfort, and afterwards further prosecuted his studies in Stuttgart, Munich, and Düsseldorf. As an animal painter he obtained absolute mastery over the horse. Some artists have chosen for their special favourites cattle, as Paul Potter, for instance; others sheep, as the Belgian Verboeckhoven and our English Cooper; and others again, dogs, as supremely Sir Edwin Landseer: but Schreyer has shown a preference for the horse as the companion, the faithful servant, and sometimes the suffering slave, of man. The horse, as depicted by him, is not highly trained, fed, or groomed, but a wild creature, flying full tear across wide wastes, with a cart or a carriage rattling at his heels. Travellers in Russia, Wallachia, and regions along the Danube, recently the seat of the Turkish war, are able to realise such perilous situations. I have myself in like districts been carried for several successive days after this fashion in an open, springless vehicle, laid with hay or straw, boasting the equivocal advantage of having been specially provided by the Russian Government as an authorised mode of posting. On reaching a station, fresh horses were caught and loosely strung together with ropes, and onwards they dashed recklessly, sometimes along a road, but often over open country, at the rate of ten miles an hour, at the risk of contusions and neck-breaking. The ancient Dacians, of whom was *The Dying Gladiator*, may have thus travelled in the times when the Romans held possession of these Danubian lands. In fact, the old Dacians, as represented on Trajan's column, correspond in physiognomy, dress, and whole appearance, to the modern Wallachs. Schreyer, in the illustration before us, depicts with a vengeance the fiery career of the fierce caravan; the speed is indicated by the cloud of dust raised in the rear.

The pictures of this adventurous painter may be said to extend our knowledge of geography. His drawings are indeed studies in ethnology, and thus they are comparable to the 'Ethnographic Album of the Austrian Empire by M. Valerio,' a painter who, like Schreyer, penetrated as a bold explorer regions which before had lain beyond the reach of art. The sagacious mind of Humboldt foresaw that the future sketching-ground of Europe would be among semi-barbarous lands and tribes, which offer to science, literature, and art, the raw material whence valuable products can be wrought. Schreyer, indeed, may be almost said to have played the part of 'our special correspondent:' he has brought from Turkey, Hungary, Bosnia, and Servia, from Syria, Egypt, and Algiers, ethnographic types, personal

incidents, picturesque costumes, and traits in physical geography, which add materially to our knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants.

Such a career secures obvious advantage to art. The old subjects had become thread-bare, Italian models in Rome had been thrown into every possible attitude, so that the public were only too thankful to be taken far afield into pastures new. And possibly just in proportion as civilisation becomes more artificial does the artist find it to his profit to revert to estates of barbarism. We may have reached the point when the mind rebels against the academic, the symmetric, the architectonic, and so forth, and becomes glad, as in the free-and-easy compositions of Schreyer, to break loose into accident, unforeseen incident, or catastrophe. And it generally becomes interesting to observe how the trained artist reduces unruly and intractable elements into well-ordered art treatment.

Again, one more painter forsakes the fatherland for the French capital, and it will probably be generally admitted that Schreyer benefits by the change. He has certainly got rid of the crude colour, the ponderous handling, and the pretence to profundity of thought which too often afflict German painters. He has grown instead Parisian in a good sense. He plays pleasingly among delicate greys which lead off into atmospheric distances, and his skies, the reverse of cast-iron, move with wind and melt into rain. It has been objected that Schreyer is careless of form, that he becomes sketchy and slight. The charge is one to which almost every successful artist occasionally lays himself open, and it is to be borne in mind that nothing gives better proof of skill and knowledge than the power of gaining the desired effect with little effort. Schreyer may have his limits and shortcomings, but he is sufficiently wise to conceal them. The etching here offered is felicitous. Herr Unger, in common with the painter he translates, can forget that he is German—his touch becomes playful, the tone is delicate, the effect transparent and lucent.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

ART LIFE IN BELGIUM.

I PRESUME it will be allowed that the best school of oil-painting for *genre* subjects is the French. They certainly turn out superior draughtsmen to any other. For colour, however, I think the palm must be given to Belgium. For transparency of shadow, and richness and mellowness of tone, the Belgian school is unrivalled. Then, again, the wood-carving in Belgium is wondrously beautiful. The freedom and grace of the groups in the cathedrals and churches, especially in the pulpit-carvings, are beyond all praise, especially when the difficulty of the material, and its unyielding nature, with its total absence of plasticity, is taken into consideration; yet graceful flowing draperies, full-length figures, birds, animals, and delicate flowers, are seen carved in the highest relief, and with an apparent absence of effort and freedom of outline which is quite enchanting. It is the land of carving! Every church, if only for its confessional-boxes, is worth a visit; the pictures, again, in the churches are often of priceless value; as in St. Jacques, for instance, at Antwerp, where every chapel contains some masterpiece—now a Guido, now a Rubens or a Vandyke, in rich profusion. These, again, intermixed with beautiful marbles, or, as at Bruges, alternated with splendid tapestry. *'Ars longa, Vita brevis est,'* might well be the Belgian motto.

To the picturesque city of Antwerp I came some years since as an art-student. I had been painting from nature in oils in a desultory manner for some years, and report had induced me to resort to the renowned school at Antwerp, with a view to taking up that delightful study in a more thorough and satisfactory manner. My only regret now is that my stay was so short, circumstances over which I had no control preventing me from completing the proper school course. I am convinced that any pupil with natural talent for the art cannot avoid

making progress in this school, if he is only commonly attentive and persevering. He must make up his mind, however, to conform to the rules and hours in a serious, business-like manner, for there is no trifling with study here: it is downright work. If he saunters in at ten in the morning, for instance, instead of nine, he will find the doors of the Academy closed against him; nor can he absent himself from the lectures or evening classes without valid reason. The janitors have an eye to all these derelictions, and as the course of instruction is absolutely free, so the conditions are absolute upon which he is allowed the privilege of attending. There is a night-school, to which pupils are admitted who are occupied in other ways during the day, and this is taken advantage of by mechanics following the decorative arts, and others whose business may derive increased value from a study of art. This is quite an elementary class. The day-students are those who intend to make painting their profession and means of livelihood. Many of these students seemed to me to have little aptitude for it, but art is so extensively followed in Belgium, and so highly considered, that the number of aspirants for fame is very considerable. I cannot fancy that half the students who attended the classes, as far as my experience enabled me to judge, could ever get beyond mediocrity. In the profession of the arts the prizes are few and far between, and I am afraid that a bare subsistence must be the lot of the main body. It always gave me a saddened feeling as I observed the dense mass of students, so many of whom were poorly clad and evidently indifferently off, flocking to the Academy day after day, many of them persevering, as was apparent from their performances, with little chance of succeeding in what is seldom a paying profession even to the talented. Many an indifferent artist would have made, no doubt, an excellent mechanic, and many a would-be painter might take a step farther and improve his title by adding the words 'and glazier' to the advantage of his pocket.

In following the curriculum of study at the Musée, having had some experience in drawing, I escaped the rudimentary classes, and was set to work in company with a fellow-student, a young American, in Mons. Buffau's private room, a privilege accorded to occasional students who came recommended. Here we had to copy figure-drawings from the antique, in outline. When perfected in this, which was only a matter of a few days, as we were comparatively *au fait*, we were moved into the next class, which was employed in freehand drawing from casts and busts of life-size from the antique. These were outlined first with charcoal (*fusain*), until the drawing was perfectly proportioned and correct, this being a *sine quâ non* before proceeding further. The subject was then gradually shaded and worked up as far as the student could carry it, until, indeed, it had all the appearance of a fine engraving, if successful. When sufficiently experienced we were admitted into the night class for drawing, from the life-sized plaster cast. This was held in an amphitheatre in which rows of seats were arranged in a semicircle round a raised platform. Upon this platform the subject for study, the *Dying Gladiator*, the *Apollo*, *Venus of Milo*, *Laocoon*, or whatever it might be, which was selected, was placed and exposed to a strong gas-light, which threw the figure into high relief. Each student was supplied with a large drawing-board, and commenced by outlining his subject in charcoal, in the position in which it was presented to him. The different points of the semicircle, of course, presenting so many different foreshortenings of the same figure, so that each student got an entirely different view. During this time Mons. Buffau was continually passing round the theatre, inspecting the drawings as they advanced into their different shapes, from outline to finish; correcting the outlines where he found them out of drawing, explaining the anatomical points occurring in the extension of the limbs or the principle and properties of light and shade, which, when properly manipulated, gave the effect of positive colour to the eye. And here I must say, in justice to Mons. Buffau, most beautiful work was turned out. One of the cleverest draughtsmen in the class was a young American; his drawings from the statue, as well as that of some others, were quite equal in effect to the finest engraving. These crayon drawings could be 'set,' when required, by steaming; but the process was rather

difficult. Otherwise they were very transitory, and would not bear rubbing. When considered sufficiently advanced in this class the student was at last admitted to the *Ultima Thule* of his ambition, the oil-painting figure-class. This was held in a large room lighted from above, whose walls were hung round with the studies from life-subjects which had won prizes in former yearly competitions, thereby entitling the successful student to a residence in the Musée, where a room, with gas and firing, was allowed him gratuitously, with the advantage of the instruction and support of the professors, and a certain standing in the profession which was, doubtless, of great advantage to him in his after career. In this class living models were always provided. These were usually painted three-quarter size. The master of this class was the celebrated Van Lerijs, since dead. The first thing he generally did when he encountered a new pupil was to tell him to throw away his palette, and get one twice the size, so as to hold plenty of colour. 'Do you call this a palette?' he would say, taking an ordinary-sized palette out of the hands of the astonished pupil. His system was to heap on the colour, especially in the high lights. It was literally laid on with a trowel. I have seen a student holding up an empty tube in triumph, as if it were an evidence of high skill, and declaring that he had emptied it at one sitting upon his palette. Whatever might have been the merits of this thick impasto system, his pupils certainly produced very satisfactory work; and many of them have achieved a very high position, as Van Cuick, Verlat, and others testify.

These Belgian students were full of fun and frolic. Like all other Catholic countries Belgium possesses the two extremes—uncompromising bigotry and absolute infidelity. The students who belonged to the Bohemian class largely partook of the latter. The favourite amusement of these young fellows was to mimic the priests. All sorts of burlesque chants and discourses were carried on during the working hours. Occasionally one more clever than his companions would deliver a sermon in the most sonorous style of priestly oratory, full of the drollest allusions. This was always highly applauded, and not unfrequently, on its conclusion, the whole body of students, by way of finale, would rise from their seats and march in procession round the room to the horror of the janitor, who was always present to keep order. And thus carrying maul-sticks, palettes, or anything that came to hand, which might represent, by implication, the pyx or consecrated vessels and ecclesiastical paraphernalia exhibited in the sacred processions, round and round the room, these youngsters went trolling out some lusty Gregorian chant, and making the whole building ring with their demoniacal clamour. The janitor's face of dismay (he had been an old soldier, and his sense of discipline was outraged) on these occasions was most amusing.

I belonged to the landscape class, under Jacob Jacobs, who is principally renowned as a marine-painter, a very fine artist; but the landscape class is comparatively little attended and indifferent, figure-drawing being the strong point of the Academy. I joined the landscape class in winter, and so had no opportunity for out-door study, which is part of the curriculum of the summer session. Jacob Jacobs' theory was that, if you could be got to see colour in one thing, you could in another, and that form and colour could be studied in the trunk of a tree or in an ordinary still-life subject with equal advantage. In painting the subject, whatever it might be, the tone of the back-ground and accessories was always taken into account, his idea being that the tint of the back-ground always affected and modified the colour of the object represented, the untrained eye requiring a considerable amount of education before it could be got to see colour as it really exists. We painted all sorts of subjects, no matter what; heads of horses, calves, or sheep, brought fresh from the slaughter-house, and arranged on the platform, under a strong light, the great object being to reproduce the colour with the proper gradations of light and shade, and with careful drawing achieved as much as possible with the brush itself; the shadows to be as transparent as possible and the lights solid and full of colour. Once every week we attended an evening class, at which Professor Jacobs gave us out a subject for future illustration, in black and white, on tinted paper. These were drawn on large sheets, at our leisure at home, and produced at the next lecture, when they were

each examined in turn and commented upon, and faults in composition pointed out. A goose feather passed over the objectionable parts easily effaced the charcoal, and the professor then rapidly drew in the required alterations, explaining his reasons as he went on. I have seen him, in a few moments, turn an indifferent sketch into a beautiful, effective drawing, with a few magic touches. Some of these charcoal sketches were full of talent and suggestion. It appeared to me a most admirable exercise for stimulating the imagination and bringing out the inventive powers of the pupils.

There was a deal of roguery sometimes. One of the pupils, who certainly did not distinguish himself in the day-class, used to bring some of the most beautiful sketches with him at the night composition class; and astonished everybody, until it was found out, luckily just before the annual competition commenced, at the close of the session, that a friend of his, who had been one of the successful prize competitors in past times, used to design these clever productions, which he had passed off for his own.

The sheets of paper upon which I drew some of these compositions were so large that I used to pin them up against the wall of my sitting-room at home before commencing to work upon them. This got one into a very bold, free way of drawing—and I recommend it to all students as most improving—and, as it was drawn without any maul-stick or support to the wrist, it gave great power and freedom of execution. The figure-class was set to compose figure-subjects, in the same manner, from descriptions in the evenings; and it was the duty of President, De Kaiser, to correct these, and give instructions in composition.

Coming into the landscape class one morning, I was delighted to see a shaggy wolf-like dog, which had been brought in from the streets, tied up in a corner of the studio. I had often noticed these picturesque animals harnessed to the milk-carts about the streets of Antwerp, and, indeed, often drawing some great hulking lout of a Flemish boor, who was out of all proportion to the vehicle; for this is allowed, and is a common sight, in Belgium. It was a capital subject to paint; and I went out to lunch in high anticipation of the pleasure to be derived from painting it. To my disgust, on returning, I found that the students, finding the poor dog restless, had coolly strangled it, and arranged its unfortunate carcass in a manner as nearly resembling life as possible on the platform, and were hard at work drawing it. They seemed amused at my indignant remonstrance, and said, 'What did it matter? It was only a dog!' I am afraid that Martin's Act is sorely needed in this part of the world. Our Professor (Jacobs), when he saw a good subject for study such as this arranged to paint, used to rub his hands, and say, 'I wish I was going to do that! How I envy you!' This is the true artistic spirit. Objects thrown into strong light and shade are always interesting to draw. Their interest is very much heightened where the local colour is fine. I regretted very much when circumstances obliged me to leave the school. I felt that I was on the right track, and was making rapid progress. '*Mais l'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*' I was fast becoming enthusiastic; and another year would, I believe, have determined my career in the direction of the Fine Arts. But it was not to be. Nevertheless, I have never ceased to look back upon my sojourn in Antwerp with regret.

Jacobs often took us into the splendid gallery of pictures attached to the Musée, where the art-treasures of the majestic Rubens, the stately Vandyke, and other Old Masters, were so richly represented, when he wished to illustrate any particular principle in colour or composition. In this Gallery the students had the right to enter at all times, and copy pictures, if so inclined. Indeed, some of the students made money by copying these pictures on commission, for tourists who took a fancy to them. The most successful of these copyists, strange to say, was an artist born without arms. As he was one of the curiosities of Antwerp, I must describe him. Auguste Felu was a native of Antwerp. Denied the means of gaining his bread in the ordinary way, by the use of his hands, he very wisely brought his feet into play; and, strange to say, above all other trades, turned his attention to painting in oils, for which he showed some taste. When I first made his acquaintance I was passing

through Belgium on my way to the Rhine. Strolling into the Museum to see the gallery I observed a good-looking man, well dressed, sitting in a most extraordinary attitude in front of a picture, with both his legs in the air. Approaching him, to my astonishment, I observed that he grasped a palette full of colour between the great and next toe of his left foot, whilst he was painting away upon a large canvas with a brush firmly held between the toes of his right foot, this extraordinary attitude being maintained apparently with ease. I perceived that the two empty sleeves of his coat hung down loose on either side of him, and no vestige of an arm or hand was to be seen. I got into conversation with him, and found that he was very intelligent, and well educated. He spoke in the most unreserved way about his misfortune, which did not seem to affect him in the least. Such is the wonderful compensating power of nature, which, when one organ is wanting, immediately endows another with the power of supplying its place! He was copying the famous picture of the *Card-players*—a large composition, involving a good deal of study—and was making an exceedingly careful copy of it, rather wanting in spirit, perhaps, but the manipulation excellent. He told me he was to get fifty pounds for it. He invited me to visit his studio in the city, where he said he would show me many of his pictures. I asked him for his address, and he, seeing that I carried a note-book in my hand, asked me to give it to him, and he would write his address in it. Curious to see him write I did so. Now the pencil attached to the note-book fitted into the little leather tube made to receive it so tightly that I could with difficulty pull it out myself. Behold, however, in the twinkling of an eye, this extraordinary man had seized it between those wonderful toes, as in a pair of pincers, and had drawn it out without the slightest effort. All I can say is, that he wrote his name and address in a much better hand than I can boast of, and returned me my note-book with the pencil once more inserted, in less time than I could have done it myself. There was another copyist, a constant attendant of the Gallery, an American, of the name of Copeland, who executed the most faithful and beautiful copies of the Old Masters' pictures; so faithful, indeed, that one could almost mistake them for the originals. Yet, strange to say, he scarcely ever succeeded in selling one of them, whilst—such is the irony of fate!—his rival, Auguste Felu, without a tithe of his talents, had always got, not his hands, but his feet full of commissions. There was no comparison in merit between the two copyists, yet few Americans visited the Gallery without carrying away with them a specimen of Felu's painting. I fancy that the curiosity of possessing a picture accomplished in this exceptional manner must have been the incentive. The last time I saw Felu he was hard at work making a copy of the celebrated Rubens family in the church of St. Jacques for one of his American patrons, which he was to be paid a hundred pounds for executing; and he told me that since I last saw him, if he had painted the *Card-players* once he had at least a hundred times, for different people! All this time poor Copeland was eating his head off, so to say, in the stable, doing positively nothing! I was informed that Felu had become quite a rich man, and was possessed of property in Antwerp, the result of his labours. People said that the most extraordinary sight was to behold Felu at the café carrying his coffee-cup to his mouth with his right foot, or taking his hat off in the same manner, to salute some passing acquaintance. This he did, they say, with the greatest ease. The immortal Miss Biffin, after this, must, I think, retire altogether into the shade.

Another privilege which the student enjoyed was a free admission to the zoological collection in the gardens near the station at Antwerp. Here they were allowed to draw the animals from life, if they thought proper, every facility being allowed them. They are more liberal and enlightened, in these respects, in foreign countries than with ourselves. I remember at Brussels the Society of Artists was provided by Government with a room and gas free of cost, for the purpose of painting from living models at night; and a most interesting class it was—very fine effects of colour being thus suggested. The artists had accumulated a property wardrobe of their own, and paid the models. It required practice to allow for the alteration of tone produced by the artificial light; but after a little while the eye came almost

instinctively to make the required allowance in the strength of tone and tint, and the studies acquired in this way were afterwards turned to valuable account, especially by the painter of *genre* and figure subjects. All these incentives to exertion are a step in the right direction. It is no wonder that we can hardly be said to possess a national school of painting in England when Government lends so little assistance to develop it.

THOMAS JOHN LUCAS.

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

XII.—ALBERT DÜRER.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

IT was one of Dürer's habits to sign his works conspicuously, and he often added a date to the signature, not less legible than his initials. In the subject before us the letters are plain enough, but the date, unluckily, is absent. 'All the critics,' says Mr. W. B. Scott, are agreed that this was one of Dürer's early works, before 1500. The artist was born in 1471 (to be precise, on the day of St. Prudentius, the Friday in Holy Week, at six o'clock), so that he would be twenty-nine years old at the most when this plate was executed. The *Melencolia*, which we published last month, is dated 1514, and in the interval Dürer had greatly advanced in manual skill as an engraver; but though the face of the woman in the *Melencolia* has great depth of expression the Prodigal in this early plate is at least equal to it in this respect. This, indeed, is the one conspicuous quality of the composition. It requires a little effort in us to get rid of our modern sense of Dürer's quaintness and awkwardness; but when we are sufficiently liberated from this we should be singularly unfitted to appreciate what is best and deepest in the labours of a great artist if we did not see the profound pathos in the Prodigal's face and attitude. I know that it is a queer figure, just the sort of figure to excite shallow laughter and offer a target for an easy jest; but did you ever see a stronger illustration of the *De Profundis*? 'Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.' Look at the clasped hands, ugly as they are and hardened with coarse labour; there is more of real earnest prayer in them than in the most elegant joining together of beautiful jewelled fingers in the pictures of the regular religious painters! See how the eye gazes up wistfully into the clear, immeasurable heaven! A small eye, the pictorial effect of it greatly hindered by injudiciously-placed intrusive detail round about it, and yet so expressive that it takes our attention like a star alone in a great space of sky. What a tremendous strength of moral contrast there is in the whole conception as Dürer has worked it out! Remember, the idea of making the Prodigal pray amongst the swine is Dürer's own. The narrative in Luke does not mention it, only mentions his resolution to go back to his father:—

'And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

'And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

'And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee,

'And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.'

Dürer amplifies this in two ways. First, he makes the Prodigal pray, and so gets a strong moral contrast between him and the swine, low creatures incapable of repentance or

aspiration ; and next, instead of representing the Prodigal in the fields where he was 'sent to feed swine,' he shows him in a farmyard in some village, to get picturesque buildings. Of course, he does not trouble himself in the least about Orientalism, but gives us frankly the steep German roofs, of the kind to be met with only in lands where there are heavy snows in winter, and there is even a tall chapel or church to the right of the composition. This is, in fact, a very interesting study of a German farmyard in the fifteenth century.

Nothing can exceed the extreme *naïveté* and want of art in the arrangement of material, which is all drawn as if it were on the same plane and without consideration of its effect upon the principal figure. The best instance of this is in the building immediately over the Prodigal's head, which comes forward as much as the face itself, whilst the oblong bit of front under the eaves makes a rival light to the light of the face, and the shade under the projection makes a rival shade to that of the hair. Observe, too, how awkwardly the end of the thick staff comes up just behind the Prodigal's head. Again, the shaded part of the ground and dunghill, going up to the pair of wheels, is unfortunate from its too great similarity in tone and treatment to the pig behind the Prodigal's body, and see how unluckily the ox is cut in two, so as to exhibit his hind-quarters only, and how obviously the wheels and the cock are put merely to fill vacant spaces, without relation to anything else. There is some odd perspective. The two little pigs and the shallow round tub are not at all in the same perspective as the trough and the large pigs—they are a separate composition.

English readers will probably think the pigs too much like wild boars, because in England, by the care and artifice of breeders, the pig has deviated so far from his savage ancestor. On the Continent, however, you may still meet with breeds of domestic porkers which bear a considerable resemblance to those of Dürer, and it is highly probable that in Dürer's own day, before agricultural shows were thought of and before the breeding of animals had become a science, the pig retained still more of the savage characteristics. These swine of Dürer are engraved with remarkable vivacity and truth. The artist has evidently found especial enjoyment (of a kind which only practical draughtsmen can understand) in following out the complicated curvature of the snouts. There is also a very close observation of nature both in the old swine and the young ones—I mean as to manners and behaviour.

P. G. H.

NOTES ON AESTHETICS.

V.

13. *That Perception varies with Idiosyncrasy.*—In everything connected with the fine arts, whether in execution or in the mere seeing of nature, idiosyncrasy tells with far greater force than in many other human occupations.* I had nearly written, than in any other human occupation, but hesitated, because, whenever I have made inquiry, I have generally discovered that idiosyncrasy was of importance, and easily detected by adepts, even in labours where one would least expect to find it. There is, however, this essential difference, that ordinary occupations rarely encourage its development; whilst artistic occupations encourage it considerably in modern times, and it makes its way in the fine arts, even when not encouraged. The mechanic arts repress idiosyncrasy except in the case of inventors, who find a relief for it in their inventions. Social usage has also a very strong

* For the benefit of readers who do not know Greek, I will copy the definition and etymology of idiosyncrasy from Webster's Dictionary :—'Idiosyncrasy, *n.* [*Fr.*, idiosyncrasie and idiosyncrase, *Ital. and Sp.*, idiosincrasia, *Gr.*, ἰδιοσυγκρασία, from ἴδιος, proper, peculiar, and σύγκρασις, a mixing together, from συγκρατύνειν, to mix together, from σύν, with, and κρᾶνναι, to mix.] A peculiarity of constitution and susceptibility; characteristic belonging to and distinguishing an individual; idioscrasy.

'The individual mind takes its tone from the idiosyncrasies of the body.—*I. Taylor.*'



tendency to its suppression, or at least, as that is not possible, to suppress its outward manifestation in costume, opinion, or manners.

The action of idiosyncrasy upon the fine arts may be understood by the conditions of its suppression. To get rid of it, we have to adopt habits of production so nearly resembling those of simple manufacture, that what we moderns understand by fine art is very nearly eliminated. For example, cheap oil pictures in which idiosyncrasy can scarcely be detected at all, are sold by auction very extensively in the provincial towns of France; but they are produced by a process which is more than half mechanical. Blocks are used for printing in oil-colours upon canvas, and the colour so laid is brushed upon by different workmen in the different stages of the same picture. The result is that a bad landscape or figure picture, giving complete satisfaction to an entirely uneducated taste, can be sold at a price varying from twenty-five to a hundred francs, without extra charge for its frame. In this case there is but one outlet for idiosyncrasy, yet there is one—the touch of the brush in the wet paint; and it is just this which elevates the work a little above the dead level of perfectly mechanical production. Unfortunately, from an art-critic's point of view, the advantage of this is in a great measure neutralised by the combination of several individualities in the same picture, as the sky is touched upon by one man, the trees by another, the water by a third, &c.

Idiosyncrasy may be repressed almost entirely, even in paintings executed from beginning to end by one man, when the artist is under the strict control of a tradition, and bound to do his work in a certain set fashion, to depart from which is to commit an offence against established usage, and in some cases even against religion. The common Russian saint-pictures are, I believe, of this class. The workman labours under fixed rules which he is never permitted to violate, and soon acquires settled habits of manufacture in strict obedience to these rules. It is probable, however, that idiosyncrasy might be detected even here by a close observer personally acquainted with the workmen. It can be detected by experts even in such things as the sending of a telegraphic despatch along the wires, or the setting of type for a book, or the engraving of a visiting-card. I have heard a joiner say after examining a box which he was supposed to have made, 'No, I did not make that box; the workmanship is good, but the man who made it has not my particular way of dealing with the materials.'

In the fine arts we owe to idiosyncrasy that charm of infinite variety which so vastly increases the interest of our exhibitions. This variety has been greater in England than elsewhere, because our artists have been less moulded by a common system of authoritative education than the artists of the Continent, and also because Englishmen have a natural turn for the development of individual peculiarities. The difficulty is to get education (without which it is impossible to avoid loss of time), and yet preserve what is really valuable in idiosyncrasy. It is encouraging to think that the difficulty has often been overcome. Many writers and artists of the present day, and in past ages, are and have been at the same time highly educated and original. Amongst poets it would be difficult to mention one in whom idiosyncrasy was visibly stronger than it is in Robert Browning, yet his education has been much above the average. Amongst painters not one has been more decidedly himself than Rubens, the most highly educated of artists. But though education will not affect a powerful idiosyncrasy unfavourably, it may crush a weaker one. I have known several curious instances of the degree to which this evil influence may be carried, and of these the following is one of the most remarkable.

A painter (not an Englishman), who was young thirty years ago, was happily gifted by Nature in various ways. He had a very keen and active intelligence, a lively sense of the ludicrous, a habit of close observation of what passed before his eyes, the talent of a mimic, and the cutting severity of a satirist of life and manners. Had he been able to put himself effectually into his art, he would have done work, I do not say like Hogarth, but bearing

much the same relation to the humanity which surrounded him. Unluckily, however, he fell from the beginning under the influence of a clique of artists, led by a famous painter, who inculcated the utmost contempt for the representation of ordinary life, and for the rendering of expression. He therefore applied himself, with his whole strength and energy, to what he was taught to consider a higher form of art, the laborious rendering of naked flesh in a strictly classical manner. After years of labour in this direction he had come to consider that the thigh of an Academy model was of far greater consequence in the universe than the face of a man of genius, so he painted thighs year after year, and omitted everything which might indicate the presence of an intelligence or a soul. Meanwhile, his own intelligence, not being allowed to exercise itself in his art, found an outlet in conversation, a double misfortune, for people did not like the pictures and would not buy them, but they liked the man because he amused them, and they wasted his time by keeping him constantly in society. Here is a case in which the idiosyncrasy of the man was dislodged from his art by teaching, and, as it could not be destroyed, was transferred to social intercourse. This was exactly what ought *not* to have happened.

Idiosyncrasy may be observed conveniently in the work of students as they draw together from the same model. The natural subject contains an immensity of different qualities confounded together. From these, idiosyncrasy makes its own selection, taking some and neglecting others. In a line which is very nearly straight, but not quite, one man will see the approach to straightness, another the deviation. In a play of warm and cool tones, one man will see the warm tones more, and another the cool ones. To one man projection is the most obvious characteristic of form, to another, outline. In some instances the most careful training will not remove a congenital peculiarity of vision. For example, most artists have a tendency, when they draw what they think is a perpendicular line, to make it lean one way or other, either as we wrote, or the contrary, which proves that the habit of writing has nothing to do with it. In careful drawing, an artist minds to correct this; but in very rapid sketching, he cannot stop to think about perpendiculars, and then we see the effect of his idiosyncrasy.

It would be as well if critics would remember, what they constantly forget, that they, too, as well as artists, have idiosyncrasies. They see some qualities, and are blind to others, just like the most impulsive and impressionable artists. They apply the criterion of their own personal taste to the general art production of the world, entirely omitting to consider the effect of what astronomers call the 'personal equation,' though in matters of taste it is always influential, whilst it is even strong enough to affect our perception of measurable and positively ascertainable facts. This is seen very clearly in international criticisms. An English writer said last month that the French had no irony (they are the most ironical beings in Europe, even to the point of often becoming tiresome with their irony), and another said a little later that they had no humour, as if there were any people in the world whose conversation was more frequently enlivened with humorous sallies of all kinds. A French critic said that England had no caricaturists: he understood our language, but the pages of 'Punch' left him perfectly grave, whilst he would laugh till he lost his breath over the last witticism of 'Cham.' One English critic said that French caricaturists were all coarse and monstrous in their conceptions, and addressed themselves to a public destitute of a delicate sense of what was really ludicrous. Here we see the effects of national idiosyncrasy, as in the case of Sydney Smith, when he said that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head, there being two idiosyncrasies in this instance, that of some Scotchman who had failed to appreciate Sydney Smith's wit, and that of the unappreciated jester himself.

A great deal more might be said about the effects of idiosyncrasy in the fine arts, but we have reserved the liberty of recurring to different parts of our subject in these desultory notes, and so leave this for the present with the remark, that whatever may be the differences of idiosyncrasy amongst artists and real critics, they all resemble each other in this, that they have an artistic idiosyncrasy of some kind; whereas there are many persons, highly intelligent

in other matters, who do not appear to have it in their constitutions at all. This is one of those mysteries in our nature which cannot be scientifically explained. It is not a question of superiority or inferiority of intellectual power. I have seen men distinguished in literature, men of an intellectual rank—very far, indeed, above the average—who went into a house where they had never been before, and yet, although the walls were covered with works of art, they paid no more attention to them than if they had been blank panels. I once stayed several days in a house with a distinguished author, a keen and intelligent observer of mankind, who lived amongst the most cultivated people in Europe, and after having watched him carefully from the time he entered the house to the time he went away I am certain that he saw nothing upon the walls of that house except the books in the library. I mean that, when he went away, he must have been quite unable to tell whether the works of art were oil-paintings, or water-colours, or engravings. There is a rule in some silly French etiquette-books, that when you go to another person's house you ought never to look at the works of art. How easy it is for some people to obey that beautiful rule!—how difficult for others! Let us hope that we may be amongst the ill-mannered people who incur the censure of etiquette-books.

P. G. HAMERTON.

PAINTERS' ETCHINGS.

II.—J. W. INCHBOLD.—*In Westminster Abbey.*

THIS is a poetical rendering of the altar, tomb, and chantry of King Henry the Fifth as seen from the chapel of Edward the Confessor. Many of our readers will remember that the head of the King's effigy on his tomb was once of solid silver, and that the body was plated with the same metal, but the silver was all stolen away at the Reformation. It is fortunate that the zeal of the thieves permitted them to leave the helmet, shield, and saddle of the King, which, to quote Murray's 'Guide,' 'are still to be seen on a bar above the turrets of the chantry.'

Yes; there behind that dark grating, in the silent mansion of the dead, sleeps that 'star of England,' as Shakespeare called him, that pitiless, terrible conqueror, who beleaguered Rouen as with a wall of iron, who said that War had three handmaidens, Fire, Blood, and Famine, and that he employed the meekest of the three, to whom the old 'Chronicle Historie' attributed the saying, 'War is God's Beadel: War is God's vengeance;' imitated in the modern 'Carnage is God's daughter.' Long before the days of Bismarck and Von Moltke here was a sovereign who perfectly understood the 'blood-and-iron' policy, whose archers at Agincourt produced results as effectual as the needle-guns at Sadowa, and who could overrun 'the world's best garden' with a soldiery as unwelcome and as irresistible as those who conquered at Gravelotte and Sedan. And whilst his invasion of France was as brilliant as that of the modern Prussians, it was infinitely more audacious, he being relatively weaker and less prepared; yet the result was more astonishing, for whilst Emperor William got only a province, Henry the Fifth conquered France itself,—

'And of it left his son imperial lord.'

Our readers may remember that an etching by M. Gaucherel, from a drawing taken in Westminster Abbey by Mr. Inchbold, appeared in the *PORTFOLIO* for November 1876. It was accompanied by a sonnet entitled 'The Abbey,' which was printed in a little collection of sonnets by the same author, entitled '*Annus Amoris*,' and published by Henry S. King & Co. Many of these sonnets are beautiful, and all of them are well finished and show a delicate

taste in the use of language. Here are two of them in which the reader will find the note of melancholy tempered by cheerfulness and hope, which is perhaps the state of feeling most favourable to poetic inspiration, and especially to the sonnet:—

LOVE'S LIGHT.

'The sea is all unknown and dark to me,
Great blackness rests on rock and tree and field,
The sky above I only know to be,—
Both far and near, with heavy cloud for shield,
My heaven is vanquished by this dreary night,
And all along the coast and on the land,
This wretched time has spread its fearful blight,
That we should be o'erpowered on every hand,
Did not some kindly gleam in pity come;—
Perhaps some blazing lamp upon the coast,
To tell the mariner of nearing home
When with the ocean's direful fury toss'd:
Thy face all want supplies by night and day,
In sunshine sweet,—in storm hope's tender ray.'

LOVE'S AUTUMN BUDS.

'Although the yellow leaves are on the tree,
And summer's ruins thickly strew the ground,
And no bright flowers are in the sea-girt lea,
And birds have almost ceased their music's round:
Though all along the land, across the sea,
And o'er the sky, the stealthy grey mists creep,
Though many months have sever'd thee from me,
Yet still is memory too bright to weep.
For near the autumn leaves buds long to bloom,
And summer comes again with lengthening days,
And hope on earth has never built a tomb,
But shines with brightness yet of gentle rays:
So Love itself can never pass away
But has clear dawn or cloudy every day.'

ART CHRONICLE.

VISITORS to the Elgin Room of the British Museum will see that a number of additions have lately been made to the frieze of the Parthenon. In one case it is a piece of sculptured marble, which, though it has been lying in the room ever since Lord Elgin's time, has not till now found its true place in the slabs. There can be no question of its fitting, for the break in the marble retains its original surface. The other additions consist of plaster casts from fragments found in the Acropolis since Lord Elgin's time; and the adjustment of these to the slabs in the Museum is often of the greatest interest; restoring heads which had been wanting, and otherwise completing figures. Some time ago one or two heads were fitted in the same way to metopes of the Parthenon in the Museum, and may still be easily recognised by the difference of colour between them and the marble.

It would be very interesting if the few specimens of archaic Greek sculpture from Ephesus, exhibited in the British Museum, and described as coming from the original temple of Diana, could be absolutely proved to have been part of the decorative sculpture of that building, which all the world knows was burnt on the night when Alexander the Great was born. They were, it seems, found under the pavement of the new temple built in his time, and it cannot be denied that they have been subjected to fire. At the same time, this does not altogether prove that they may not have belonged to some work of sculpture independent of the temple itself, and, in fact, not nearly so old as it. This, of course, is raising objections for the sake of objections; and perhaps, on the whole, it may be best to accept the sculptures in question as coming from the original temple which Herostatus set fire to. The fire must have completely ruined the temple, but it is not easy to understand how it could have got hold of

a building where there could have been so little wood or other inflammable material as in a Greek temple, where wood is unnecessary except in the beams of the roof and probably an occasional stair.

A TOMBSTONE at Athens, known as the stele of Lysias from the inscription incised on it, has, ever since it was found, been of the greatest interest on account of the form of the letters, which it has generally been agreed belong to the sixth century B.C. But lately it has assumed quite a different interest, thanks to a judicious process of cleaning, which has revealed a full-length portrait of Lysias, painted on the white marble with extraordinary delicacy of drawing. The colour is a reddish brown, with accessories in a bluish black. On the plinth of the stele is painted a youth riding a racehorse. These paintings have been published in the original colours by the German Institute at Athens. Lysias stands in profile, with the pointed beard and the severe expression characteristic of Greek art in the sixth century B.C. He wears a long mantle reaching to the feet, and holds in one hand the drinking-cup of Dionysos; in the other hand he holds a branch; and from these two emblems it is concluded that he is here represented in the capacity of a priest of Dionysos. It is thought now that others of the Athenian tombstones, hitherto supposed to be plain, will, if cleaned, turn out to have been, like this one, painted with a memorial design.

ADMIRERS of Turner will rejoice to hear that the collection of his water-colours belonging to the National Gallery has at last been made accessible to the public in a set of rooms on the ground-floor of that Institution. The light is naturally not everything that could be desired, but, under all the circumstances, they must be hard to please who would complain. For a large



collection, there must be much that has no special interest except as a souvenir of the artist. Some sketches have too little in them to be noticeable on their own account, whilst others exhibit only the beginning of a work, and that not of any great effect. As a rule, Turner is best known, so far as his water-colours are concerned, by his boldly-conceived and magnificently-coloured scenes of bright light in Venice or light or storm in Switzerland. Amongst the Swiss subjects exhibited at the National Gallery will be especially remembered the *Lucerne* and *Goldau*, executed for Mr. Ruskin in 1842 and 1843, and the *Righi* from *Lucerne*. Among the Venices, the *Canal of the Giudecca*, and the *Grand Canal with the Church of the Salute*, are probably the best known. We may mention *Kirkstall Abbey* for its elaborate and exquisite finish of detail. This exhibition is not yet provided with a catalogue.

DR. SCHLEIMANN'S diggings on the site of what he calls Troy (Hissarlik), during 1878 and the present year, have not been very productive; but they have enabled him to add another case of gold and silver objects to his collection now on loan at South Kensington. The gold-work is peculiarly rude, though no doubt effective as ornaments: the process of ornamentation is to make the designs by means of fine gold wire (filagree) soldered on a flat surface. The designs are always geometric, and generally consist of spiral forms such as occur in the primitive goldsmiths' work of most nations. Very rich in effect of this kind is a bracelet covered with spiral patterns. With this process of filagree is combined also in a less degree the granulation so common in Etruscan and in modern Indian jewellery. There is a little of it on a pair of saddle-shaped ear-rings, which it may be noticed also was a favourite form among the Etruscans. From each of these ear-rings depend five minute chains, to which are attached numerous very thin and fine ivory leaves.

PAUL FALCONER POOLE, R.A., died on the 22nd of September at Hampstead, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was born at Bristol, 1806, and first exhibited at the Academy in 1830. Among his earlier works are the *Forewell*, the *Emigrant's Departure* (1838), *By the Waters of Babylon we sat down and wept*, *Margaret at the Spinning Wheel* (from 'Faust'—painted in 1842), *Solomon Eagle exhorting the people to Repentance* (1843). He entered the lists as a competitor at the Exhibition of Oil Pictures at Westminster Hall in 1847 with a large picture of *Edward the Third's Generosity to the People of Calais*, which gained a prize in the Second Class of 300*l*. Among his other leading works were the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Meeting of Oberon and Titania by Moonlight*, the *Lion in the Path*, the *Banquet Scene from the Tempest*, *Lighting the Beacon on the Coast of Cornwall at the appearance of Spanish Armada* (exhibited in 1864), the *Phantom Hunter*, a weird, poetical picture of *Solitude*, and the *Harvest Home*. He was elected Associate of the Academy in 1846, and Academician in 1861, and Member of the Institute of Painters in Water-colours in May, 1878.

VOL. X.

MÉRYON'S ETCHINGS.—The exhibition of Méryon's Etchings at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Fine Art Gallery in Chancery Lane is now open. Mr. Dowdeswell has collected over ninety examples. All are stamped with the intense personality of this most original and imaginative artist. Amongst the most interesting specimens are:—

Le Pont au Change, with the Palais de Justice on the right; there is a wooden *lavoir* and behind it rises in the distance the tower of the Pompe. In the foreground the Seine ripples. In the first state, there is *C. Méryon Imp., Rue Neuve St. Etienne du Mont*, on the right side, and the balloon *Speranza* rises up in the clouds. In the second state, there is no balloon, but a crescent moon, and big birds flying wildly about. Third state, there are fourteen small balloons, and the birds are smaller. In the fourth state, the name of the balloon is changed to *Vasco de Gama*, the birds are much smaller, and the sky altered.

Dans la Galerie de Notre Dame. Through the pointed arches ravens are flying about, suggesting solitude and sombre meditation, characteristic of Méryon's genius.

Le Stryge, at an angle of one of the towers of Notre Dame, is a horned and winged demon, his head resting on his hand, his stony eyes, with a look of contentment, surveying Paris, his grotesque face expressive of malignant satisfaction at the life and doings that night and day pass under his gaze.

La Tour de l'Horloge. The Seine low in the foreground; a barge is seen below the arch of the Pont au Change. The Palais de Justice occupies the greater part of the etching.

La Morgue. A dead body is being carried into the dead-house; a sergent-de-ville, in cocked hat, leads the way. In the background there are tall houses; in the foreground a floating wash-house. An excited crowd of people are looking on over the parapet of the quay.

The *Abside, Notre Dame*, is a wonderful piece of elaborate work, the architecture exquisitely minute, and every touch full of poetical interest.

In the *Rue Pirouette aux Halles*, 1860, there is more light and movement, with busy groups of people.

San Francisco, executed in 1855 for a firm of bankers, is a very elaborate etching.

La Pêche aux Palmes and *la Chaumière du Colon* are bright and graceful in workmanship.

La petite Pompe is an exquisite design of cordage and water-pipes springing from a small 'pompe' at the bottom, with the following lines:—

* C'en est fait
O forfait
Pauvre pompe
Sans pompe
Il faut mourir
Mais pour amoindrir
Cet arrêt inique
Par un tour bachique
Que ne pompes tu
Un Impromptu
Au lieu d'eau claire
Qu'on n'aime guère
Du vin
Bien fin.*

3 C

La Pompe, Notre Dame, consists of a tower and two wings, supported on a substructure of woodwork, at the foot of which the water flows, boats pass. In the distance are the houses on the quay, and, behind, the towers of Notre Dame. The light and shade are full of poetic suggestion; and the drawing is remarkable for precision of hand and a strong sense of construction.

Some of the etchings in this collection are painfully interesting from the weird fantasies that characterise so many of Méryon's works. In many of them we see in the clouds queer birds, beasts, and fishes. We can see the breaking out, as it were, of a vein of madness. In his etching of the *Collège Henri IV.*, or *Lycée Napoléon*, a great confusion of buildings fills the entire print. In the second state a steamer is introduced up in the sky; and in the fourth state allegorical figures, reminding one of Blake's peculiar compositions. Méryon's pathetic love of the old city of Paris, before it was demolished to make way for the new Paris, developed in his draughtsmanship a mastery of architecture, in order to be able to perpetuate by his art the old historical city which he represented with feeling, power and accuracy. It is sad to think that this patient, intense labour, this exquisite perception of the life underlying material things, should have passed away with so little adequate recognition in the lifetime of Méryon, who suffered so acutely from disappointment at the neglect of his contemporaries that he ended his days in the asylum for the mad at Charenton. His brooding melancholy and morbid sense of solitude are visible in most of his etchings.

At the time of our visit the exhibition was not yet opened to the public, nor was the catalogue prepared. The etchings of Méryon certainly are a revelation of the wonderful resources of this art when wielded by a master hand.

(*Note by the Editor.*)—I have left our contributor's remarks on the subject of the neglect of Méryon during his lifetime, but desire to offer a few remarks on the subject, which may mitigate the public regret, though they cannot entirely remove it.

Méryon was warmly appreciated whilst still living by a few competent judges, but he was a very difficult person to help or console efficaciously, on account of his morbidly suspicious nature, which made him a strange being even before he arrived at the stage of recognised insanity. It is said that he left the naval service on account of the state of his health, and it is probable that neither mind nor body was in a really healthy state when he began his artistic career. My own conscience is perfectly at ease so far as Méryon is concerned. Long before he went to the asylum I tried to see him, and be of use to him, but was earnestly dissuaded by those who knew him best, on the ground that the only result would be to excite his suspicions. Mr. Haden called upon him with exactly that effect. The simple truth appears to be, that Méryon had only one real misfortune, the state of his health. If his health had been better, and lasted longer, he would have tided over the time of his poverty, during which he would have been consoled by the appreciation of a few, such as M. Burty, Mr. Haden, and others; and long before the present date he would have been

earning a very comfortable income. It is said that he was prevented from painting by colour-blindness.

The Ipswich Fine Art Society is erecting two exhibition rooms at a cost of 1200*l.* The object of this Society is to promote the practice of Art by its members, presumably amateurs, who make month by month drawings or paintings of some given subject, the whole collection being exhibited once a year, and at the close of the exhibition the works are sold for the benefit of some local charity. In these exhibitions the pictures of Suffolk artists are also included. When the new rooms are finished loan collections of works of art will be exhibited from time to time.

SOMETHING approaching to a small literature is gathering round Turner's *Liber Studiorum*. Three publications connected with it have reached us during the last few months. Mr. Charles Eliot Norton has brought out photographic reproductions of thirty-three etchings (not mezzotinted) at Cambridge, U.S. In a short preface he says, with truth, that the refinements of light and shade in the mezzotints cannot be satisfactorily reproduced, but affirms that the etching can be reproduced in facsimile of absolute correctness with the single lack of an embossed effect in the darker portions, produced by the pressing of the damp paper into the deeply-bitten furrows of the metal. Mr. Norton goes a little too far in saying that the facsimile of line is *absolutely* correct, as there is generally something defective either by the thickening or thinning of lines, or else by accidental breaks in them, but reproductions of the better kind, such as these, are very valuable in the absence of the originals. They show the general strength and vigour of Turner's drawing, and its occasional weakness, without disguise. We have the composition too, so far as line is concerned, and this is valuable, though we cannot have the composition of light and shade.

The most important publication on the *Liber Studiorum*, which has hitherto appeared is the description, with catalogue, by Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, published last year by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Mr. Rawlinson explained in his preface that his book was mainly compiled in such intervals as he had been able to snatch from daily city work; but it needed no apology of this kind, being executed throughout with strict attention to everything that is needed in a work of its class. Mr. Rawlinson was at great pains to get information and put it before his readers in lucid and convenient order. It would take a long article to go into all the questions relating to the *Liber Studiorum*, which are suggested by Mr. Rawlinson's book. The following about the unpublished plates and unsold impressions is interesting:—

'The original plan had embraced a hundred plates, and only seventy of these had as yet appeared. Twenty of the remainder were in various stages of completion, some few apparently all but finished; but the work was stopped, and these twenty coppers laid aside, some to disappear entirely, and the remainder never again to see the light till over fifty years of neglect had nearly ruined them. The ten left to make up the hundred do not appear to have been carried further than the drawings. Happily, the drawings for all the Unpublished Plates still exist, and are mostly in fine condition. From them, as well as from the unfinished en-

gravings, we can see how great was their loss to the reputation of the work . . . How small had been its sale we may judge from the immense number of impressions which Turner left behind him at his death. After twenty years of litigation over his will, the Court of Chancery in 1873 sanctioned the sale at Christie's of all the prints and plates which were found amongst Turner's effects, and no less than 5000 impressions of the various plates of the *Liber Studiorum*—nearly 2000 of these being in what may be fairly described as fine, and even finest States—came to the hammer . . . At the great sale at Christie's in 1873, already alluded to a single complete set fetched 892*l.*, and the whole amount realised by the *Liber Studiorum*—that is to say, by about 5000 engravings and 700 etchings, exclusive of the eleven unpublished copper-plates—was nearly eighteen thousand pounds.*

Mr. Rawlinson has some very interesting notes (in Appendix C) on the varying styles of Turner's own etchings, or of those which are reputed to have been etched by him. Mr. Haden and Mr. Rawlinson have arrived at the conclusion that Turner did not bite his plates, but only drew them on the copper, after which he had them bitten by another hand. Mr. Rawlinson begins (in Appendix A) by producing letters from Turner to F. C. Lewis, which plainly show that he was anxious to delegate as much of the work of etching as he could, having plates prepared for him by other hands. He complains that touching up an etching is 'full as much trouble to me as making the drawing.' Again, Mr. Rawlinson has discovered on the margin of a proof from the plate of *Pembury Mill*, the following note:—

'This will do. The other plate you had better take a proof off; then put on a clear ground and let me have it to make good deficiencies. *I have not the Etching-tools, send the Box.*'

Again, on an etching of the *Lake of Thun*:—

'This will do when the dry point is taken off—put out the dry point lines—add the few lines I have put in pencil, in dry point yet rather too strong.'

All this is strong evidence that Turner had not the habits or equipment of an etcher. He gets his plates grounded for him, he has no etching tools, he gets an engraver to remove dry-point lines and add others. Again the plate of *Æsacus and Hesperie*, which everybody supposed to have been etched by Turner himself, has been found (a proof of the etching *alone*) in the engraver Say's private volumes of his own works; yet it was supposed that Say had had nothing to do with this plate. The conclusion arrived at by Mr. Haden and Mr. Rawlinson is that Turner drew upon his coppers, but had them bitten by other hands, and by different hands. It is very probable that this is the right conclusion, but at the same time we must observe that this would not account for any difference in *style*—it would only account for differences in depth of line, the manner of drawing would be just the same whether Turner bit the plate or entrusted the biting to another person. Mr. Rawlinson begins his comments on this subject by speaking of the 'very varying styles' apparent in the etchings of "*Liber Studiorum*," and then seeks an explanation in the probability that the plates were bitten by different hands. We should say that varying styles would be better accounted for by varying states of mood and culture in the mind of Turner himself, but that a considerable difference of aspect would be produced by difference of biting.

The third publication about the *Liber Studiorum* which we have to notice is a volume of 'Notes and Memoranda respecting the *Liber Studiorum* of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., written and collected by the late John Pye, landscape engraver, edited, with additional observations and an illustrative etching by John Lewis Roget.' This little book, which is published by Van Voorst, contains some interesting matter, but will be a disappointment to those who expected much more from Pye's intimate personal knowledge of the painter. Mr. Hamerton has been reproached by some critics for not giving many new facts in his 'Life of Turner,' and especially for not having revealed what was known to Mr. Pye. The publication of this volume is the best defence that Mr. Hamerton could desire. Mr. Roget has had access to all the papers left by Mr. Pye which were supposed to have any bearing on the subject of Turner's life or works; and although what they contained is told by Mr. Roget with an amount of business detail and technical detail, admissible in a collection of memoranda but not in a carefully written biography, the whole of what is really new in the volume might be compressed into a very few pages. A good deal of space is taken up with quotations from previous writers, and with criticisms, in which Mr. Roget goes out of his way to tell us what others think, or might be supposed to think, as in the following sentence:—

'Surely it would be easy to suggest various other words more expressive of the difference between the two styles, and beginning with an E.; as, for example, 'elevated,' 'early,' or 'eclectic pastoral.' Mr. Ruskin, regarding the style of Claude as antiquated, might prefer 'exploded,' or 'effete,' or perhaps 'engravers' pastoral.' In an 'elegant Pastoral' we should rather look for the artificial court fancies of poets and artists of the Watteau school; what the author of 'The Sketcher' called 'the smoking, piping, cocked hat, and flowered shepherd of French crockery.'

Mr. Roget proposes 'Epic Pastoral' as more applicable than 'Elegant,' and it appears that Turner himself left nothing but the initials E. P. Very likely Mr. Roget may be right, but it is most difficult for us to understand the precise meaning attached by Turner to such words as 'Epic' and 'Elegant.' His use of language was so far from anything like literary precision that he would be little capable of making any literary definition, or of adhering to it when made. Besides, why should *Norham Castle* be only Pastoral, whilst *Raglan Castle* is Epic Pastoral? Why should Pope's *Villa at Twickenham* be Epic, when *The East Gate, Winchester*, is Pastoral? Mr. Roget himself feels the difficulty of a rational classification, under the titles Pastoral and Epic Pastoral, which should be in accordance with the classification adopted by Turner.

'Of that (the simply pastoral) series, ten out of the fourteen are modern rustic subjects taken from everyday life at home. But rural incidents of a like nature are not excluded from the E. P. plates, they occur in the foregrounds of *Okehampton Castle*, *St. Catherine's Hill*, and *Chepstow*. Similarly, ruins of ancient buildings, although so commonly to be found among the E. P. subjects as to raise a presumption that they are an almost essential element in that class of landscape, are as conspicuous in three of the P. series also. It is in the cross infusion, in a few cases, of these two elements, that the difficulty above mentioned arises, respecting

the apportionment of a few of the plates. Why, it may be asked, are *Winchelsea, East Gate, Winchelsea, and Norham Castle*, marked P. simply, while *Okchampton, St. Catherine's Hill, and Chepstow*, are placed in the E. P. series? In all of them, cows, or sheep, or rustic figures, are in the foreground, and an abbey or a castle rises beyond. *Norham* (P.) and *Chepstow* (E. P.) afford between them a problem to which the solution is exceptionally obscure.'

Mr. Roget might have added that it is a problem not worth the trouble of solving. What Turner understood by 'P.' and 'E. P.' is of little consequence, so long as we have the works themselves.

We quite agree with Mr. Roget, in his belief, that one of Turner's principal objects was to produce good compositions, and that in the 'Liber Studiorum' there were compositions of light and shade.

'It is futile to deny that Turner, besides being, like Pye, an earnest student and observer of light itself, was guided by abstract principles of beauty in the composition of light and shade within the boundaries of his pictures. It was his thorough appreciation of the efficacy of rules, founded on these principles—principles which are implanted in our nature—that enabled him to express what he did express in a pictorial form. We may look at the plates in the "Liber Studiorum" for indications of Turner's views of life, and of human pride; his hopelessness and sadness, and his sense of humiliation and decay. We may trace in them his keen perception of the phenomena of nature, and his firm grasp of their various characteristics; the growth of wood, the hardness of stone, the swell of waves, and the evanescent forms of vapour. But the practical artist will do well to remember that they are, at the same time, a set of very careful "arrangements in brown," and to observe how much of their effect upon the mind is due to the so-called "tricks" of contrast and gradation, of balance and harmony of parts and masses, which preserve a unity in their variety, and enabled the painter to place each subject plainly and impressively before the spectator.'

The authority of the above excellent passage is greatly enhanced by the masterly work in the plate of four little subjects, after Varley and Turner, which serves as a frontispiece, and which is by Mr. Roget's own hand. It is scarcely possible to imagine better work on that limited scale, or a more intelligent reduction of larger drawings. Mr. Roget also expresses

himself clearly and forcibly with the pen, as our extracts will have sufficiently demonstrated.

LOVERS of Turner's work will be likely to hear with great satisfaction that the Autotype Company have reproduced by their excellent process twenty-two of the beautiful etchings which Turner executed for the 'Liber Studiorum.' These etchings are now of the highest rarity, a complete set being almost unattainable either by the power of love or money, so that it is no small boon for students of art to be able to possess them in these faithful copies. If photography accomplishes one thing better than another it is the accurate reproduction of the etched line. Of course there is always something lost in all mechanical reproduction, of the softness and roundness of the original; but apart from this fault, which can only be perceived by comparison with fine impressions of the originals, these autotype copies are fully as valuable for most purposes of study and enjoyment as the etchings themselves. And the value of these it is almost impossible to over-estimate, for in them we are brought, as it were, into immediate contact with the mind of the master, and may watch the process by which his vivid impressions from nature were built up into ideas. Even more clearly than in the finished prints can we follow the delicate lines and vigorous strokes by which these ideas are made manifest to us, wondering the while that so much meaning can be conveyed with such slight apparent means. The unerring knowledge of Turner is, perhaps, nowhere more distinctly seen than in these 'illustrations of landscape composition,' as he called them himself; and this it is that renders the 'Liber' so precious a heritage to all lovers of Turner's art. The twenty-two reproductions now issued are taken from very fine impressions in the collection of the Rev. Stopford Brooke; and the Autotype Company hope, through the courtesy of other possessors, to be able to complete the series which amounts, we believe, to even more than the number of the finished prints; for Turner etched a good many plates which, owing to the want of appreciation the 'Liber Studiorum' met with from the public, were never placed in the hands of the engravers.



electricity from reception after David Law

ETCHINGS FROM PICTURES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.

XXII.—DAVID LAW.

Whitby Harbour.

ETCHED BY LÉON RICHTON.

THE picture of which this etching is an interpretation was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the present year. It was described in the *Times* of June 6th as 'a very impressive twilight effect, helped by the dark sails of the herring-boats running out on the evening tide.' The painter, Mr. Law, has expressed his full approbation of M. Richeton's etching in the following words:—'He has rendered the effect admirably, especially in the treatment of the sky.' It is not precisely the kind of etching which one would show to persons not conversant with art and nature, being 'strong meat for babes;' but strange as such a piece of work must necessarily appear to the uneducated eye, it is full of serious purpose, carried out with great technical skill. Readers who understand etching will appreciate the differences of quality in the shades, by which depth and gloom are obtained without a too prevalent blackness. Observe, for instance, the differences between the dark part of the sky, the town on the shore, the sails of the boats, and, finally, the hulls of the boats, with their reflections. The effect, as conceived or remembered by the painter, carries us at once to some fishing-town on the northern coast; it matters little which, for the instinct of the artist has avoided mere topography, and the locality goes for very little in a picture which would lose hardly anything of its interest if the name of the place were forgotten.

The biography of the painter, Mr. David Law, is one of the most remarkable in the history of modern art—remarkable, especially, for the encouragement which it may afford to artists who have to divert their attention to labours outside of art during the best years of their lives, because painting is not remunerative enough to live by. Mr. Law was born in Edinburgh in 1831, and apprenticed at an early age to a landscape-engraver. During his apprenticeship he attended the classes of the Trustees' Academy, where many who have since become famous have received their art education. Mr. Law completed his apprenticeship in 1851, but perceived that the higher class of landscape-engraving was losing popular favour, so he obtained an appointment as a map-engraver in the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton.

Nothing could be more widely remote from artistic labour than this, and perhaps its very antagonism to art may have driven Mr. Law, by reaction, to a more thorough understanding of the essential nature of the fine arts. The picture etched by M. Richeton is not what we should expect from a map-engraver, but we are educated by repulsion as

well as by attraction, and this is really a product of the Ordnance Survey Office. The map-work drove Mr. Law to seek recreation in the fine arts; and as he had enough engraving to do upon the maps, he did not go back for recreation to his old art of landscape-engraving, but took to painting for its greater directness and liberty. 'I began painting,' he says, 'simply as a pastime during occasional leisure hours, getting lessons from no one, but going straight to nature.' Wonderful to relate, this pastime of painting soon became more remunerative than the profession of map-engraving, so that Mr. Law made the pleasant discovery that he could no longer afford to pursue the positive business, and that the commands of prudence were all on the side of the long-repressed artistic instinct. He therefore resigned his post in the Survey Office, after twenty years of service, and migrated to London, where he has now been established for some years as an artist, regularly exhibiting in the Royal Academy, the Dudley Gallery, and other places, chiefly in water-colour. Mr. Law is a member of the Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colour.

This little biography may be valuable as an example. The Editor of the *PORTFOLIO* not unfrequently receives letters from correspondents who wish to be artists, but who prudently hesitate before giving up some safe position to devote themselves wholly to the most hazardous of all professions. In such cases the Editor generally replies, that the proper way to effect the transition is for the applicant to make himself first a really good practical amateur in his hours of leisure, and then to try to sell his work, and not leave the safe occupation till art has become remunerative. One of the best examples to be found hitherto was that of M. Lalauze, the etcher, who made himself a skilful artist in black and white by working at night when he was a clerk in the day-time, but the case of Mr. David Law is certainly not less worthy of consideration. Twenty years of map-engraving! Who would have believed that an artist could remain faithful to his early aspiration in spite of such an interruption?

NOTES ON AESTHETICS.

VI.

14. *Effects of Idiosyncrasy (continued).*—One of the most remarkable effects of idiosyncrasy in the fine arts is in the choice of subject. There is a good instance in an old number of 'Macmillan's Magazine' (April, 1865), in which the author of 'Essays at Odd Times' gives the following account of a visit which an artist paid to him in the country:—

'Living in a country essentially destitute of the features which artists love, being flat, treeless, and agricultural, a country once characterised by a witty, worthless king, as only fit to be cut up into roads, by which its inhabitants might get away from it, I had often bemoaned myself on account of the dearth of the beautiful about me, and looked in vain for subjects for my sketch-book. I naturally expected, therefore, much sympathy from an artist, an old friend of mine, who came to spend a few days with me one summer. The morning after his arrival, however, I found him under his white umbrella, in a bit of waste ground at the back of my house, where a few straggling beeches and elms surround an old barn and some outhouses. In the midst of faggots, and hen-coops, and dust-heaps, and other rubbish which collects in such places, he had taken up his position, and had begun a large drawing in water-colour of two or three of these trees, which he said were most picturesquely grouped. And so indeed it seemed. At any rate, with trees and sky, and some felled timber lying amidst docks and mallow leaves, he produced a charming picture, full of light, and colour, and beauty.'

The writer of the Essay, from which this is an extract, was a practical amateur in art, and evidently a man of a modest disposition, so he at once attributed the artist's choice of a subject, neglected by himself, to a superiority of judgment resulting from higher culture. 'If I could not find much beauty in the homely scenes around me, it was because I had

not enough cultivated the beautiful within me.' This is modest, and it may possibly have been true, but at the same time it may be well to observe that there is another side to the question, depending, not on culture but on idiosyncrasy. Let us suppose, for example, that the author of the *Essay*, instead of being a modest amateur, had been a highly accomplished artist, with the strongest possible sense of his own learning and importance, he might still have been just as incapable of perceiving the beauty which lay around that barn and those old outhouses. It is most unlikely that Raphael would have seen anything in the place. We may be perfectly certain, though it cannot be proved, that Phidias would have seen nothing there. Titian would have enjoyed the character of the 'straggling beeches and elms,' and made a pen-sketch, but even Titian would not have cared for the light or the local colour. Rembrandt would probably have enjoyed it, and so would Ruysdael, but modern artists of strictly classical tastes, such as Ingres, would have paid no attention to it; and if their attention had been forcibly directed to such materials, they would have replied that they were 'merely picturesque,' and consequently interesting only to persons who pursued a low form of art. Even in our own generation, after all the cultivation of the sense of the picturesque which has been going on since the time of Rembrandt, there are still many artists of very high culture indeed, some of the very highest culture, to whom such a place as that described would be as uninteresting as if they were perfectly uncultivated.

Since the Fine Arts are the products of various human idiosyncrasies acting upon natural material and recasting it into new forms, the value of that natural material is altogether relative. I remember once when writing about the works of a certain English artist who is now dead, and who in his lifetime had a particular liking for the scenery of Holland—I remember writing of that artist that it was a pity he had taken a fancy to such a country. He sent me a word of reply, through a common friend, in which he maintained that Holland was an excellent country for an artist to study landscape in, and that I was quite mistaken in my estimate. No doubt he was right, people are always right in their real affections; love is not a hood but an eye-water, as Emerson says; yet to my taste many parts of Great Britain are better sketching grounds than Holland. Again, there are differences of opinion, of very long standing, about Switzerland and France. I have no painful or unpleasant associations with Switzerland; my excursions in that country are brightened, in memory, by recollections of everything that is agreeable in society, hospitality, scenery, health, and the rest; yet notwithstanding this, and a strong passion for the sublime in nature, what there is of an artist in me has never been really touched by Switzerland, as it has been by Scotland and France; nor am I alone in this experience. It is not merely that Switzerland is a difficult country to paint, we admit the difficulty, but can imagine the possibility of overcoming it; the real reason is a certain want of harmony between the feelings which Switzerland usually awakens in us and the purely artistic feelings. We see that it is a grand country, an impressive and sublime country, as well as you do, but—but we enjoy it in a way other than the artistic. I was reading a little book lately called '*Guienne*,' by Mr. Algernon Taylor, an observant description of some parts of the old Duchy of Guienne and its inhabitants; and after reading Mr. Taylor's description of the little old town of Conques in Rouergue, I knew at once, by the elective affinity, that Conques would suit me ten times better than Geneva, yet the little French town has not half the attractions of the Swiss. What constitutes this elective affinity, and how do we recognise it in ourselves? It is a relation between man's nature and the external world, and we recognise its operation by a profound internal satisfaction in certain places, as we recognise its protest by a feeling of dissatisfaction and weariness in other places. These feelings are strong in all modern poetical natures, but in landscape-painters they are developed to such a degree that their satisfaction or its opposite may really constitute happiness or misery. If all landscape-painters were agreed that the same places produced the satisfaction, then we might say that it was an affair of culture, that by cultivating ourselves up to a certain point we should become sharers in it, but it is not so. One of the

most cultivated landscape-painters I know, a man who draws and paints mountains with profound knowledge, dislikes the Highlands of Scotland, and finds his satisfaction in the French and Italian Highlands? *Why* does he dislike the Highlands of Scotland? How or why can a landscape-painter dislike such places as Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, and Loch Awe? The only answer is that somewhere in the depths of that man's idiosyncrasy, depths as inaccessible to anybody else as the centre of the earth, there are certain affinities and repulsions, and that by the mysterious operation of these he cannot do otherwise than dislike whatever is unsuitable to himself.

When we have once grasped the idea that the artistic satisfaction, in the presence of what is called 'nature,' is dependent as much upon human idiosyncrasy as upon 'nature' itself, we arrive at the farther truth that nobody can use up natural material. The natural material is in itself artistically as nothing; it only becomes something in the sensations of a human being. Even what we call light and colour and sound are only sensations. We say that we hear thunder, but we only mean that we perceive certain sensations excited in our own organism by ærial waves, set in motion by an electric discharge. Without an organized ear there may be ærial waves but there is no *sound*; without an organized eye there may be luminous rays but there cannot be what we call *light*, as that also is a sensation. What is true of these comparatively simple perceptions, is at least equally true of artistic perceptions. We speak of cheerful effects and melancholy effects in landscape, which is merely our human way of talking, due to an inveterate habit of attributing our own sensations to what is outside of ourselves. The hills and clouds are not cheerful under sunshine, nor are they melancholy in the twilight; they are simply unconscious in both, whilst the natural laws which produce these effects are there for work of far greater importance than to make a sensitive human being elated or depressed. Again, what are commonly called cheerful effects do not cheer everybody. Simple sunshine, for example, as they have it in Egypt, soon becomes most oppressive to some minds, whilst bad weather makes some people cheerful and contented. So one man is cheered by the sight of a row of brick houses, which puts another into low spirits. We never know beforehand what a man who is a stranger to us will feel in the presence of certain objects or effects; he may be so constituted as to derive a sensation from them which no human being has ever felt before; and when this is so, and the man is an artist, the result is what we call originality. Public attention has been lately very much directed in London to an artist who had this quality very decidedly—I mean the Parisian etcher, Méryon. Hundreds of artists had illustrated Paris before he did, but not one of them had ever produced anything resembling a Méryon etching; and this is not at all because Méryon etched with greater truth, it is because he had a very peculiar idiosyncrasy which made his interpretation of Paris quite different from that of any other man. As to truth, let it not be supposed for a moment that when people are paying large prices for Méryon's etchings they are giving money for veracity; they are buying what is far rarer, bits of the mind of a man of genius. If they want true views of Notre Dame and the Morgue they can get them, or what is much nearer to them, in the common photographs sold in the Rue de Rivoli. Before Méryon worked, if anybody had predicted that a new interpretation of Old Paris would shortly be given to the world—an interpretation which would awaken the keenest interest in the world of art,—such a prediction would have been received with incredulity from the constantly prevalent conviction that there is nothing left to discover. And, in his turn, did Méryon exhaust Paris? No, he did not exhaust it more than Girtin had done before him. Every fresh and original mind discovers its own Paris. You have the Paris of Martial, and of late years a painter named Luigi Loir has been illustrating Paris so as to convey to us quite a new set of impressions. The secret of these discoveries lies simply in the free play given to idiosyncrasy by the independent customs of modern artists. They are not condemned to work after set traditions, so their own natures get full play and the result

is endless novelty and variety. Possessing so much individual liberty, they are under no obligation to seek 'pastures new,' as the new man makes new ground wherever he happens to be, even in such a place as Venice, where painters go still in the same numbers, though forestalled by so many predecessors. We see the same in literature. The London of Dickens is not the London of Thackeray, the Scotland of Sir Walter is not the Scotland of William Black. Even old tales become new again when retold by a new mind, as we see in the poetical narratives of Morris, who has made even Jason and Atalanta new for us. Shakespeare, before him, had given new life to a number of old stories. This novelty, imparted by a fresh mind to all that it deals with, is the reason why people like to hear preachers whom they have never heard before. A new preacher, in a certain limited sense, is a new revelation, because, although he preaches familiar doctrines, he sets them in a fresh light and exhibits them to us under aspects which make them really like 'tidings,' as they were to the first hearers. If the conception of the Church of the Future, which is indulged in by many cultivated Englishmen of the present day—a Church in which any man of sufficient culture might labour for the moral and spiritual advancement of his fellow-countrymen without binding himself to fixed opinions—if such a Church were ever to exist, its congregations would have the fullest benefit of the freshness given by idiosyncrasy, as we have it already in literature and art. It is this freshness which gives the real interest to society. You go to a man's house; he tells you nothing that you did not know before; he makes remarks upon the weather and on the neighbours, and on the last news in the day's paper, conveying little or no information to your mind; but since he is constituted differently from you, and sees the same things otherwise than as you see them, you are refreshed and renewed by an intercourse which an unsociable person would consider an idle waste of time.

The moral of all this is, that we can hardly be too careful to preserve so precious a thing as the inborn quality of a person. An artist can never be, in the high intellectual sense, successful, unless he expresses his own idiosyncrasy in his art. What is sometimes called success, the clever, well-learned mimicry of another's performance, is not success; however lucrative, it is wretched failure. Self-expression is success in the fine arts (including literature), providing, of course, that the self is worth expressing. It may seem, to the uninitiated, that nothing can be easier than for a man to express his own idiosyncrasy, but it is by no means so easy as it seems. When a man's mind is big enough for him to be able to cope with such a thing as art, there are 'abyssal depths' of feeling in it which cannot be uttered at all in a rude and imperfect language. You cannot express the minds of great thinkers and great poets in the language employed in the every-day intercourse of the vulgar. You cannot express the knowledge and feeling of a great artist with the execution of one inferior to him, however slight may be the inferiority. The artist whose craft, or technical language, is inferior to his mind, cannot express his mind, and the difficulty experienced by all artists is in bringing up the technical craft to the level of the mental conception. A painter said in my hearing, 'The strangest thing about my pictures is that they do not seem to myself as if I had painted them.' Now, that was failure, real failure, whatever other people thought. It was not hopeless failure, however, because the artist now and then, in a week of fortunate inspiration, did something which looked to him like the offspring of his own mind, and his hope was that in course of time the harmony between mind and work might first become more frequent, and finally habitual.

Before quitting this part of the subject we may dispose of a possible objection. It might be objected to this theory of success and failure that an ignorant and unfeeling painter might produce ignorant and unfeeling work, which would accurately represent his idiosyncrasy, and yet be bad and worthless. Would that be success? Would it not be better that he should abandon the desire to express his own wretched little self and try instead to make himself a reflection of some nobler and larger mind? The moon would be no luminary at

all if she did not reflect sunshine, but by reflection she cuts a very respectable figure in the sky.

The proper answer to these questions is, that when an artist has not a powerful idiosyncrasy he ought not to produce imitations of strong men's work and pass them off as his own, but should content himself with honourably copying and translating works of art. If good copies were better appreciated and more adequately paid for, that would be an outlet here for inferior talents, and the progress made in the autotype processes leads us to hope that many such may find healthy employment in translating pictures into monochrome for photographic purposes.

This, and the work of engravers and etchers from pictures, may be mentioned as possible resources; but the probability is, that few men enter the pursuit of art whose idiosyncrasies are not valuable in some way or other, if only they could be fully expressed and properly employed.

Idiosyncrasy and the Choice of Processes.—There is a suitability of process to idiosyncrasy, by which one man is naturally an oil-painter, another naturally a painter in water-colour, or fresco, or an etcher, or an engraver, &c.

This suitability of process to idiosyncrasy may generally be very soon ascertained. The experience of a few weeks, or at most of a few months, will enable a student to find out whether a process naturally belongs to him or not, the differences between students in this respect are so striking. The general belief that water-colour is easier than oil, that etching is easier than painting, is founded on the entirely false notion, that all men are alike in their inborn facilities. What do you mean when you say that water-colour is easier than oil? You mean easier for humanity to produce. You are not thinking of some abstract virtue in water-colour which has no reference to humanity. But what in the world is humanity with reference to painting? A mere abstraction. Humanity, chiefly English, may be said to have made London; but it cannot be said, in the same sense, to have made this or that particular picture, which is always the work of one man, however much that man may have been prepared by others. When we come to the man himself, we find something tangible and ascertainable, something which has its own special characteristics, its own difficulties and facilities—in short, an idiosyncrasy. By the strength and weakness of his idiosyncrasy each man is set apart from his fellows, under quite special conditions of life and work, which it is his first interest to ascertain. He cannot trust others. They will always make mistakes about his faculties until there is a visible result. By that time, he will be as wise as they. Balzac was told in youth, that whatever he might ultimately succeed in, it would certainly *not* be literature; and similar instances abound. The safest guide is a feeling, not precisely of liking or disliking, but rather of ownership or non-ownership. Do you feel as if this or that process belonged to you? If you do, the probability is, that you will succeed in it ultimately; but if you have not this feeling, it is likely that your labour will be in vain. And this has very little to do with the general powers of the intellect. An artist of magnificent intellect and well-deserved celebrity as a painter wrote to me lately, that he had never been able to etch with satisfaction to himself, because he had found it 'irritating'; another artist told me that he found etching 'the most fascinating of all human occupations'; a third regretted continually, that his success as a painter prevented him from etching more frequently, as he loved copper with all his heart, and found colouring (he colours well) a torture to the mind. So with water-colour and oil. Some men are made for water-colour: those, probably, who are rapid and impulsive, and gifted with much decision of character. Others, who like to work more deliberately, prefer oil, with all its inconveniences. It is curious that the French, who are generally more rapid and vivacious than the English, appear to be not nearly so well adapted for water-colour, and have had comparatively little success in it, whilst, with all their impatience, they take to oil-painting well, and pursue it with a quiet tenacity and discipline which

seem to show that it answers well to something in their innermost nature. At the same time, the French have taken wonderfully to etching of late years, whilst the number of English artists who etch is comparatively very small; and although the English who succeed, succeed brilliantly, they are very few in number. If we look beyond our own times, it seems clear that sculpture was as suitable to the Greek intellect as it is, generally speaking, unsuitable to the English. The Greek intellect appears in all things to have liked the limited and the definite—that which is complete in itself; that to which nothing can be added without being an excrescence, and from which nothing can be taken away without visible loss and mutilation. A chapel may be added, without injury, to a Gothic cathedral; but a Greek temple would be disfigured by such an addition almost as much as an animal by the addition of a limb. This love of the sufficient-in-itself is the best characteristic of the classical spirit, and the Greeks had it in the extreme, so that sculpture would be naturally their art. I mean the sculpture of single figures or small groups. Mere carving belongs to a lower idiosyncrasy. The Greeks, in their best time, were most sober and reticent in carving; the English, in the days of Elizabeth, were exuberant. In our own day, first-rate sculpture is only produced or enjoyed, by what may be called the classical idiosyncrasies; whilst carving, as a general rule, is produced and enjoyed by Elizabethan or mediæval idiosyncrasies.

Besides the broad, obvious divisions between the arts, between painting in oil and in water, between etching with acid and engraving with the burin, there are very many distinctions between processes in the same art which often separate the art as practised by one person from the same art as practised by another so very widely that different names might reasonably be given to such different kinds of work. One artist will paint in water-colour exactly on what are commonly considered to be the principles of oil; another will use thin turpentine, or even benzine, washes, so freely in oil-painting that much of his work will be done on the principles of the genuine water-colour artist. It is unnecessary to follow this part of the subject further. The 'Technical Notes,' which were at one time published in the *PORTFOLIO*, went very fully into this part of the subject, and by the kind frankness of several distinguished living artists, as well as by the help of records left by the dead, we were able to show how each worked in his own way, in obedience to the preferences or necessities of his own ineluctable idiosyncrasy.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS BY THE GREAT MASTERS.

REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE BY M. AMAND DURAND.

XIII.—REMBRANDT.

REMBRANDT LEANING ON A STONE SILL.

THIS is the famous portrait which is known in the French catalogues as *Rembrandt Appuyé*. It is one of the best etchings the artist ever executed, and is very probably one of the most faithful likenesses he ever drew of himself. The reasons for this belief are chiefly to be found in the strong individuality of the face and evidently careful study of all the most important parts—such as the eyes, the mouth, and the nostrils. The eyes have that penetrating gaze which is commonly the characteristic of artists, who acquire it by the habit of intense looking at the model, or at things in nature which interest them.

There is much in the treatment of this etching peculiarly agreeable to a delicate and highly educated taste. It seems to be free in manner, and yet its freedom is subordinate to study, as the reader may easily see for himself if he will take the trouble to follow any particular line, such as the outline of the collar of the mantle from the side of the cheek

downwards, or to watch the artist's development of a form, such as the bulging of the cap. The hair, too, though drawn without apparent labour, is in reality a thoroughly careful piece of texture and quality, and very successful as interpretation of the waywardness and light massing of strong dry hair, like that of Rembrandt, which seems to have been far coarser than the feminine locks of Albert Dürer, or the flowing hair of Raphael, or the boyish curls of Claude. The reader will, however, please to bear in mind that in this, as in most things in the fine arts, even what seems imitation is not altogether so in reality, but interpretation. Thus Rembrandt gives the confusion of the hairs, but only draws a few of them, really, though they look so many, and he gives their wayward straggling, but inevitably exaggerates their thickness. See how few strokes there are, when you look into them closely, in the moustache and *barbiche*.

Some critics have a theory to the effect that in plate engraving of all kinds, that is, in all engraving in which the lines are cut or bitten in a metal surface and not left in relief, they ought always to be comparatively thin. I cannot go so far as to make an absolute rule of this, because I remember a certain number of fine etchings in which thick lines have been used with great effect; but I do think that thick lines, however much they add to the vigour of a plate, are dangerous, unless very prudently employed, to its refinement. None of the lines in the etching before us are thick, though the darker ones are deep and kept closely together, their darkness and closeness being increased to the eye by the contrast with the light open work of the hand, and what is immediately above it, as well as by the apparently simple yet in reality very learned shading of the wall, and the few scratches of open shade in the background to the right. Rembrandt may or may not have been what gentlefolks consider a person of refined tastes as to society, for he liked his own middle-class best, but he had an exquisite sense of the appropriate in his work. Such an etching as this before us is full of refinements which only an educated eye can adequately perceive or a cultivated judgment sufficiently appreciate.

SIR HENRY RAE BURN.

SIR HENRY RAE BURN has been thought a painter of men rather than of women, but his female heads possess a singular charm. They are exquisite in their simplicity. This portrait of Mrs. Robert Scott Moncrieff, of Wellwood and Pitliver, is a good specimen of the painter's manner. It is now the property of the Royal Scottish Academy. Raeburn's pictures have generally stood well; this one, however, is cracked considerably. It may be, that in this picture the painter has put in the background with asphaltum, a dangerous and seductive pigment, first introduced to the Scotch school by the example of Sir David Wilkie.

However, the cracking has been accounted for in another way. Before the picture became the property of the Royal Scottish Academy it had been borrowed by an artist to copy. It looked rather dull, and the artist is supposed to have applied white of egg to brighten it. On its return to Mr. Moncrieff some one added a coat of mastic varnish, without first taking the precaution to remove the white of egg. This would be sufficient to account for the present state of the picture.

Sir Henry Raeburn was born on the 4th of March, 1756, in Stockbridge; then a village on the Water of Leith, but now part of Edinburgh. He was descended from the Raeburns of that ilk, a border family of some note in its day; the crest of the family being a Rae or Roe deer. Henry Raeburn, left an orphan at six years of age, was educated at Heriot's Hospital, and at fifteen was apprenticed to a goldsmith. He soon gave proofs of taste and ingenuity in his profession; but devoting his leisure time to miniature-painting, he displayed in that art so much ability that he obtained numerous commissions, and was enabled to make an arrangement by



which he was freed from his apprenticeship. He had no teacher in his art, but probably studied the works of David Martin, who had been at one time assistant to Allan Ramsay; and he may also have seen portraits by Reynolds, or at least engravings from his works. At this time he formed a friendship with John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldon, the celebrated lawyer and wit, then a young advocate fond of painting. Allan Cunningham tells a story of this period. Both were then poor; young Clerk asked Raeburn to dinner at his lodgings. Coming in he found his landlady laying the cloth and putting down two dishes, one containing three herrings and the other three potatoes. 'Is this a?' said John. 'Ay, that's a.' 'Didn't I tell ye, wumman, that a gentleman was to dine wi' me, and ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes?' At the age of twenty-two he married Miss Ann Edgar, daughter of the Laird of Bridgelands, who brought him a good fortune, which placed him at once in an independent position. His appearance then must have been very striking and prepossessing; he was six feet two inches in height, and to judge from Tassie's two medallions of him, had a very handsome and intelligent face. Immediately after his marriage he visited London, taking with him introductions to Sir Joshua Reynolds; was kindly received by Reynolds, and painted for about two months in his studio. Sir Joshua seems to have appreciated his talents, and advised him to visit Rome; on parting with him he said, 'Young man, I know nothing of your circumstances—young painters are seldom rich; but if money be necessary for your studies abroad say so, and you shall not want it.' After visiting Italy and remaining two years in Rome he returned and settled in Edinburgh, where he soon got into full employment as a portrait-painter. His life henceforth was a most busy and prosperous one. He resided in his country-house, St. Bernards, an old Scotch mansion-house surrounded by beautiful trees and a large garden, in the neighbourhood of Stockbridge. In 1795 he built himself a house in York Place, the upper part of which was a gallery for the exhibition of his pictures; here he had his painting-room, and also a stable with a top-light, in which he could paint horses. His habits at this time were most regular and methodical. In the summer-time he rose at five and wrought an hour or two in his garden; in winter he rose at seven, breakfasted at eight, and at nine walked up to his painting-room, where he remained till five o'clock. In 1812 Raeburn was elected President of the Society of Artists in Edinburgh, which had been formed for the purpose of exhibiting publicly the works of living artists, establishing a life-academy, &c. In 1814 he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in London, and the following year Academician.

During the visit of George IV. to Scotland in 1822, Raeburn was knighted at Hopetoun House; and shortly afterwards appointed his Majesty's Limner for Scotland. Sir David Wilkie, who was present at the ceremony of knighthood, gives an account of it in a letter to his sister, also of the dinner given afterwards by Sir Henry to his friends. Sir David says, 'After the dinner was over we drank to the new-made knights, Sir Adam Ferguson and Sir Henry Raeburn. Sir Henry made a very modest reply, in which he attributed his honours to the kindness and favour of his friends. Lady Raeburn,' Sir David adds, 'would not allow herself to be called "My Lady," but was exceedingly hospitable to her guests, and pressed them to eat in the good old-fashioned Scottish style.' After a short illness Sir Henry died on the 8th of July, 1823, universally honoured and lamented. His last work was a head of Sir Walter Scott for Lord Montague.

Allan Cunningham, who knew him personally, wrote of him as follows:—

'The character of Raeburn appears to have been in every way unblemished. He was a candid, modest man, ever ready to aid merit and give a helping hand to genius in art. His varied knowledge, his agreeable manners, his numerous anecdotes, and his general conversation, at once easy and unaffected, with now and then a touch of humorous gaiety, made him a delightful companion. He told a Scotch story with almost unrivalled *naïveté* of effect, and did the honours of a handsome house and elegant table with all the grace of a high-bred gentleman. Through life he discharged, with blameless attention, all the duties of a good citizen. His pencil never kept him from his place in church on Sunday, and in the days of trouble he was a zealous volunteer. Among all the children of art no one was ever more widely respected than Sir Henry Raeburn; and his handsome figure and fine, open, manly countenance, will not be forgotten for many a day in the place which knew him.'

Raeburn's style was remarkably vigorous and free; his colouring deep, rich, and harmonious. His work has great vitality, and was thoroughly realistic. Without doubt his style was modelled on that of Reynolds; breadth of effect was his great principle, as it was that of Sir Joshua. But Raeburn carried out the principle in a manner and with a feeling peculiarly his own. He seldom attempted by thick impasto and repeated glazings to produce texture and a luminous effect, but painted solidly and very directly; nor did he mix his colours much. In his portraits he gives the characteristic expression in a simple but decided and impressive manner; and his manly style was well calculated to represent the marked physiognomy of his countrymen at a period when many distinguished characters stood prominently before the public. Sir David Wilkie, writing from Madrid, where the work of the great Spanish painter Velasquez is to be seen in its full power and perfection, says:—

‘There is much resemblance between him and the works of some of the chiefs of the English school, but of all Raeburn resembles him most, in whose square touch in heads, hands, and accessories, I see the very counterpart of Velasquez.’

Sir Henry's manner of painting was peculiar to himself, and one of his sitters has thus described it:—

‘He spoke a few words to me in his usual brief and kindly manner, and then, having placed me on a chair on a platform at the end of the room in the posture required, set up his easel beside me with a canvas ready to receive the colours. When he saw all was right he took his palette and brushes, retreated back step by step, with his face towards me, till he was nigh the other end of the room; he stood and studied for a second or two, then came up to the canvas, and, without looking at me, wrought upon it with colour for some time. Having done that, he retreated in the same manner, studied my looks for another minute, then came hastily up to the canvas and painted for a few minutes more.’

A sitting lasted from an hour and a half to two hours, and he generally required six sittings; the last sitting occasionally extended over the whole day, from ten till four, if it could be so managed. Sometimes, however, he required an almost innumerable number of short sittings. He did not draw in the head with charcoal or chalk, the system pursued by most artists, but began with the brush at once. The forehead, nose, chin, and mouth, were his first touches. He painted standing, and never used a rest-stick. He placed his sitters on a high platform, as did also Sir Joshua Reynolds, thus shortening the features somewhat, the idea being probably that people should be painted as if they were pictures hanging on the wall. Still, most of the old masters, Titian and Vandyke, for instance, do not seem to have done so.

Sir Henry's palette was a simple one; his colours were vermilion, raw sienna (but sometimes yellow ochre instead), Prussian blue, burnt sienna, ivory black, crimson lake, white, of course, and the medium he used was ‘gumption,’ a composition of sugar of lead, mastic varnish, and linseed oil. He always set his palette with three tints of vermilion and white, three tints of raw sienna, and three tints of Prussian blue, as well as the three pure colours, but of black, burnt sienna, and lake, he mixed no tints. The colours were ground by a servant in his own house, and put into small pots ready for use. He painted on a strong twilled canvas; the walls of his painting-room were a dark olive.

The number of portraits engraved after Raeburn is remarkable, being greater than that engraved after any British painter except Reynolds. They amount to upwards of 130. The names of the best-known engravers who have reproduced his works are Beugo, Charles Turner, Walker, Sharpe, and Ward. The number of pictures Raeburn painted is considerably over 500. It is difficult to say whether or not he had much, or any, assistance on his pictures; the evidence on the subject is very contradictory. He made no sketches, and from the variety and sketchiness of his backgrounds they appear to be his own handiwork. One story told of him supports this opinion. The late Sir John Watson Gordon, when a lad, was very desirous to become an artist, but his relations were anxious that he should enter the army as an ensign of foot. In this dilemma Sir John consulted Raeburn. Sir Henry strongly recommended the soldiering. ‘You see, John,’ he said, ‘in paintin’ the wark is vera hard; ye maun dae’t a’ wi’ yer ain haun; noo in ither professions ye can get much o’ the wark

dune for ye.' Raeburn's reputation was high in his own lifetime, and it is still increasing his works being now much sought after and their money value rising.

There is space here to mention but a few of his pictures. *Lord Duncan* (now in the Trinity House of Leith), the hero of Camperdown and the captor of De Winter, is a man of the true heroic type; the face the incarnation of quiet, condensed power and command, the eyes bright and cheerful, the mouth fixed and stern. *Colonel Macdonell of Glengarry*. He is represented in the Highland garb, which he always wore. So closely did he adhere to the customs of his forefathers, that when dining at Holyrood with George IV. in 1822, Glengarry drew from his pocket a pair of loaded pistols and placed them on the table by his plate, to the great consternation of his Majesty, who started to fly from the hall, when it was explained to him that the chiefs of the house of Glengarry had been accustomed from time immemorial to have their weapons lying beside them at their meals. *Sir John Hope*, the fourth Earl of Hoptown, known as 'The good Earl.' He fought under Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt, and commanded the left wing of the British army at the battle of Corunna. The picture shows how well Raeburn could paint a horse, as also does his *Sir David Baird*, the hero of Seringapatam. *Dr. Nathanael Spens* appears as a Royal Archer. At his feet is a Scottish thistle, bristling all over with '*Nemo me impune lacessit*.'

Sir Walter Scott sits near the ruins of the old castle of Hermitage, with his dog 'Camp' at his feet. A most poetic picture of a poet with rapt brooding eyes seeing things invisible. In the background are the mountains of Liddisdale. Originally painted in 1808 for Constable, it is now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleugh. In the replica of this picture, instead of the English bull-terrier 'Camp,' are the two greyhounds, 'Douglas' and 'Percy,' with the braes of Yarrow for a background. The picture is now at Abbotsford, and marks the period of Scott's residence at Ashiestiel and the writing of *Marmion*.

Among the half-lengths and head sizes is *Professor Robinson*, in his dressing-gown and night-cap, with a wondrous look of steady speculation in his eyes, student and philosopher all over; *John Tait*, grandfather of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, one of whose brothers stands at his grandfather's knee; *Francis Horner*, with the ten commandments written all over his face, as Sydney Smith used to say; *Tytler of Woodhouslee*, out walking with his old slouched hat on his head; *John Clerk*, ugly and snuffy but subtle and shrewd, the hero of the herring-dinner story of early days; *Archibald Constable*, the Napoleon of publishers, with his handsome face and burly figure. No one looking at Lord Newton's face can doubt the stories told of his vast powers of thought, and argument, and story-telling, and toddy-drinking, and general capacity of mind and body. *Dugald Stewart, the Professor*, and *Neil Gow, the Fiddler*, must also be remembered; and *James Balfour*, one of the funniest of men, represented as singing a song. Robert Chambers, in his 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' speaks of him:—

'Singing Jamie Balfour was one of the most notable, jolly fellows of the last age. Report speaks of him as an upright, amiable man, so clever in business matters that he could do as much in one hour as others could do in three, always ready to quench litigation rather than to promote it. Pleasure was so predominant an object in his life that it was thought surprising that at his death he left some money behind. him. His wonderful vocal powers were more influential among the Jacobites, and more formidable to the Whigs, than the eloquence of a whole bench of bishops. It was impossible to hear him sing his favourite songs without becoming, for the moment, a Jacobite. He was so distinguished a golfer that his portrait was painted for the Golfers' Hall; he is represented as singing, "Toddlin' hame."

Dr. Hunter, long Head Master of the High School of Edinburgh, is a masterly half-length. It is related of him that when dying his last words were, 'You may go home now, boys; it grows dark.'

Lord Branfield, the hanging judge, is one of Raeburn's most noticeable portraits. Lord Cockburn says of him,—

'His very name makes people start. Strong-built and dark, with rough eyebrows, powerful eyes, threatening lips, and a low growling voice, he was like a formidable blacksmith. His accent and his dialect were exaggerated Scotch; his language, like his thoughts, short, strong, and conclusive.'

This curious creature seems to live and breathe on Raeburn's canvas. Very different

in character is his *Dr. John Erskine, Doctor of Divinity*. He was remarkable for his simplicity of manners and kindness of heart, combined with great gentleness. The following anecdote is told of him:—Mrs. Erskine, finding him return home again and again on the Sundays without his pocket-handkerchief, and suspecting a woman who sat on the pulpit steps as the thief, sewed it upon one occasion to his coat; that day, when descending from the pulpit, Dr. Erskine felt a gentle tug at his pocket as he passed the suspected person, and turning round said mildly, 'No the day, honest woman; no the day.'

I shall only further mention the portrait of *Robert Sym*, the 'Timothy Tickler' of his nephew, Professor Wilson's, 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and described elsewhere as 'a noble and genuine old Tory.' He lived to the great age of ninety-four: so good had been his health, that till he was upwards of ninety his pulse had never been felt by a medical man. When confined to his room by his last illness, his friends sent a doctor to see him. His servant announced the arrival in the sick-room, and was sent back with the following message:—'Give my compliments to the Doctor, and say that I am not well enough to see him.' Doubtless Raeburn was fortunate in having such men to paint, and he was thought successful in rendering a good likeness.

ALEXANDER FRASER.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE death of M. Viollet-le-Duc has produced rather a strong, and certainly an unexpected, sensation in artistic circles in France. He combined in his own person several very different qualities and accomplishments. He was a thoroughly learned architect, an uncommonly lucid and able writer, and, perhaps, the clearest explanatory draughtsman who ever existed. Besides these qualities, he was a man of great physical vigour and activity, a good member of an Alpine club in Switzerland, and an energetic soldier during the defence of Paris.

His work as an architect and writer upon architecture may be divided into two distinct parts. His influence on the national mind of France with regard to the appreciation of Gothic architecture was very powerful at a time when it was by no means easy to make Frenchmen acknowledge merit in anything not classical. The mediæval Renaissance had a powerful advocate in him, at least, so far as the appreciation of mediæval art was concerned; but he was never fanatical, he never shut his eyes to the merits of antique architecture. Possessing himself a remarkably clear and open intelligence, he simply demonstrated to his countrymen, that they were narrow-minded in shutting their eyes to the merits of their own national architecture, and explained to them, in the clearest manner, an immense variety of details about all kinds of French buildings of the Middle Ages. In the latter part of his life, Viollet-le-Duc was sustained by a strong archaeological movement all over France; but when he began his work, this movement was quite in its infancy, and though it might have taken place without him, he had a great influence upon it, in the direction, chiefly, of mediæval studies.

As a writer on architecture, Viollet-le-Duc rendered the great service of disseminating an immense amount of accurate information, and it would be difficult to prove that he did any positive harm; but as a practical architect he was rather dangerous, because much of his labour lay in the restoration of old

buildings, which lovers of antiquity and of the picturesque would, in most cases, prefer to leave alone. His greatest fault in restoration was a desire to approximate as closely as possible to the conception of the first architect of the edifice; and as Gothic buildings are, in most cases, an agglomeration of successive ages, their earlier architecture is usually accompanied by later styles, towards which Viollet-le-Duc was not so merciful as he might have been. When the first conception appeared evident to his mind, his instinct was to clear away everything that encumbered it; and as this could but seldom be done quite thoroughly, the consequence was that the incongruities, which were spared by the restorer, appeared the more glaring as they became fewer in number. We remember an ecclesiastical edifice in which Viollet-le-Duc offended the local feeling by really restoring certain features, and then tried to conciliate it by sparing others which more than ever needed removing after what he had already done. His restorations were happier in architecture than in the sculpture, with which his architecture was decorated. Modern French masons can be got to do masonry exactly like their mediæval predecessors. They will build a vault on a column, which in course of time will become perfectly indistinguishable from mediæval work; but modern French sculptors have imbibed the principles of the Renaissance, and when they try to mimic mediævalism it is always a lifeless *pastiche*. Restorers cannot do without sculptors, and so sculptors become a necessary evil, often reflecting discredit on architects who are not strictly responsible for what they do—at least, in its finer artistic essence. Whilst sympathising with the lovers of the picturesque, who dislike to see old buildings renovated, we still think it fortunate for France, that since the work had to be done by some one, it should have been undertaken by an architect so able, and, on the whole, so conscientious, as Viollet-le-Duc. Not only did he understand Gothic architecture himself, both in its spirit and its details, but he inspired his



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assistants and followers with his own observant accuracy. He was a restorer, but he was not a vulgar restorer. If he is considered simply as a builder, his repairs will be found, we believe, in every instance a substantial strengthening of the edifices, to which they often gave a new lease of existence.

As a human being Viollet-le-Duc was one of whom any nation might be proud. His incessant activity probably shortened his life, yet he lived to be sixty-five, and had ever been one of the most industrious of men. It is probable that no single human being ever knew so much about the mediæval remains of our country as he knew about those of France; and his knowledge was not second-hand, but derived from thorough study on the spot. We have alluded to his skill as a draughtsman and writer. He did not draw upon the principles of a painter, but simply to make construction intelligible, and by the use of various explanatory devices of his own invention he succeeded in this most remarkably. He drew with great certainty and rapidity, developing a special talent to the highest possible degree of useful efficiency; he drew, in short, as a good speaker talks, always without false pretension, but without hesitation, and quite sufficiently for his purpose. It would be an interesting study to compare Viollet-le-Duc's drawing with the truth of nature, and to show by what artifices he made his work look truer than the truth.

He sought to counterbalance his excessive mental activity by strong bodily exercise, and it is quite possible that the double strain, instead of being a relief, may have been the real cause of his unexpected death. A good story of his courage is told by M. Charles Blanc. Being out on an Alp with one guide, to whom he was fastened by a cord, the architect slipped over a precipice. The guide tried to pull him up, but found himself drawn down instead. Viollet-le-Duc, choosing rather to sacrifice one life than two, took out his knife and cut the cord, when he fell down into the abyss. It happened, however, that there was a wedge of snow at some distance below, which arrested his fall. Seated on it, as on a saddle, he called to the guide to go for assistance; and to pass the time in his absence he coolly took out his sketch-book, and made a study of the precipice. It was an hour before the guide could bring assistance, and two hours longer before the intrepid student of nature could be fished up again. M. Charles Blanc also tells a very good story of the architect's ready wit. When he was about to restore Notre Dame, he had the greatest difficulty in persuading the authorities that the dreadful marble veneerings in the choir, which had been set up in the time of Louis XIV., ought to be removed; so he had a young man dressed up with a mediæval costume on his body and limbs, but a great wig on his head and shoulders. When they laughed at this extraordinary apparition, and inquired the reason, the architect asked them why they thought the combination absurd, since they approved of precisely the same incongruity in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He gained his point, but there are French people still who regret the marble abominations.

EXHIBITION OF GREEK COINS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The authorities of the British Museum
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have at last provided students of ancient art with a means of educating themselves in a branch of archaeology which has been hitherto little appreciated in England.

Greek coins are by far the most valuable exponents of the progressive stages of ancient art which have come down to our times. In this respect neither sculpture, nor bronzes, nor vases, nor gems, can compete with them. In coins we possess a complete series of original designs, ranging from the earliest rude beginnings of art to the highest point of development which it has ever attained, and onwards to its decline and final decrepitude. Many people (and not a few scholars) who have not devoted much attention to these minute objects have been inclined to look down upon them as mere curiosities, but for all true students of the archaeology of art they are simply indispensable. Monsieur F. Lenormant, no mean authority on these matters, speaking of the works of the Syracusan coin-engraver, Evænetus, says,—

‘Il est comme le Phidias de la gravure en monnaies. Regardez pendant quelque temps une pièce gravée par lui, et bientôt vous oublierez les dimensions exigües de l’objet que vous tenez à la main ; vous croirez avoir sous les yeux quelque fragment détaché du Parthénon, car c’est le propre de l’art parvenu à sa perfection de donner autant de grandeur aux plus petits qu’aux plus immenses objets, et de rassembler sur un flan monétaire de six ou sept centimètres de diamètre autant de beauté et de puissance que dans une statue colossale.’

But, perhaps, the greatest drawback to a general appreciation of the educational value of coins has been up to the present the lack of an intelligibly arranged exhibition, and it is this long-felt want which the British Museum has now supplied.

A selection of ancient coins to be of any value should be chronological, otherwise it is not possible to follow the gradual growth of art on the coinage. The new selection is arranged in seven compartments, each representing a period of about a century in duration, commencing from the seventh century B.C., the time of the invention of coined money and of the first strivings of Greek art. The coins of the first of these periods, which ends with the Persian wars, are characterised by extreme rudeness in the forms and expressiveness in the actions represented, and later by a gradual development into more clearly defined forms with angularity and stiffness. The eye of the human face is always drawn, even when in profile, as if seen from the front; the hair is generally represented by lines of minute dots; the mouth wears a fixed and formal smile; but withal, there is in the best archaic work a strength and a delicacy which is often wanting in the fully-developed art of a later age.

During the transitional period which follows, a great advance is noticeable in the technical skill with which the dies of the coins are prepared; the devices are remarkable for an increased delicacy in the rendering of details, and by a better understanding of the anatomical structure of the human body.

In the animal forms (of horses, for instance) there is greater freedom of movement, such as is also noticeable on the frieze of the Parthenon, with which many of the coins of this period may be instructively compared.

The third period (B.C. 400-336) is, however, the one in which the numismatic art reached its highest point of perfection. Here, intensity of action, pathos, grace

and beauty of ornamentation, are all visible on the coinage, as in the sculptures (very few in number) which have been preserved. Compare, for instance, with the fine head of Zeus or Asklepios from Melos in the British Museum, at least half-a-dozen similar heads on coins of this period, issued by various states.

The fourth period is that of Alexander the Great, and the coins are here characterised by intensity of expression. True portraits now make their first appearance on money; but, as a rule, the heads are idealised, and all bear more or less resemblance to that of Alexander himself, with deep-set eyes and strongly marked brows.

The influence of the school of Lysippus may now be traced on the coinage, where the human figure becomes at once more *slender* and more muscular, as in the marble copy of the Apoxyomenos of Lysippus in the Vatican, and in the sculptures from the temple of Diana at Ephesus in the British Museum. In the remaining periods, down to the Christian era, it cannot be said that the coins reflect in the same degree as of old the best contemporary art. There are, however, here and there some notable exceptions, especially in the series of the portraits of the Macedonian and other kings, which are deserving of great praise.

The British Museum is to be congratulated on being the first to provide an exhibition of Greek coins classified in an intelligible manner. We understand also that the authorities are about to publish a series of plates, or a numismatic atlas embodying these excellent tableaux in an abridged form. Such a coin-atlas will be extremely valuable to those who are not able to spend much time over the exhibition cases in the King's Library.

At the British Museum a number of new fragments, or rather plaster casts of fragments, have been added to the frieze of the Parthenon, while some others have been identified as belonging to figures of the pediments now only known to exist in the drawings made by Jacques Carrey, previous to the bombardment of the temple by the Venetians in 1689. As regards the east frieze, a new explanation of it appeared in the 'Revue Archéologique' for September last, accompanied with a plate, illustrating the theory of the writer, Mr. A. S. Murray, of the Department of Antiquities in the British Museum, who, it may here be said, confines himself entirely to the artistic view of the subject, arguing that the whole composition becomes quite clear the moment we look on it as a sculptor's manner of representing what a painter with his perspective, places naturally in the background. Thus the two groups of seated deities, separated by five mortals, and apparently without any connexion with each other, seeming only to break up the procession advancing from both sides, are, according to the new theory, to be regarded as seated in the background of the scene and as forming one assembly, arranged in a semicircular form. Suppose these two groups of deities removed, and the frieze becomes at once intelligible. One question, of course, is whether the sculptor intended us to suppose anything of the kind. That he distinctly intended this is admirably argued by Mr. Murray, on the ground that the most striking features of the composition are unintelligible otherwise. The Gods would be invisible.

THE present exhibition at the French Gallery, if looked on as a competition between foreign and English artists, would seem to be in favour of the former. At the same time, not a few of the English pictures are highly deserving. Miss Clara Montalba's *Southwark Bridge* and *Off Erith* are fine examples of this gifted artist. In both pictures the light is beautiful, the colour singularly true, and the treatment able and broad; the reflection in the water, the management of the silvery greys, the rich brown sails of the boats, are excellent. B. W. Leader's *Moonlight on the Llugwy* and *A Rippling Stream, North Wales*, are to be praised for their truth to nature, enriched with soft colour and light. T. L. Pickering's pictures are examples of courageous landscape painting, which seeks for no effects, except in the simple representation of plain scenes. *Among the Breakers*, by Charles Stewart, is good. Among the figure subjects, Miss Ellen Montalba's *Elaine* is a work of promise in the large and broad treatment of drapery. *A Morning Stroll*, by J. Forbes-Robertson, is spirited, representing a young man in the dress of the old French Republic. On his arm leans a girl attired in blue and white. *Miss Mischief*, by J. H. Walker, is a pretty portrait of the painter's little girl, very good in colour; on the other hand, it is not possible to praise *Madeline* or *Juliet in the Balcony*, by J. W. Dicksee. Both are ghastly in colour, and vulgar in treatment. *The Sleeping Beauty*, by M. Goodman, is ludicrously out of drawing. Where are the legs of the lady reading the story to the child? No amount of sentiment will atone for such drawing. Foreign painters, more than any others, have taught us to expect in works of small size excellence of a very high order; and in the present exhibition they are still, in some cases, true to that character. For instance, *Literary Researches* and *An Enthusiast*, by G. Kuhl, are not only perfect in treatment, but masterly in conception. In *Literary Researches*, the face and hands of the man reading are broadly treated, though of so small a scale. The management of the greys throughout is highly artistic, and every object in the small room is admirably painted. The screen, the frame to the picture—each thing is kept well in its place. The dog sitting at his master's feet is capital. This is a *chef-d'œuvre* in its kind. Excellent also is *Blow, Blow, ye Wintry Winds*, by Garcia Ramos, representing two poor, hungry musicians retreating from the steps of a restaurant. The colour is inclined to be chalky; but the expression of the two men is good. One of the most noticeable pictures is *Arab Horsemen*, by A. Schreyer. The white horse is admirable, the style broad; and though the horses are not such as Arabs usually can afford to ride, and the riders themselves are not quite Arabs, the capacity of a great artist can be seen through greater defects than these.

The Road to the Village, by L. Munthe, a snow-piece, is poetical; so is Heffner's *Rhenish Lowlands. Bavarian Marshes and Sunset near the German Coast* deserve mention, especially this latter, which is delicious in colouring, with its clear, grey sky and limpid pools of water; also *Morning, Bavaria, and Evening, Bavaria*, by A. Windmaier. There is great refinement in these studies from nature. *Bavarian Sportsmen*, by A. Windmaier, is really fine, so broad and

simple. *Tranquil Enjoyment*, by H. Kauffman, represents an old man reading and smoking, with a mug of beer by his side. The face is admirable, and the execution broad and vigorous.

Mid-day Rest, by G. von Bochman, and another picture by the same artist, are really fine. V. Chevillard's *Autumn Stroll in the Country* represents a French priest reading his Breviary. The landscape is poetical. *Ennuyée*, by J. De Nittis, is rich in colour; there is something of Fortuny in the happy, gaudy arrangement of brilliant hues—a lady in a yellow dress laying on a dark sofa; the painting of the dress is clever, so are the parrots and ornaments on the chimney of her *salon*.

Amongst the larger foreign pictures, if we except De Nieuville's *Le Bourget*, already well known, there is nothing very conspicuous. Professor L. C. Müller's *Mecca Pilgrims* is rather unsatisfactory, because, though clever, its cleverness is not equal to its pretensions; it is a rather worn-out subject. It is less interesting than it might have been, owing to its too Academic treatment. *Cattle: Early Morning on the Meuse*, by J. H. de Haas, five cows in misty light, attracts more from its size than its merits.

Among the smaller pictures we must not omit C. Sell's *Convoy of Prisoners and The Attack*; nor *Official Despatches*, by E. Allan Schmidt; nor *Après le Départ*, by P. Sadé. This is a pathetic, poetical picture, representing a poor mother with a child in her arms, another by her side. The tone and harmony of this painting is most attractive, and in keeping with the subject.

THE Winter Exhibition of the Institute of Art, in the Galleries, 9 Conduit Street, has fully satisfied the intention of its founder to bring within the domain of art the ornamental work of ladies' hands. The idea is not by any means so modern as may be commonly supposed. Indeed, it is not modern at all. Has not tapestry, for instance, been the medium through which the greatest masters have lavished their richest invention? And if tapestry has been connected with art by such hands as those of Raphael and Rubens, why should not silk and lace, and such other material as serve for the groundwork of creative fancy and skilful manipulation, be regarded as the proper means for the display of artistic power? If we take this high tone, it is because too many treat this sort of work as deserving of encouragement simply because of its affording employment for idle hands, meaning thereby the hands of ladies who have little to do, and consequently do not enter into competition with male labour. A visit to the Conduit Street Galleries will show that the chief exhibitors have seriously regarded their work from a true art point of view, and they deserve to have it so regarded by others. As regards the pictures, which, from the comparatively small gallery allowed them, would for the present seem to hold a minor place, we have not much to say. They are for the most part flower-pieces, some of which are very true to nature, and the collection as a whole leaves a very pleasing impression.

At Messrs. Tooth's Gallery in the Haymarket are several works of merit. Madrazo's *The Letter* is a brilliant garden-scene. Mr. Duverger's *Schoolmaster Abroad*, and Mr. A. Butin's *Toilers of the Sea*, are

clever pictures; so is Monsieur Tissot's *Musie*, representing a child at the piano. The collection is well worth a visit, and several works in it would deserve special mention if we had time and space to do them justice.

IN M'Lean's Gallery in the Haymarket there are collected over two hundred water-colour drawings. Mrs. Helen Angell contributes twenty-three small but artistic studies of flowers and birds. Mrs. Allingham's *Feeding the Chickens*, No. 87, is an exquisite little picture, simple in composition. The subject is red-roofed cottages surrounded by trees in the foreground, with a girl distributing grain to some hens, while a cock perched on the wall looks on at the proceeding in dignified isolation. The colour, truth, and sentiment, cannot fail to charm. *The Architect*, by Alma-Tadema; the figure is thoughtful. He is evidently planning out some design. The drapery is thoroughly studied in all its details. Harrison Weir, Nos. 101 and 110, are clever studies of geese. No. 157, *At Mallock*, is a bright and beautiful little sketch. Two excellent sketches by Henriette Brown, *Youth and Age*, and *Le Ducat*; Mr. E. Frere's *Unwinding the Skein*, and *Feeding Baby*; Mr. J. D. Linton's *Alice Bridgforth, an early scene from 'Peveril of the Peak'*, and *Scene from 'Gil Blas'*, are all works of merit. There are several careful examples of Birket Foster. Amongst spirited drawings of dogs by O. De Penne, that of *The Pointers* is a good example. Geo. Clausen Reidheim's *An Alsatian Proprietor* is spirited; so are Sir John Gilbert's two dashing sketches, the *Battle of Marston Moor*, and *The Conspirators*.

MR. CHARLES HENRY JEENS, who died recently, was born at Uley in Gloucestershire, on the 19th of October, 1827. He was a pupil of Mr. Braine, an engraver, and afterwards of Mr. William Greatbach.

Few artists have possessed in the same degree as Jeens the faculty of realising in an engraving the best expression of a face. He brought out strongly the character and soul; the likeness was always good, and of great artistic value, as his work was firm and delicate. Mr. Jeens was chiefly employed for many years in engraving portraits for Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Messrs. Bell & Sons, and Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. He illustrated 'Young's Night Thoughts,' and produced plates after Sir John Gilbert and for the 'Art Journal.' He also illustrated Her Majesty's 'Journal.' He engraved several beautiful vignettes for the 'Golden Treasury' series. *A Reverie*, after Mr. Millais, was published in one of Cassell's magazines. Among his larger works are *Joseph and Mary*, after Mr. Armitage; and a *Labour of Love*, both published by the Art Union in 1877. He engraved Romney's *Lady Hamilton with the Spinning Wheel*, for Messrs. Colnaghi. In Mr. Froude's history there is a vignette by Jeens of *Queen Elizabeth*, after Isaac Oliver.

He died, after a long and painful illness, at the age of fifty-two.

A LETTER, published in the 'Daily News,' by Mr. William Morris, on the subject of the restoration of St. Mark's at Venice, created a painful sensation at the beginning of November, and the editor of the PORTFOLIO bestirred himself in private correspondence on the subject in the hope of being able to do something for the preservation of a noble building. A

most distinguished English poet, who had been in Venice three weeks before he answered the editor's letter, said that he only heard the pavement was to be relaid, and so much of it had been worn away that he could acquiesce in the necessity. Some portions of the wall which were under cover last year have been laid open again. The inserted marbles look terribly new and raw, but this is invariably the case with all repairs, and although the effect is painful to the eye at first, the new portions will harmonise with the old in course of time. The very insertion of these new bits may be accepted as presumptive evidence that the Italians do not mean to pull down the whole front and rebuild it, so that we hope Mr. Morris has been misinformed. A more recent letter in the 'Daily News,' from Mr. Peter Spokes, dated November 10, certainly confirms this more cheering view of the subject. Mr. Spokes says that a Venetian correspondent of his considers local public opinion in Venice to be so strongly on the side of preservation that a destructive treatment of St. Mark's could never be undertaken. 'The English papers,' he says, 'are not well informed about the pulling down of the front of St. Mark's. Since some days the municipality has ordered the enlarging of the "Calle Lunga S. Moise," near St. Mark's square. Neither front, nor place, nor church, will ever be touched in any way, otherwise people will go directly to the revolution.' A letter, however, from Mr. Street, in the *Times* of Nov. 21, confirms the earlier apprehensions. Remonstrances from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and from other public bodies in England, have been forwarded to the Italian Government.

We are extremely glad to hear that a conservative feeling is springing up in Italy with regard to ancient monuments; such a direction of public opinion is rather late in the day, but it may still save much that has a value quite inestimable in money. At the same time we do not object to judicious strengthening and repairing, in the interest of preservation itself. A rotten stone, or piece of marble, may be carefully replaced by a sound one, of similar quality, with benefit to the building and to posterity; but the repairs of a building should be like those of a ship, in the respect paid to the intentions of the first constructors.

MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A., has just been painting a couple of striking portraits of Miss Violet Lindsay. One is a three-quarter view of the head and shoulders. The background is yellow. The tone and delicacy of colouring in this portrait are particularly excellent; and so is the profile view, modelled in brown and white: the drawing is splendid. For purity of *contour* it reminds one of the Greek head, but with more soul and feeling. The same artist is engaged upon a large painting, the *Genius of Christianity*; a grand figure, clad in scarlet drapery: a number of babes nestle at its feet.

MRS. BUTLER is painting for next Academy the *Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo*, and *Rorke's Drift*. The first picture represents a rush of horses so compact that one of the number is lifted off its legs, and borne along by its neighbours. There is a great deal of beautiful grey colour. The subject of the second picture is the gallant defence made behind the mealie-bags by Chard and Reynolds; both officers have given sittings to the artist. This work is a commission from the Queen. It is a large canvas, as is also the

charge of the Scots Greys. Both pictures will be ready for exhibition in May.

MR. LUTYENS has in hand several pictures, *A Girl riding on a Donkey*, *A Collie Dog*, *Two Hounds*, *A Girl leading an Alderney Cow*.

MR. CECIL LAWSON is painting several landscapes, and finishing his large picture, the *Dragon Flies*, for the next Grosvenor Gallery exhibition.

MR. WEIGALL has several portraits in hand. The one likely to attract most attention is the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield standing upright, with folded arms. Mr. Weigall is also painting Lord Salisbury and Lord Falmouth. He has completed a portrait of Mrs. Langtry, and a bright, pretty likeness of the daughter of Mr. James Knowles, Editor of the 'Nineteenth Century.'

MR. ARCHER, R.S.A., has done an admirable portrait of Mr. Theodore Martin. It is treated artistically, rendering full justice to the subject.

SOME of the newspapers have announced that Mr. Hamerton will present himself as a candidate for the Watson Gordon Professorship of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh. The exact truth is, that the chair does not yet exist, and the duties and conditions attached to it have still to be defined by the Senators of the University. Until this is done, all candidatures must of course be conditional, as it might easily happen that some unforeseen decision of the University authorities might not coincide with an intending candidate's private circumstances and tastes, in which case he would not be under any obligation to come forward. Mr. Hamerton has not, however, any especial reason to apprehend any decision which would prevent him from offering himself as a candidate; and he has already taken the precaution of providing himself with the necessary testimonials. For similar reasons, we are unable to say anything positively about another well-known artist and author whose name has been somewhat prematurely mentioned in connexion with the new chair, and who has occasionally (too rarely) contributed to the PORTFOLIO. All that need be said at present is, that if such a rivalry as that anticipated by the newspapers should ever occur, it will be of the most friendly description on both sides.

THE edition of Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia,' printed and published by Mr. Roberts of Boston, in Lincolnshire, deserves notice in our pages for the care and the excellent workmanship bestowed upon its production. It contains a large number of ornamental borders and headpieces, copied from the 'Books of Hours' of the old French printers, and engraved on wood with much care and taste. The text is that of the first edition of the English translation by Raphe Robinson, printed in 1551 by Abraham Vele. The portrait is engraved from the Holbein drawing in the Windsor Collection, and an outline is also given of the picture of More and his family. Mr. Roberts, who has both literary and artistic tastes, is one of the few printers of the present day who dearly love a book, and look upon printing rather as a liberal profession than as a mechanical trade. It has been his pleasure to overlook every detail of the work carried on in his office; and it is a matter for regret that failing health should make him feel no longer capable of such oversight, so that the present volume is likely to be the last which he will ever undertake.

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The Portfolio

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